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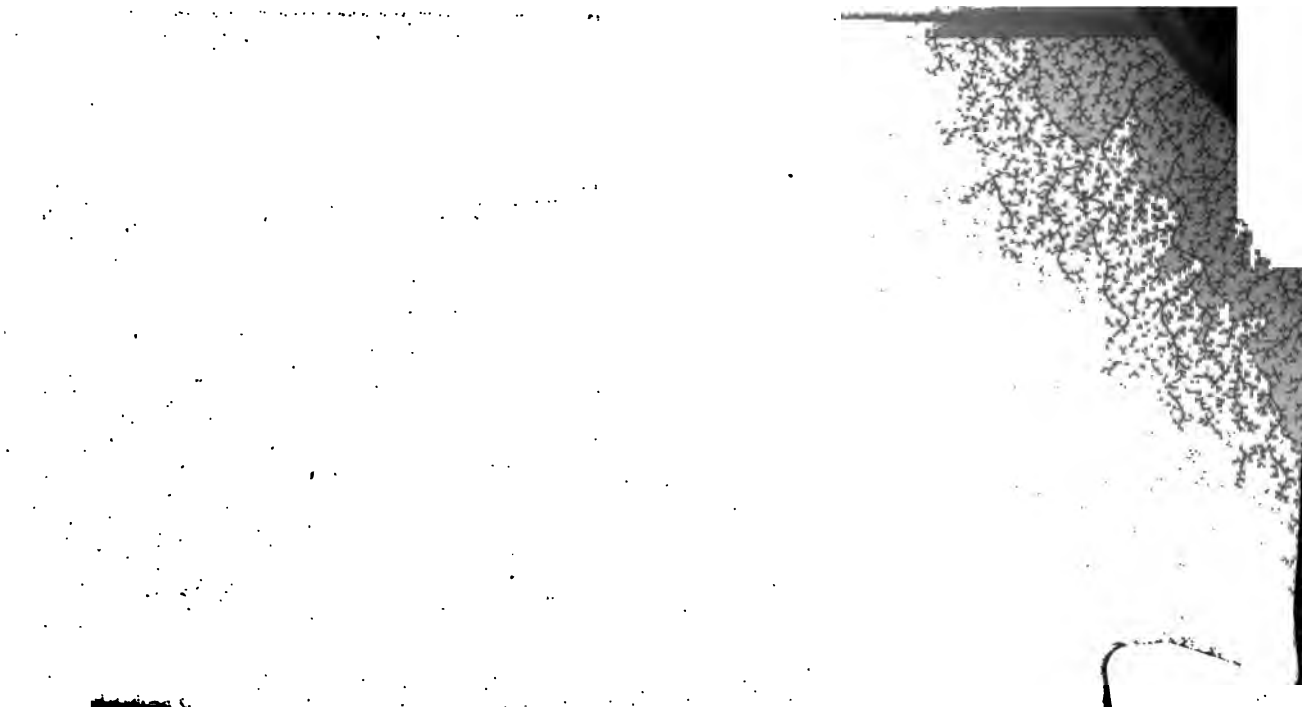

Dr. Lee

THE MASTER BUILDER.

THE

MASTER BUILDER;

OR,

LIFE AT A TRADE.

BY DAY KELLOGG LEE,

AUTHOR OF "SUMMERFIELD; OR, LIFE ON A FARM."

The boy, that some proud idiot spurns,
With a celestial spirit burns,
And he with blist-red feet may go
Where'a pissed the high patriots;
And, with those little hands, in time,
Build temples that will stand sublime,
And show the radiant fame he rears,
And shelter him the isiad years.

REDFIELD,
CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.
1852.

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PREFACE.

THERE is a romance in every true character, and in all the great labors of life, and this simple story is my second effort to describe it. My first book was "Summerfield, or Life on a Farm." My second reveals a character of which many readers of "Summerfield" have asked to hear more. And I hope it may inspire them with more respect for every honorable calling, and encourage them to rise to a still more noble and enlightened life; while I may venture, perhaps, to describe the romance of another of those simple, yet sublime pursuits, which are the hope of our Republic, and the glory of her people.

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THE MASTER BUILDER.

I.

THE FOUNDLING.

SYDNEY, a settlement on the eastern shore of Wallawanda Lake, commenced by emigrants from New England, was described by travelers as a well-chosen and flourishing little colony full sixty years ago; and twenty years later, when the time of my story came, it had grown to a goodly township. Extensive clearings were made in the woods that waved around the lake, and pleasant farms and peaceful homes gave life and beauty to the scene.

The season was early and abundant, and now in July, while the woods were white, and the air was fragrant with chestnut blooms; the fields reaching down to the shore were interchangeably striped with peas and oats, and grass, and corn; embroidered in spots with rye in the bundle, and barley in

the swath, and woven with a selvedge of silk-weed flowers and buckwheat buds.

And as the camera of fancy paints the picture on my mind, I see in one field, a farmer raking and stacking hay; in another, the harvesters binding barley and loading rye; while in another still, the mowers are at work with coats and vests off, and scythes newly ground and hung, keeping step like a phalanx of Frenchmen in Bonaparte's lead, moving round a square of tossing timothy, resolved to lay it all in swaths before they go to tea.

The wind is west; the sky has worn its fair morning lustre; the air is pure, and warm, and dry; the farmers have smiled with cheerful hearts and done already a good day's work. But now the western sky grows dark, and a cloud soon rises on the horizon, announcing an unexpected shower. The harvesters quicken their step, and the mowers catch up their rakes, to prepare, if possible, against a storm. But the cloud mounts rapidly over the west and covers all the sky; and the air, broken from the hush of death, begins to toss the limbs of the trees, while a dismal and ominous dusk sits down upon the world; and the frequent thunder and fearful lightning, just over the western woods, drive all the farmers from their fields.

Boys and girls run home from school; the barefooted, keeping the lead, and the frightened begging the fearless not to whistle or swear, lest the

thunder strike and kill them. Birds then flock to the nearest trees, and the sweet swamp-robin closes her song. Cattle run lowing from the hills. Fowls go to roost. Travelers, and all who happen to be abroad, gain the nearest shelter, if they can reach its roof; and now the gates and barn-doors slam together; apples and elms shake and bow in the roaring wind; the big drops dash faster, the storm flies all over the zenith, and the conduits of heaven pour rivers of rain.

Mrs. Miriam Sumner has just set her table for tea; Mrs. Golden and Mrs. Tyler are visiting her, and in fly little Martha Sumner and her brother George, Ophelia Golden and Jane Tyler, all out of breath, from school; while old Billy Bronk finds a hospitable door, and enters, with his straw hat drooping like an inverted tunnel, and his cotton raiment hugging his wet skin, like the blighted pulp of a cling-stone peach. Mr. Sumner and his men are glad to lie down and rest on the fragrant hay in the barn; and so fearful is the scene, while the lightning flashes flame after flame, and the wild roar in the sky runs louder and louder, Mrs. Sumner lets down the curtains of all but one window, and with her tea-pot taken from the coals on the hearth, and her biscuits kept warm at the fire, sits waiting with folded hands among her company, for the storm to abate and the thunder to cease.

Billy Bronk gives them comfort by his presence,

for company is comfort in a storm; and he looks out of the uncurtained window on the smoking fields and reeling woods, while the children nestle up to their mothers like a flock of frightened doves, and Martha lays her head in her mother's lap, and Ophelia follows suit.

"Sodom, this is a swashin' storm! The wettest and wildest we've catched this summer, by all odds. I guess a cloud has burst, and all the fierce winds been let loose upon us. I never rocked in a rougher rouse, on the sea, when I was out privateerin'," said Billy Bronk, forgetting the shower within that ran from his hat and clothes; and gazing with earnest eyes at the storm that still raged on the field, and was wrestling down the mightiest monarchs of the woods.

"I hope nobody is out in this storm," said Mrs. Sumner.

"There is no use in troubling ourselves about them, if there are," said Mrs. Golden. "Our folks were where they could see the storm in the distance, and I know they are in. I feared the most for Philly, and, with her head in my lap, I have nothing now to trouble me, but the fear that this sharp lightning may strike too near me.—O! what a fiery flash! Heavens, the world is falling!"

"Mr. Bronk, come from the window—do come from the window, the lightning may strike you!"

said Mrs. Sumner, more terrified as the last peal of thunder crashed.

"O, do sit away from the window, William, you are in danger there!" said Mrs. Tyler, growing pale with terror, and moving her seat nearer the middle of the room.

"I'm not afeared of thunder," answered Billy Bronk. "If it strikes me, it strikes me, that's all, and I can't skulk away from it very well. Hear that? and that! a very smart sort of a roar, I reckon. I love to hear it crack like big guns. And to be sober, it is God's thunder, and he will take care of it. If any thing, I'm less afeared for myself and the world when it thunders; it tells me that God still governs all nater, and is not asleep, or away from home; and nothin' 'll run to rack or ruin. Hear that! The air will take a sweetenin'."

"How can he talk so, mother?" asked Martha Sumner, shocked almost as by lightning at each word.

"He is a strange man," returned Mrs. Sumner. "Do speak more reverently, Mr. Bronk. It is indeed His thunder, and we are in His arms, clasped even to His loving bosom; and therefore we should be silent while He speaks, or speak more reverently. —The storm increases. I really hope nobody is out doors now. How the woods do reel and roar!"

"It's the clearin' up shower, I reckon," said

Billy. "The sky will be clear as a lookin'-glass terights, and the world 'll smell as fresh as a pea-field. The world would rot if 'twasn't for thunder, and I love to count the hearty claps."

"Dear me, what thing is that in the fields yonder?" cried Mrs. Sumner, starting from her chair and letting Martha fall on the floor. "That white thing trying to move against the wind this way. It must be one of our lambs perishing in the storm. Don't you see it?—There, there! it attempts to rise! Why, don't you see it, Mr. Bronk? Take the range of this cherry tree, and the old chestnut there, on the edge of the woods."

"I see it now! I see it," said Billy. "That is not a lamb, Miss Sumner. See, it stands up higher! It is a child; see its arms lifted up as if callin' for its mother. There, it is down again on the grass."

"It cannot be a child," said Mrs. Tyler.

"How can it be? whose could be out in such a hard storm in our field? There, it is up again! O, I fear, I fear it is a little child! Can I live to reach the poor thing, and bring it in? I will try," said Mrs. Sumner.

"You know it is not your child," said Mrs. Golden, "and I would not trouble myself about it till the storm is over. You cannot do it any good now."

"It is somebody's child," returned Mrs. Sumner;

"and I will risk a showering to bring it in. Now it is down again on its face! Now it is up; see, Mrs. Golden! it is a child, surely. I'll bring it in if I can."

"You cannot bring it in, and you'll spoil your dress if you attempt it," replied Mrs. Golden.

"I will attempt it, poor creature! How would we feel if it was ours? The wind slackens, the rain holds up a little now, and I will venture to reach it," said Mrs. Sumner.

"No, you shall not go; I will go," said Billy Bronk. "I'll fetch him in quickly;" and he rushed out on the mown field near the woods, clasped it in his arms and returned to the house, while Mrs. Summer would have been crossing the road and passing the gate.

"Why, of all things, it *is* a child!" exclaimed Mrs. Golden, as Billy set its feet upon the floor.

"Whose can it be?" inquired Mrs. Tyler. "I am sure I never saw that face before."

"A dear little boy! and how he must have suffered! Will he live, Mr. Bronk?" cried Mrs. Sumner, taking both his hands in hers to warm them, and then kissing the tears from his sun-burned cheek.

"Yes, I guess he'll make a live on it. He's pretty badly scart, and is so tuckered out I can't get him to speak; but I guess he'll get over it and live. Such boys are tough as black-ash knots," answered Billy Bronk.

"I'll put him into a warm bed, and you go and call Mr. Sumner. What we do must be done quickly. He's cold and faint;" said Mrs. Sumner.

"No, he can't be very cold," said Billy Bronk. "The rain is warm as dish-water; he can't be cold; but he's scart and tuckered out. Put him to bed though, and I'll call Arthur."

A pretty looking child it was they had brought in from the storm; a little boy, some less than five years old; but he was all in rags, without hat, or coat or shoes, and looked almost famished; and his face was burned, his neck was blistered by the sun, and his poor feet bruised and bleeding. Mrs. Sumner placed him in a comfortable bed, and he fell asleep on the instant, he was so exhausted with fatigue. The men came in from the barn, and the storm passing over, Dr. Waxwood was called, who advised them to let him sleep an hour or two, then rouse him and feed him a little, and let him sleep three or four hours longer, and feed him again, and he would be on his feet in the morning. He was exhausted, the doctor said, by hunger, fatigue, and fear.

You may well conceive that the house was set in commotion. The famished and ragged condition of the boy excited the most feeling, and Mrs. Golden and her little Ophelia were painfully curious to know whose he was, how he came there, and where he came from. At length it was remember-

ed that tea had not been taken, and Mrs. Sumner seated her guests around the table, making no apology for cold biscuits or bitter tea; and while she attempted to serve them politely, each was obliged to help herself to most that she enjoyed, for Mrs. Sumner's mind was on the little stranger in the bed, and she kept running to him to adjust the pillow and watch his breath. The conversation at the table of course turned upon the child, and while Mrs. Golden and little Ophelia were kind enough to do most of the talking, Mrs. Tyler expressed great sympathy, and Mrs. Sumner, and Martha, and Jane, could not restrain their tears, he had suffered so much in the storm, and was so famished and forlorn.

Ophelia feared his dirty feet might soil Mrs. Sumner's bed. Mrs. Golden tried again and again to imagine where he came from, and who would take care of him if nobody came to own him. Mrs. Sumner said he should not want for friends, or a home, while she lived, and could find a shelter; and Mrs. Tyler thought it very strange that he should come from the woods. Billy Bronk remained some time to see how he continued to appear, and Martha, Jane, and George, kept running to the bed to gaze on his sad and sunken face. The women began to talk of going home, when Mr. Golden drove up for his wife and daughter, and said, as he alighted from his carriage, "There's

dreadful news about town; I suppose you've heard afore now"——

"Heard what?" interrupted Mr. Sumner.

"What news? the lightnin' didn't strike any body?" inquired Billy Bronk.

"No, but a rifle bullet *has*," replied Mr. Golden. —"An Indian has been shot in the woods. 'Zekiel May and John Gordon were out shooting squirrels, and they killed him accidentally. There is a wonderful mystery about the Indian. You know there has been a company of Indians down in Summerton's meadow on the lake shore, making baskets, these three or four weeks? Well, they say this Indian come there with a little white boy, which he said he had had with him several months. The boy clung to his heels like a little dog; and he thought everything of the boy, and said he was going to make an Indian of him. He was out in the woods hunting this forenoon, having the boy along to carry game, and 'Zekiel accidentally shot him, and the boy hasn't been seen since."

"Indeed, this is very strange news!" cried Mr. Sumner. "Where is the dead man now?"

"They carried him into Mr. Summerton's, and 'Zekiel is going crazy."

"They have not seen the boy since?"

"No."

"How old was he?"

"Only about four or five, they say. I greatly

wonder how the Indian came by him, and why Providence should cut him off so suddenly."

"This must be the little fellow in our bed now; a poor little boy we brought in from the storm. He must be the one you speak of," cried Mrs. Sumner. "Poor little heart! I am glad we brought him in. But do go, Mr. Sumner, and see about the matter, while I take care of the boy."

The company broke up; Mrs. Tyler and her daughter went home, and Mr. Sumner and Billy Bronk started immediately for Mr. Summerton's. Soon after, Dr. Waxwood followed, and then followed Mr. Golden, taking along his wife and daughter, who desired to see the Indian. Mrs. Sumner and her two children remained to nurse the stray little lamb that slept in their fold; to stare on the mystery that hung like a ghastly cloud above him, to think of his poor mother, and weep for his unconscious grief.

After sleeping two hours he was roused and fed, and it seemed that he would swallow down dish and all, he was so hungry. Still, he rolled his feverish eyes without noticing a person around him, and fell asleep as soon as they laid him back on the pillow. Mr. Sumner returned and confirmed the melancholy news. A great multitude had gathered at Mr. Summerton's, and no one censured Ezekiel May. He mistook the Indian's black hair for a squirrel, and shot him through the head.

The Indians described the white boy that followed him, and all said it must be the one they had taken in from the storm. There was great excitement, and to-morrow there would be an investigation of the whole affair.

II.

PONTIAC? OR, PALLADIO?

On the following morning, the magistrates assembled at Mr. Sumner's, and a crowd of people came with them, to see the little boy, and clear up, if possible, the mystery which veiled his entrance upon that scene. The tender attentions of Mrs. Sumner had so far restored him, he was able to sit with the family at breakfast, and go about the house and door-yard, although his feet were sore, and he appeared weak and sad. He was also timid and downcast, and loth to sit with them and take any food. He continued muttering and moaning, and looked toward the woods, and called at times, like a bleating lamb for its mother or its mate.

The crowd formed a ring around him in their eagerness to see and hear, and he became so alarmed the magistrates were obliged to take him away into a private room for the investigation. They first tried to pacify his moaning heart. They asked him many questions. They asked his name.

They asked if he had a mother and father, and where they lived, and who brought him there. But they could obtain no intelligible answer.

He kept constantly moaning as if his poor heart would break, and motioned to return to the woods. Mr. Sumner patted his head tenderly, held him in his arms, pressed his cheek, attempted to soothe him, and coax a word of information from his tongue. The boy was less afraid of him than of the other men, and he became more calm and confident, and would swallow his sighs and attempt to talk and be understood; but if words he spoke, no one was certain he understood them.

The Indians came up, and when admitted to the council, they declared he was the boy the ill-fated wanderer brought to their wigwams. They spoke again of the attachment that existed between the boy and his guardian; they felt sure they had been months together, and the foundling must have been stolen from some white mother, who now mourned his loss. They spoke the name by which the strange chief called him; it was an Indian name, expressing pride and beauty; but they knew little that would clear up the mystery of his origin or ills. The chief had been stubbornly secret, and they knew not his tribe, nor which way he came. They could understand the boy better than the white men, for what he could say was more in Indian than English; but his mind had been so

confused since he came, they could get no information from him. They surmised, however, that he had been stolen a great way off, where loving parents wept his loss.

Billy Bronk fancied that he could tell the way he came, and he was admitted to try his oracle, though few were ready to trust its response. He spit in his left hand, and struck the spittle with his right fore-finger, saying, it would fly toward the boy's home. But he withdrew in mortification, for the first flew all ways, and the second and third would not fly at all.

A simple old man then brought in a "gran'ther-long-legs," and told him to tell. But the insect seemed ashamed of his own credit for an oracle, and was so confused and indefinite in his pointings, he offended his imperious questioner, and was crushed beneath his foot. The boy continued his sobs and moans, and the tears that rolled over his cheeks brought tears to the eyes of many of the people.

Mrs. Sumner had washed him with a soap that soothed and softened his skin; had combed and cut his hair, and dressed him up in a handsome scarlet coat, starred with the brightest bell-buttons, which contrasted well with a buff vest and white trowsers; and she thought he looked as George did, when he pranced in the pretty suit, while they all declared he would be a fine looking fellow when

the sun-burn left his face, and he was wonted and refreshed.

He was judged to have been a high-born baby. His air and step, though famished and weary, still gave signs of good blood, which only Mrs. Golden questioned; and while most of them concluded that he came from some good family in a city or village, Mrs. Golden alone suspected, "he was a half-breed Indian, or some coarse clodhopper's child."

Neglected though he had been, and burned and blistered though he was, he showed the form and features of a very fine boy. He could not have been five, and yet he was more than three years old; and he was all the more firmly set for the rambling forest life into which he had been carried. He had a well-turned head, rounded out full in all the intellectual regions; large already in indications of benevolence and veneration, moulded handsomely over the ears; curved symmetrically behind, flush in imitation and love of praise, and deficient most in combativeness and firmness. His hair was a cinnamon, profuse and bright, and full of cunning crinkles. His eyes were a lustrous and spirited blue, rather large and wide-set. His eyebrows were high, and their lashes long, and they flashed like flames in the sun. His nose would be thin and agreeable, with nostrils that would palpitate the spirit of a man. His ears were round and

transparent. His complexion must natively have been very fair; his cheeks, lovely as bough apples, his lips thin, and more of a lilac than red rose, or lily; his chin and face were dimpled, and his hands and feet would look well enough, when restored to their natural shape and hue.

The investigation closed without satisfying any one. It was judged best to leave the boy with Mrs. Sumner for a week or two, as she desired to keep him, and send inquiries far and near, in hopes, if he had parents living, they might learn where he was, and come and recover their lost joy. The crowd one after another went away, and the magistrates withdrew to bury the remains of the unfortunate red man. Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Golden went home, conversing all the way on the melancholy event, and wondering about the mysterious child.

Mrs. Tyler felt deeply for the boy, and she found little relief except in the hope, that a good mother would come and take him back to her heart and home. She thought perhaps the Indian's death was a judgment sent to avenge his crime, and restore his victim to his parents. She hoped and prayed that his parents would recover him.

Mrs. Golden was pained more by curiosity than kindness, and wondered about his origin and fate, till her head grew dizzy and her strange heart throbbed. She insisted on believing he must be a little half-breed Indian, or some paddy child, which

good-for-nothing parents had given the chief to raise. She wondered who would receive him in case no owner came. He would be a bill of expense to the town, if left on the town, and no family could wish or will to take him and keep him for nothing. It would be hard, she confessed, to turn him into the road or woods again, yet she would not want him in her house. He could not be a companion for Wellington; Bolivar would complain on returning from the academy, at finding a beggar-boy there; and Mr. Golden was not able to bring up a boy even for a family servant.

Mrs. Tyler declared she would take him in a moment, if her husband would consent. She would like to have the little fellow around her, and see what a man she could make of him; and she knew how she would feel, if he was her child, and lost, to know, even in heaven, that another had been a parent to him, when she could not be near him to comfort his grieving heart. But she was afraid to ask her husband, and said she supposed Mrs. Sumner would not let the boy go from her. Mrs. Golden knew that Mrs. Sumner could not keep him long; her health was poor, and she had too large a family already; and with this conclusion, the women parted and went home.

Mrs. Sumner was one of those all-hearted women who are voluntary slaves to the most loving families, and her health was frail, and she had too

many cares, and had been too often a mother, though most of her children were taken home to God. She had one of the best of husbands. Yet, with all he could do or say, he could not keep Miriam from the busiest work. Martha was a gracious child, the plump embodiment of love and sweetness, and he hoped she would live to become a woman, as he knew she would aid her mother, and make her life a joy.

Many as were her cares, however, Mrs. Sumner found it perfectly convenient to keep the little stranger several days. At first he had to be vigilantly guarded, that he might not fly to the woods again; but after the fourth day, he gave up that struggle, assumed a more cheerful countenance, became perfectly wonted, and seemed really to enjoy George and Martha's plays. Mrs. Sumner's smiles now were answered, and there was comfort in that, more than repaying all her motherly attentions. He was pleasantly diverted by the bright bell-buttons on his scarlet coat, and he was so proud of his trowsers, scarcely a fleck of dirt, for a whole week, soiled them. He suffered for nothing good to eat, and it would have done your heart good to see how he relished his meat, and with what a thankful, musical gurgle he took down his sweetened milk and water. A saucer of melting berries large as thimbles was set before him, and they were amused to see him enjoy them. He

would press his teeth to the ruddy gums upon them, and chew a minute on a single berry, rolling the sweet dainty from cheek to cheek, and staining his lips with the luscious crimson.

His bruised feet were healed; his blisters disappeared, and his complexion and features came out fairer and fairer. The Sumners were very fond of him, and clasped him closer to their hearts. But he was only theirs to keep a little while; a stray sunbeam to be withdrawn; a little gentle dove beaten down by the storm, and brought in to pick a few love-crumbs from their hand, and be dried and smoothed, and delight them with its beauty and its cooing, and then taken to another home. They hoarded the sunbeam, they treasured the image of the dove, and were sad to have him taken from them.

After four weeks transpired, no parents or home were heard from, and the magistrates came together again to dispose of the orphan thrown upon their mercy. Mrs. Sumner wept to know that she could not keep him as her own, and rejoice in building him up in beautiful manhood. She could hardly submit to a separation; yet her situation would not permit what she dearly desired, while the magistrates urged his keeping on another. The Indians clamored to get him, but their clamor was rejected. He must go into a white and civilized family. Mrs. Golden made a bid, but it pro-

mised so little for the welfare of the boy, her bidding was not heeded. The Indians still maintained an eager suit. He should learn the step of the trail and the ways of the wood, as well as their wisest one. He should make pretty baskets and moccasins. He should manage the canoe; he should master the bow and arrow; he should be bold in war as a Cayuga brave; he should hunt like a hawk-eyed Huron. The tie of his belt should be neater than a Narragansett's; he should be a chief at last, and have a chieftain's daughter for his bride. He was a tender soul, plastic as wax, pliant as an eager vine, and who could doubt but he might be made a finished prince among the people of the woods? The paths of a dozen destinies all centred in his step, and who might trace and measure their divergence, or tell the importance of the better choice? His little feet covered them all, and yet one of them wound the lofty hill of art which Palladio ascended; and another ran as a trail in the savage woods, where Pontiac died. That little foundling boy was a possible Palladio, and a possible Pontiac, and which path of destiny should now be chosen for him?

One of the magistrates yielded to the plea of the Indians, and one or two others wavered. But the pleas of the citizens against the barbarous idea decided the question, and Mrs. Tyler was in joy to hear her husband offer the most generous bid, and

promise to teach him his trade in the bargain. Many declared he should have a trade if he remained unclaimed till he could learn one, and he was given to Mr. Tyler.

Mrs. Sumner looked like one bereaved, as they led him away; Martha was inconsolable and wept with her mother on his neck at parting; and the house seemed more dreary than ever before, as the light of his lovely face was withdrawn. Mrs. Sumner had named him for her good husband, and Arthur Sumner was led away and taken to his new home, sobbing aloud as he went, to part with those good and tender friends.

The eyes of men are pained with few sights more pitiful than the life of a little child, without father and mother, cast upon a world like ours, where so much selfishness, and so little sympathy is found. And consider how the pain increases, when to orphanage is added the misfortune of Arthur Sumner, torn away from every heart that beats with the love of kindred, and every face whose smiles have been its light of life; cast among savages, kept in the woods, and taken by strange hands at last from the teeth of a tempest, and thrown on the mercy of strangers, who send him to a strange home! Can you wonder that the Sumners wept, distant though they stood in blood and life from him; and that their anxieties followed the little exile to that new home, and their hearts ached in agony for him?

Can you solve the enigma of such a life? Can you tell why the providence of Infinite Love permitted such a wo?

It is hard to see any good in an evil so full of tragical grief. Yet good, we hope, may come from it at last. Joy is born of sorrow, and day is born of night. And, if it can finally appear that the child has a Friend, more intimate and watchful than any one on earth could be; nearer than a mother, though she held him in her heart; dearer than a father, though he led him by the gentlest hand; we may be consoled for the grief we feel for him now, and have higher faith in our Father in heaven.

Darker clouds are in the sky than came with that cruel tempest, and can we hope those clouds will soon roll away? When may we look for a segment of the smiling sunbow through the rifted gloom that muffles this young life?

III.

THE FOUNDLING'S HOME.

ARTHUR SUMNER went to his new home. It was better than running wild in the woods, and yet it was not Mrs. Sumner's, and he stared at first at its strangeness, put up a pitiful lip, and renewed all the grief his poor heart could hold as he entered its door.

The Tylers lived about a mile and a half from the Sumners, and they were regarded as respectable and fine people. Mrs. Tyler was a still and quiet woman, of little self-will, or force, or decision of character, and she was a kind and peaceful neighbor, and as good a mother as she well dared to be. Mr. Tyler was a tall, round, good-looking man, with an eager eye and exacting smile, showing the closeness of his heart, by the cut and pressure of his lips, and the tenor of his ways, by the tone of his voice and temper of his words. He was master of his home, and a champion of the rights of man. He would have thought a marriage

ceremony null and void, wherein the bride was not commanded to obey; and when a woman was censured by her sex, or repudiated by her husband, she did not find him among her friends. He was a fair neighbor, however, and he was regular at church, and talked every winter of becoming a member.

The Tylers lived in a moderate, though respectable condition. Their means were small, but it would have made them very happy, had every will in the house been as liberal as Mrs. Tyler's. They lived in a log-house, but it was double, and large; it had level white-ash floors; and fire-places large enough for the amplest Christmas log. There were two rooms below, and they were capacious, and one was the kitchen, and the other the parlor. The logs in the parlor were so hewn as to form a smooth and even wall, and the room was handsomely ceiled and white-washed. There was a spare bed made up there in a counterpane of blazing stars, which Mrs. Tyler had pieced at a sewing bee, and overhung with a set of calico curtains, planted with rows of willows and elms, and peopled with robins and blue-jays.

On the east wall was a colored picture of Bonaparte crossing the Alps, and on the west was the death of Washington; while Darby and Joan, and a fat faced "Sibyl" and "Lucy" adorned the north wall, and a florid "Mary," "Martha," and

"Almira," adorned the south. An ostrich egg hung suspended from the ceiling, and there were strings of robin and blue-bird's eggs around the looking-glass, beneath a spread plume of peacock's feathers. The mantel was set with brass candlesticks, and the fire-place was filled with green chestnut bushes.

Back of the house, a log barn lifted its thatched roof in sight, and on the right stood Mr. Tyler's shop, another log building, ten by twelve, well-chinked against the winter's cold, with a good fire-place and stick chimney, like the chimneys of his house; a little chamber for stock and trumpery, with horizontal windows, and a roof of hemlock bark. In that shop he made most of the shoes of the neighborhood, while out of doors he carried on, as well as he could, a thirty-acre farm. The farm and all was paid for, and nothing could be feared from debts; yet Mr. Tyler worked out-door and in, early and late, and drove his family to work as though struggling to save it from sheriff's sale.

The Tylers had three children. Jane, a hale and hearty girl of nine well-grown years; Jason, a son, going on seven; and Sydney, a wholesome baby. Jane had a heart of considerable sympathy, like her mother, and she was rather generous in her ways; while it was plain that she would have enough of her father's self-will, and her father's desire to put the best side out to the world. Jason was complete

father. Everybody said so. He had all the turns of a Tyler head; the curve and pressure of a Tyler lip; the cut and crook of a Tyler nose; the hue and gleam of a Tyler eye, and the spring and command of a Tyler carriage. Billy Bronk declared "he was a chip of the old block, and he should have known by the cut of his jib, he was a genuine Tyler, had he met him privateerin'."

Jason had one or two traits of his mother's heart; but he was always around his father. He did not utterly cast his poor mother off, for he could not forget that she nursed him at the tenderest bosom; and he was old enough to know that she was useful to the family. But even at the age of five, when crossed or rebuked, he could tell his mother she lied, without a lisp or stammer; and run right against her most motherly commands; nor would Mr. Tyler hurt the boy's feelings by a word of correction, or show by a look that he disapproved his conduct; on the contrary, he rather seemed to like it, it looked so cunning. Still, Mr. Tyler attended church, and talked every winter of becoming a member.

The baby was but nine months old, and was little more than a form and soul of hopeful life, having no hair, as yet, nor the sign of a tooth or eye-brow. Still, he was Mrs. Tyler's precious darling, and she had watched for his first smile, and listened for his earliest baby-song, as you watch

and listen for the light and music of the morning. Jane began slyly to notice him, and steal an occasional kiss; though she and Jason, had the suffrage been allowed them before his birth, would have voted against admitting him into the family. And though he was backward in putting out the leaves of life, his eyes were very fine, and his mouth was round and handsome, his hands were so full, and the dimples so deep, they looked as if stuffed and quilted, and the fillets of skin that bound his fat wrists, seemed to cut them quite in two. His neck was white as snow, and soft, and sweet to kiss. His eyes expressed thanks for every attention and recognition they gave him; he could almost say, papa, and, mamma, when the words were repeated and teased from him; and he would whoop and halloo like a wild pappoose when they trotted him on the knee, or tossed him up and down.

The Goldens were their nearest neighbors, and nearest kin in town, for Mrs. Golden was Mr. Tyler's sister. Mr. Golden was a kind and faithful man, of as little self-will and home-command as Mrs. Tyler, and he was stoop-shouldered and knotty-handed, from too much hard and bruising work. Mrs. Golden had a will that played out from the very spring of her noble form and lofty step; her notions were high as her carriage, and her sway was supreme in her house. People never wondered

that she was vain of her looks, for she was a real belle of beauty when a girl, and her hair was still lovely, the rose still bloomed on her handsome face, symmetry sat on her imposing form, her hands were softer and whiter than Mrs. Tyler's or Mrs. Sumner's; and though she still supported the virago's eye, and the hint of her brief and ambitious nose was unmistakable, she still caught admiring eyes, and had reason to be satisfied with her personal appearance. The Goldens had three children. Bolivar, a youth of thirteen, Wellington, a lad of eight, and Ophelia, a child of six. They all possessed many of their father's looks, with most of their mother's form and spirit.

Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Golden were members of the same church, and while religion held a warmer place in the heart of the former, seemed more mellowly blended with her being, and yielded fruit like the bread-tree; with the latter it was more a fashionable name and notion, bearing neither branch, nor leaf, nor fruit, yet breaking out all over the surface in garish blossoms, like the Judas tree. The former loved God for what he had done for the world, and she tried to live his religion and dispense its fruits when not prevented, for the comfort and relief of people more needy than herself right around her; the latter loved God because he was popular; and she saved several dollars and cents each year, from self-denials of tea, coffee, and

lace, and poured it into the fund of foreign missions, because her name was published to the world on the list of benefactors, and the dollars and cents were printed on the same bright line.

Billy Bronk was their next neighbor. He had moved from Hackensack, in the Jerseys, to Caughnawaga, and from Caughnawaga to Sydney. He did not claim to be a born or bred sailor, yet he had managed a fishing-boat in New York bay, and served his country in one successful cruise of privateering. He was not over forty, and yet he was sometimes called old Billy Bronk. He was a short and thick-set person, of a bluff, but smiling face, with light curly hair, open blue eyes, lips cut square across like the lips of a horse-bell, and two long rows of the whitest teeth, every one of them double, and able to crack a walnut at a crunch. He wore rings in his ears, and his Sunday best was a high bell-crowned hat of a narrow brim and soft and shining gloss, a dignified cravat, which one of the Livingstons gave him, a buff velvet vest, supporting bell-buttons without number, and a corded bang-up round-about, and corded bang-up breeches.

Billy Bronk was rough in his manners, and somewhat indolent in his way of life, and yet a big human heart always beat in his breast. Billy professed no religion, and yet he was up-and-down for a true man's honor; he had more than one tender

side; he was an instant judge of human nature, he had keen perceptions of what was right and manly; he thought it best to believe in a good God or none at all; and cared more for making a good appearance before Him than before men, and more for His approbation. Still, Billy was double-jointed, and had once or twice been a dog and fought when grossly insulted; and he was shiftless, and loved liquor, and a lounge, and a yarn, at Trexlar's tavern.

Billy Bronk's wife was well-mated to him in size and form, and her heart was as large and free as his, and her tongue as long and limber; while she was a brisk and extensive worker, and sung all day at the loom, or over the press-board; and loved a pipe as well as he loved rum. They had a large family of broad-breasted and free-hearted children, of whom Barney and Betsey were nearest the age of our poor Arthur Sumner.

The next neighbors were the Summertons, and they had a son, Volney, and a daughter, Celestia, and others I need not name. The next were the Sumner's, who entered our first chapter. Everybody liked Mr. Sumner, and said he was a good mate for his noble-hearted wife. He was of a stamp of character that abounds in our rural population, though more intelligent than the average of his neighbors. He was one of a hundred in that township who could boast that they had never

been sued, and never had gone to law. He had reason enough to endow a Bacon, and the clearest and finest common sense. He was a good historian. He read his two newspapers, and preserved them all in unbroken files. He was fond of comparing ancient and modern heroes, and discussing the best methods of agriculture. He had always a couplet of Pope, or a floating proverb of Shakspeare, to clinch an argument or illustrate a thought. He loved the picturesque in agriculture, and arranged his fields in the finest taste. He prided himself in sowing and reaping a week before his neighbors, and boasted the best-blooded horses, the handsomest cattle, the fairest flint wheat, and the soundest yellow corn of any raised in Sydney. The minister loved to visit him; and laborers loved to work for him.

Then there was a rich man, old Mr. Wayland, and he had a little nephew in his bachelor's hall, named William Pitt Popinjay, who had been given in charge of Mr. Wayland's house-keeper, with the old man's promise returned that he would make Willian Pitt an heir of most of his wealth.

The Waxwoods were next on the road. Dr. Waxwood settled in Sydney when he began to practice, and had secured a good business, and made a good deal of money. He was not very learned, for although he talked like a scholar, citing authors and quoting Latin, it was said that he was indolent

at school, and would not have obtained his diploma, except on the strength of an oyster-supper and champagne, to which he treated the committee of examination.

He had an alliteration of remedies which completed the list of his prescriptions, and the families of Sydney who sent for him, knew they had to expect either bleeding, blistering, Bateman's Drops, or blue pills.

He was a stout, swarthy person, with a short neck, flat, bald head, that glistened like a jug, a great greedy eye,—a nose that curved and opened its nostrils like a conch-shell; a set of stout, irregular teeth dyed brown with tobacco, and a wide mouth with flabby lips that warped with sarcasm, and watered with sensuality.

Mrs. Waxwood was one of your loud-talking women, who took special charge of all the scandal in Sydney, and attempted to lead the fashions, and sway the minds of her sex. She was full of importance at sewing-circles and donation-parties, and said, "the Doctor loved this," and "the Doctor did that," as if she regarded him the oracle, or feared he might be forgotten, or not honored, among the first in town. She abhorred abolition and hated "*niggers*," because, "she knew if they were all let loose among us, amalgamations would follow, and no respectable lady would be safe." She loved spit-curls better than Mrs. Sumner did her tulips;

and she wore two on her forehead, while a long curl dangled before each ear. She was fond of blood-red ribbons, and bracelets and rings, and ruffles and flounces; and while every article of her wardrobe had a tarnished or soiled appearance, it showed a fair symbol of her heart.

The Waxwoods had a daughter, Andalusia, and she was a bud that was opening leaf after leaf, like the parent flowers.

Then there were the Mays and Gordons; the Trexlars of the tavern; the widow Chubb and her children, Parson Dilworth and his family, Squire Melvin's people, Deacon Maxy's, Colonel Fargo's, and others.

Arthur Sumner was taken to his new home about the middle of the afternoon; and he sobbed so sadly, and looked so faint and weary, Mrs. Tyler laid him on her softest bed, and soothed him to sleep. She knew it would all pass off smoothly with her husband for a few days, if she was free-hearted with the boy, and she took much pains to prepare a supper that he would relish best. His countenance was brighter when he sat down to that meal, and he retired at night and slept soundly; though at times he started from his sweet repose, threw up his arms, and murmured as if frightened by a fearful dream.

In a few days he was wonted to his new home, and began to talk so that all could understand him.

Again and again he was questioned on the mystery of his exile, but his recollections were faint and confused, while he seemed to hold a slight idea of a mother in his mind, and of woods around her home, and he tried to remember what she called him.

Mrs. Sumner gave him the handsome little suit in which she first clothed him, and Mrs. Tyler made him some clothes for every-day wear, and laid those by in a chest for spare-day. Mr. Tyler, for some time, treated him kindly, though briefly, and Jane was good to him, while he and Jason brought the cows, and ran on errands together for a time, with a good understanding. In a month, he went to school and began to learn his letters. In the autumn he could pick up potatoes for Mr. Tyler; and Mrs. Sumner, and Martha, and George, came often to see him, while Billy Bronk felt that he had a right to look after the pretty shaver, talk with him, and take him home, as *he* was the man that snatched him from the teeth of the terrible storm.

A year, and then two years passed away, and Arthur Sumner had grown to a very fine youth, retaining, yet ripening all his agreeable features, unfolding a pride of commendable spirit, having many thoughts and aptitudes; light and lithe in his step as a panther, largely loving approbation, and sensitive and full in all quick and ardent feel-

ings. Mrs. Tyler had done all in her power to make him happy and improve his mind. She encouraged him when her words were sweeter than the morning light, and she granted him favors of which none of the family knew. He loved Mrs. Tyler with his whole heart, and thought she resembled the faint floating image of a mother which still passed through his mind.

He did not hate Mr. Tyler. Did not Mr. Tyler feed him, and shelter him, and give him clothes and a downy bed? Yet, he had a decided preference for Mrs. Tyler. Mr. Tyler often scolded him when he had tried to do his best. He was done watching for a smile on Mr. Tyler's face, or a fond word from his lips. Mr. Tyler did not let him go to school as much as Jane and Jason, and made him go barefooted after the cows on frosty mornings, and because he stood on a sunshiny stone to warm his feet when he could not tough it longer, Mr. Tyler reproached him, and accused him of loitering to play by the way. Mr. Tyler reproached him in the presence of company, and wounded the pride of his emulous heart. Mr. Tyler reminded him of his orphanage, and asked him how he would fare at the poor-house, or in the streets. And he had tasks too heavy, and trials too hard, for a little boy to bear, and had it not been for his good mistress his tender heart would have broken.

He had a Barlow knife that Mrs. Sumner gave

him, and the present of a hatchet and gimlet from Billy Bronk; and he whittled and hewed when he could, loving to work in pine and oak, and making sleds, kites, and wind-mills; but he had to enjoy his love when he should have been at school, or at rest, for Mr. Tyler broke his work sometimes, or burned it, and always scolded, and often boxed his ears, for wasting pine, and tinkering, when he ought to have done something else; and he dropped his poor head half-killed by the chastisement, and was sad and sick at heart.

And Jason often used him very ill. Jason's passions were so many flaming fires, and he would fly into a rage in a moment, and kick and bite him for the most trifling offence. He would run to his father with lying tales; he would run away from Arthur in the woods, and in the dark; he would get his knife and hatchet, and dull and hide them; he would coax away the pennies the people gave him, and spend them for powder, and for raisins, and cinnamon, in which he never allowed Arthur to share; he would crowd him to the bed-rail at night and make him sleep on it, while he had the whole bed to himself; he would call him a beggar-boy, and an Indian boy, and say he was lousy when he came there; and tried to make all the boys hate him and treat him ill.

Jane was much better than Jason. She took his part when Jason abused him; she helped him per-

form his tasks and get his lessons; she told him not to feel bad because he had no home; she played with him, and coaxed favors from her father for him; yet she liked to have him obey her, and when Mrs. Tyler got for Arthur anything new, she complained because it was not given to her, that she might dress as well as her cousin Ophelia.

Little Sydney was now nearly three years old, and Arthur's whole heart was bound up in him. He was a very lovely boy. He was a half-and-half compound of his father and mother's being; but fortunately for himself, his form was his father's, while his soul was his mother's.

His hair had now come forward, and it was a glowing auburn, and though they cut it without taste, and were sure to clip it to the quick in front; leave it long behind, and have the ear-locks uneven; people forgot the cut after all in the tint and texture of the hair, and in the charms of his cherub features.

His eyes were still soft, and emitted a strange and fascinating lustre, which seemed to shine from heaven. His apple-cheeks were cool and sweet, and would not take a freckle from the sun. He had a rounded forehead, catching instant perceptions and retaining all it caught. He was quick as a quail, and his voice was as glad, and his song as sweet as the blue-bird's morning note.

He took to Arthur from first sight, and there

was no one on earth, beside his mother, that he loved half as well. They shared their playthings in common, and if ever a dispute arose, it was to hand back the greater kindness which each on the other urged. As soon as Sydney could run alone, Arthur had his hand in his, leading him wherever his limber legs could go, and carrying him, when Sydney was tired, till they both sunk down exhausted. They slept together now. They built cob-houses, and braided straw together. They tumbled and leaped on the grass when the dandelions blew. They went to the woods and seemed never enough to look at their beauties, or hear their songs. Sydney could tell the notes of a dozen birds, and the names of twenty trees, before he was six years old, and he sat and looked at the flowers and trees, and woods, and waters, and skies, and the faces of his friends, as if taking their lights and forms in daguerreotype pictures on his heart, and expecting before another day, to close his eyes forever.

Sydney's smile and laugh were Mrs. Tyler's life, and Arthur's joy and comfort.

But Arthur, notwithstanding, saw many hours of grief. Mr. Tyler began to tell him he should learn his master's trade by-and-by, and that made him unhappy, for he could not bear to be in the shoe-shop, while he loved to work in wood, and Billy Bronk, and others, declared that he ought to go to the trade for which he was gifted. He

would rather hoe corn than make shoes, and loved to handle his gimlet and hatchet better than a hoe.

The poor boy saw many hours whose grief Mrs. Tyler could not soothe, and Sydney could not comfort with a kiss. He wished, in an agony of longings, that a father would come and claim him; and wept till midnight after some new sorrow had been forced upon his heart.

IV.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

At ten years of age, Arthur Sumner had not learned a word of his parents or home, and he remained in the same situation, about the same boy he was when our last chapter left him, except that everybody told him he grew like a weed. His good looks lost nothing by age, although Mrs. Golden had predicted that he would have an ugly nose, and his second teeth would be spikes and shovels. His nose grew more handsome than any that had the curve and lift of the Goldens; and his teeth were neither spikes nor shovels, but small and even, as you would not see six sets in ten; and they were white as laurel blossoms, and stood in little spaces on the finest crimson gums.

A glance at his head now made Mrs. Golden confess that he was not a paddy child, nor a half-breed Indian. Not a dimple had left his face, and the heaviest burden had not bowed his little manly form, while his feet grew in better shape than one

could expect without shoes, his eyes sparkled no less spirit for being blue, and his breath was sweet as the heifer's that had fed all day on clover.

Bashfulness was ingrained with his heart, and it grew with his growth. He fluttered like a frightened bird at shocks which Jason bore with bravado. They could hardly allure him to a strange table to eat, or into the house when Mrs. Tyler had company; his tender heart grew more and more sensitive, and was often cut to the quick by some unmeaning word which another would not have noticed.

He began to dislike Mr. Tyler and Jason, they so often repulsed his clinging heart, and wounded his fine feelings. He was not too proud-spirited; he was not vain; yet he withered and grieved when driven to a chore or task, and when teased or trampled; doing the chore with a lagging hand; while he would straighten and kindle at a smile, or an applauding word, and was ready to run his heels off for any one who kindly asked a service.

Mrs. Tyler made large amends for her husband and son's unkindness; she yearned upon him now as on her own, and he loved her as he fancied he would love a mother. He and Sydney also remained the best of friends. His love of beauty had been filled from Sydney's face and form, if unallured by any moral charms; for Sydney had a look from which art and taste would have taken new

inspiration and joy. His eyes emitted more and more of that rare celestial lustre we have named, and were encircled with an iris such as we have seen shimmer and palpitate in a pure and melting summer sky. His cheeks ripened up to a charm which we fancy a cherub might wear, and his mouth, and neck, and chest, and limbs, were very beautiful. And what was better still, these outward beauties did but simply type the beauties of Sydney's heart and soul.

He was made to love, and made to know. His heart overflowed on every genial thing. His perceptions were keen, his memory was strong, and he seemed to imbibe beauty, and truth, and love, through every sense and pore.

Arthur was bound to Sydney by silken cords that wound them in stronger and closer webs, and he felt at times in the sweet boy's presence, and smile, and word, as if haunted by a spirit from on high.

When Sydney had failed to comfort him, Arthur forgot his grief if George and Martha Sumner came to see him. George was so kind and joyous, and Martha was so sweet a being, kindling all warmly with sympathetic heats, filling him with hope and courage by her artless and ardent friendship, how could they fail to rejoice him when they came?

He had happy hours with Mrs. Tyler and Jane. He loved to help Jane quill, and hand ends to Mrs.

Tyler when taking pieces into the loom. He enjoyed delicious hours when he could ramble away with Sydney, or alone, and bury himself in the red-blown clover, and hear the quails whistle from the oatlands, and the bobolinks trill their triumphant quavers. He loved to hear the waterfalls in the morning, and walk in the wood-path at sun-set and drink the swamp-robin's song. Yet the music of the birds, while it flooded his heart with thoughts and feelings, which at once were society and joy he fairly gloried to share, awakened him often to melancholy moods, made him sigh for a rounder life and distincter lip of that faint floating image of a mother which smiled upon his dreams.

If it prove for this young creature's good in the end, to have suffered as he did in that cruel eccentricity of fortune, we shall rejoice in his joy as we have wept in his grief. But the mystery of that evil gives us trouble now, and it is hard to contemplate what he had to endure and do.

The cupidity of his master seemed to increase as his little hands strengthened to perform larger tasks, and it appeared to him that the more he did, the less he might hope for a favor or a smile from Mr. Tyler. It was "run Arthur here," and "run Arthur there," and when he ran and did his chore, as Billy Bronk said, in less than no time, he was accused of loitering and letting the grass grow under his lazy feet.

He was willing to work on the farm, and did not despise any kind of labor; but he *did* wish to go to school, when he saw Jane, Jason, and Sydney in their clean attire, with satchel and books, and smiling faces, singing away to the school-house; and he leaned on his hoe and wept, as they bounded out of sight. But Mrs. Tyler would have him go a little, even in the summer, and she dressed him neatly as the others; and kept telling her husband that Sydney learned fast enough, when Arthur went with him and sat by his side, to pay for his time and tuition, summer and winter.

Mrs. Tyler would have been glad to give Arthur what she did all the others, a boiled egg, and some pie, to eat after his bread and butter. But that she could not often do, unless by deceiving Mr. Tyler. Going those few days, however, Arthur managed to keep ahead of Jason, while the three winter months took him all out of sight of Jane, and ahead of Ophelia Golden and Andalusia Waxwood. No scholar in school was so hungry for knowledge as he, and none learned so fast, especially in arithmetic, except Sydney Tyler, who seemed possessed of some clairvoyant power, to search every mind in school and transfer its ideas and its wisdom to his own intuitive soul.

What Mrs. Tyler desired to give Arthur for dinner was liberally furnished him at school. Children are not often selfish, if left to their own

loving instincts, and you will not find five hearts among a score of them who would not share their dinner with any child of need.

Most of the children loved Arthur, and rejoiced to see him at the head of his class, while Betsey Bronk gave him a piece of fried fish, Celestia Summerton gave him half a doughnut, Volney, an apple, Crispus Trexlar the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, Martha Sumner a big piece of pie, and Sydney Tyler as much of his dinner as he would take. And for a bundle of cat-tail flags as large as his wrist, cut in the swamp while after the cows, he could any time get two or three pears, and often, three plums and a peach in the bargain.

He never got a crumb from Andalusia Waxwood, and seldom from Ophelia Golden. They did not like him. Andalusia loved to tell tales about him to the teacher, and pinch him when he did not see her, to enjoy the screams his sensitive heart would utter; and if he went near Ophelia to warm himself at the fire, in winter, while others were glad to give him a warm corner, Ophelia would remind him of a Golden nose, without lifting her own much higher, and say, "I won't stand by Od Sumner, he's got the itch, for I smell brimstone."

But when the spelling-schools came on the fair moon-lit evenings, and the warm school-house was thronged with emulous girls and boys, in all their holiday attire, and Arthur Sumner and Crispus

Trexlar chose sides, and a boy and a girl, a boy and a girl interchangeably, like the bells and pomegranates on the garment-hems of the Jewish high-priest's robe, formed a shining circle around the house, there were beautiful hearts that palpitated toward our hero, and Martha Sumner blushed at the call, and then bounded with joy to spell at his right hand.

Arthur had several enemies. There was one boy darker than he who said—"he had nigger in him," because he had curly hair; another cried, "he's got bo'-n'-arrow blood, father says so;" that is, he was part Indian; another cried, "fool's cap!" when he wore a red sugar-loaf cap that Mrs. Tyler made to come down warmly over his ears; and a broad-waisted, big-footed, flax-haired girl, Diaduma Truck, thought herself keener than all the rest, when she gabbled out with her great goose voice—"Oddy Sumner's a paddy drummer!"

Then the fire flashed from Sydney Tyler's eyes, and he wished to tread upon the tantalizing trollop; then his feelings overcame him and his eyes filled with tears. But Betsey Bronk stepped up and cried, "O dear Miss Dumie Trucklecart, he's good's you be, I guess! You'd better truckle your load of feet home, and look in the glass for beauty!" And the titter turned on Dumie, while Martha Sumner whispered to Arthur not to feel bad, for he was gooder and handsomer than any one that

plagued him; and then she turned away and wept pitiful tears for him, without father, mother, and home, as he was, and grieved by such cruel treatment.

Arthur had not a lazy hair on his head. Young as he was, he did a great deal for Mr. Tyler, who was profiting by his bargain with the magistrates. He was willing to do, and Billy Bronk said he was spry as a cat, and twice as faithful. He was willing to ride horse to plough out corn; but it was very hard to ride all day long on a knotty harness, blister his shoulders in the burning sun, go thirsty half the time for water, and be scolded if the plough jumped from the furrow and tore up a hill, or the horse trampled a blade, or nipped a leaf while turning.

Arthur's mechanical genius showed more and more. He loved to work in wood best. He often stole away and watched the carpenters, while building Dr. Waxwood's house. He loved to see the ribbons roll from their planes, and they let him try to shove one. He admired the handsome ogee mouldings they dressed out for cornices and casings. He loved the scent of the birchen timbers and sweet pine boards. He knew he should delight to nail on the yellow clap-boards, and sit and shingle on the lofty roof. The heavy work of the framers even attracted his desire, and while Daniel Dale bowed his honest back to a stick of timber,

and hewed it straight and smooth as a ruler, he loved to stand and see his manly strokes, and hear the music of his ringing broad-axe.

He would go home with blocks and pieces of moulding, and manufacture small cabinet-ware. He made a stand for Jane's pin-cushion, and a table for her toilet. He made a box for quills, and one for spools, and one for wax. He made a chest which Mr. Tyler bid him give to Jason, who covered it with chip-squirrel skins, and finished a pretty thing of it. He made handsome chalk copies of the Grecian temples and Chinese pagodas, that were pictured on Mrs. Tyler's plates, and fancied he found their archetypes in the oak, and in the hemlock woods. He framed a little house, and it looked really well for the work of a lad so young. There was not a mistake in a mortice, the tenons were all true as a Barlow knife could pare them, the sleepers and beams were level; and he had two pairs of rafters well-locked and set, when Mr. Tyler discovered it, and yielding to a passion because Arthur had forgotten to water old Cluck and her chickens that morning, he kicked it to pieces and sent him with singing ears and a swelling heart to ride horse for Mr. Summerton.

Arthur continued, as he could steal opportunity, to do sums and trace lines and circles on the chamber floor, and work in wood, while Mr. Tyler continued to scold, and said he was always tinkering

with his gimlet and knife; but he could never see him with an awl or waxed end, although he knew he could begin to try his hand in leather if he was not so contrary. When Arthur could not do anything else, Mr. Tyler would keep him in his shop very often, to hand pegs to him and watch his work, that he might not be awkward as a moose when he came to the trade; and he studied self-interest wisely; for shoe-making was lucrative in Sydney, and the earlier Arthur got the trade the more he could earn for his master.

But the boy's heart was not enlisted. Mr. Tyler told him a pauper-boy need not feel above a trade in which some great men had been accomplished. Mr. Tyler stood upon his dignity as it well became him to stand, and he could have added to his argument the words of the cobbler in Julius Cæsar, "As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather, have gone upon my handy-work." But the argument would not have persuaded Arthur Sumner to be a shoe-maker. He did not know what it was to feel above any work that was not wicked. But he did not like to be shut up in a narrow shoe-shop. He did not like to sit so much; it would be a torment if he tried it; and though he could use the awl and waxed-end, and sew a very straight and handsome seam, he could not love to do it; and it made him very sad to be told he might as well settle the question first as last, for if he lived

till he was twenty-one, he should be a shoemaker.

Mrs. Tyler watched her husband, and when she happened to see him anywhere near a smile, she said, "Do, Mr. Tyler, do tell Arthur he may go to the trade of his own choice when he is old enough. He dislikes your trade so much, I would not grieve him telling him he must learn it. You will have your pay and profit if you let him go for himself at fourteen, he is such a good boy. But even if you take his wages, I would let him learn another trade, he will be so much happier, and it will be so much better for him." But Mrs. Tyler always received a brief and negative answer. Billy Bronk was blunt enough to tell Mr. Tyler, that he would not treat a paddy's dog as he had treated Oddy Sumner; but Billy made it all the harder for the boy, and he was told again and again, he would be thanked to attend to his own "privateering."

Mr. Tyler still attended Parson Dilworth's church every Sunday, though the good minister told his people some very pointed and practical truths, and while several hearers who were willing to take home their own share of reproof, knew he often hit Mr. Tyler, he always complimented those hitting sermons most, and said *he* could see who colored and winked while the hot shots were flying.

He still talked every winter of joining the

church. He kept a run of what the missionaries, without his aid, by God's gracious help, were doing among the heathen. He was full of importance at all society meetings; he was glad to see others contribute, and never failed, after meeting, to look into the box and learn how well they had done. He often said, in respect to the minister's salary, "Well, well, the parson must have his pay, and if subscriptions and collections come short, we must put our hands in our pockets." "But, will you take any thing out of your pocket?" asked Deacon Maxy, who had never known Mr. Tyler to contribute.

Mr. Tyler was often saying what a perfect woman a minister's wife should be; how careful she should be to speak to every one after meeting, whether they came to her or stood far aloof, or rushed out of the house before she had a chance. How careful she should be to contradict no one's opinion; how continually she should visit, whether others called on her or not, and how tidy she should be with her house, and her children. He was sometimes displeased with Mrs. Dilworth, she wanted to be so independent.

He kept Arthur going to church as he ought, and it was no grief to the boy on warm summer Sabbaths to go bare-footed. He loved to hear Parson Dilworth. This excellent clergyman was ordained in Sydney, and had been pastor of the

church in that town about twenty-five years. He was a robust person, of medium height, with a full and pleasant face, a florid countenance, genial eye, and very deep, rich, and musical voice. He held a creed of the sternest articles, and he preached it with all the force of its terror when denouncing selfishness, hypocrisy, and pride; but his heart flowed with pity for many poor transgressors, and melted in the smile of a little child; and he was always most eloquent in the sick chamber, and while comforting mourning souls. He illustrated his sermons with fresh and stirring analogies from nature and human life. He thought more of adding to the life and happiness of his people, than adding members to his church. He put his eye on every little child as soon as it was born, and studied its character, engaged its heart, and sought by a thousand loving allurements to lead it up to virtue, intelligence, and evangelical faith. In short, had some modern Zeuxis attempted to paint his moral face and form, he would have given him the best traits of Dryden's Good Parson, Longfellow's Pastor of Acadia, Bulwer's Missionary, and Goldsmith's Village Preacher. Arthur Sumner could understand Parson Dilworth, and there was so much kindness on his face and in his voice, and he pleaded so warmly for all the afflicted, he won Arthur's heart, and cheered him with hope and comfort.

V.

THE SEWING BEE.

ARTHUR SUMNER and the Tyler children were always glad when their mother had company. Mr. Tyler loved to make a respectable appearance, and when neighbors came not too often, he desired his good wife to put the best side out, and treat them to the best the house afforded. And she need not scrimp the children at such times either, for he would have it understood that he esteemed his children, Arthur not excepted; and when visitors came, the boys' tasks were lightened, and he, with the others, got something better to eat.

Mr. Tyler would manage to make the most of visiting, however, and when it came his wife's turn to invite her neighbors, he counseled her to make a sewing bee, or quilting, which could not hinder conversation, and would leave them, when over, no poorer for giving a tea. She, of course, always yielded to his wishes, if she wanted any comfort of

the visit, though she desired to do like other folks, and not get too largely in debt for their kindnesses to her.

She made a sewing bee. It was on an afternoon in May. The sky was one warm, wide sea of glory, and the fields and woods had on their brightest vernal blooms. The May-flowers starred all the meadows, and May-birds were spinning the soft, bright air into golden skeins of song. The sheep had been washed, and run in white fleeces around the hills, and the cows were reveling up to their sides in the freshest tender feed. Arthur took all the beauty of the season to his heart, and carried it with him as he went to invite the ladies; he knew what he had to expect for light steps and faithful messages; and he fairly flew on his errand as he went from house to house.

He was home again, little wearied before the sun crossed the noon-mark, and when asked how he could go and come so quickly, and seem so brisk while leaping from the spring with a pitcher of cold water for dinner; he said the birds sung so sweetly he forgot to get tired, and floated all the way on their glad morning songs.

A long and lovely afternoon was before him, and he had nothing to do but look to his squirrel-traps, and see that the crows did not light on the corn; except it might be to run to the store for a ball of shoe-thread, of which Mr. Tyler spoke in the morn-

ing, and unsaddle the horses and turn them out, if the ladies rode to the bee.

The bee was well attended, and a good deal of work and more talking was done. Mrs. Summerton was there, neat and amiable as ever, in her plain dress and almost Quaker cap. Mrs. Dr. Waxwood was there in a fresh set of spit-curls, and a gaily-rigged attire. The Widow Chubb was there, fussy as ever in blazing ribbons and flaunting silks. Mrs. Golden was there, in ruffled gown and snowy chemizette. Deacon Maxy's wife, Squire Melvin's wife, Mr. Trexlar's wife, and others; and Mrs. Bronk brought Betsey, and Mrs. Golden, Ophelia, and Mrs. Sumner came with Martha and George.

The ladies had an excellent visit, and the children a time they long remembered. Ophelia, Jane, and Betsey, sat in the circle and sewed, and Martha Sumner's needle was seen to twinkle there; while Jane bound shoes, Betsey hemmed two handkerchiefs; and sewed first on a checkered-linen dress, and then on pantaloons; and Ophelia worked the whole time on checkered bed-curtains which Mrs. Tyler wove; though she made lagging headway, and seamed, hemmed, and whipped, but poorly; and her ears were opened so wide to all conversation, and her prying eyes were so often on a gaze, she pricked her fingers, and took many stitches that had to be taken out when she went away.

However, Ophelia could hardly help listening; she was of an interesting age, and beside, the conversation would have absorbed or confused the attention of older minds. Mrs. Summerton said, "the Indians had come before their time this year, and one of the squaws had a little boy pappoose, and she declared that, she never saw a prettier creature in all her born days." Mrs. Dr. Waxwood replied, that "she made the Doctor drive her down to see it, and she wanted to eat it up, it was such a cunning little witch of a beauty.—There it lay laughing in its little bark swing"—"And when its black eyes are tired gazing around, a robin redbreast lights on the wigwam and sings it into a snoring sleep;" interrupted Mrs. Summerton. "The Doctor likes Indians," replied Mrs. Waxwood, "but he hates niggers so bad he had as lief dissect one as cut up a hog; and when the nigger"—— "How you talk!" interrupted Mrs. Summerton. "True enough, negroes are not as *pleasant* company for me as white people; but after all the praise the Indians get, I think the negroes are naturally a nobler race of people than Indians. They are easier educated, warmer-hearted, and serve their women better."

"*You* may live with the *niggers* if you want to," replied Mrs. Dr. Waxwood, "but *I* don't want any darkies around *me*. I'd rather have a hundred Indians than one nigger. But as I was saying,

when the nigger was going to be hung in Hampden, the Doctor bought his body of him for a gallon of whisky, and the nigger drinked the whisky, and danced and sung, and cursed and swore till the rope wrung his neck, and then the Doctor cut off his flesh, and the Doctor sold his 'natomy for fifty dollars."

"Awful!—what a hatred!" groaned the good Mrs. Maxy to Mrs. Sumner: "and what a bargain!" Mrs. Sumner, with a look of indignation, replied. Mrs. Widow Chubb had so many fiery ribbons blazing from her fussy head, and she was so florid and airy, Mrs. Bronk rallied her on setting her cap for uncle Zeddy Wayland; the girlish widow smiled and said, "she'd like to have a good haul of the old man's money; but she wouldn't take care of Pitt Popinjay for Uncle Zeddy Wayland and a barrel of silver dollars to boot."

Mrs. Maxy said, "Pitt had become a very ugly boy since he went there." Mrs. Sumner "had heard he already felt above his poor mother, and abused her." Mrs. Tyler wanted to say how much she felt for good Mrs. Popinjay, but meeting a significant glance of Mrs. Golden's eyes, and a hint from her imperious nose, she desisted; while Mrs. Maxy said about the same thing for her. Mrs. Melvin was afraid William would be spoiled, learning to despise a trade, and expecting so much money. Mrs. Sumner and Mrs. Bronk agreed with

her there, and so did Mrs. Maxy and Mrs. Summerton; while Mrs. Tyler said, "he ought to love work, and be honest and know how to value money, even if he was rich." "I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Dr. Waxwood, looking to Mrs. Golden; and that lady cried, "*I* think it will be just the making of William Pitt. He will be a great man, you see if he aint. I don't believe in putting our children to hard work if they can live respectable without."

"It is best for girls and boys to know how to work at a trade or something else," replied Mrs. Sumner. "If I was rich as Astor, my children, for their own good, should honor labor, and know how to work." "You and I differ," rejoined Mrs. Golden. "I'm sure Wellington and Bolivar shall be merchants, or have professions, and my Ophelia shan't work till she looks like an old plough-woman." "Nor Andalusia, neither," added Mrs. Dr. Waxwood. "If you want your daughters to marry well, marry into high families," interrupted Mrs. Golden, "favor them, learn them to keep white hands, and carry high heads:"—while Betsey Bronk and Jane Tyler scowled, and Ophelia lifted her nose, flashed her fine eyes, and tossed her head with an air of inexpressible self-gratulation.

"What a noble-looking man Arthur is going to make," said Mrs. Melvin; "and, good as he looks," added Mrs. Tyler;—"and smart as a steel-trap,"

added Mrs. Bronk. "If Uncle Zeddy had Arthur Sumner instid of Pitty Popinjay, he'd have a bird worth keepin' in a gold cage." "*That indeed he would!*" added Mrs. Tyler. "A bird, too, that wouldn't pull his corn," added Mrs. Sumner;—"nor peck his mother's eyes out," added Mrs. Trexlar.

"*I* think Oddy 'll be *handsomer* than William Pitt," said Mrs. Dr. Waxwood. "But I should never want Lusia to have him. Who knows what he sprung from? He's white enough; his lips are thin, his nose is good-looking; but his hair curls and the Doctor says he *may* have nigger in him, and it *may* come out in wooly hair in the third generation, and the Doctor *does* hate niggers *so* bad you know!"

"He looks a sight better than I ever thought he would," said Mrs. Golden; "and if he was rich, it wouldn't matter so much; but nigger or Indian, do you think he has as much spirit as William Pitt? and could he appear as well in society? My children like William the best, he is so high-spirited; and mark my words, he will make a gentleman in society; and I think a great deal of society. Arthur will make a good hired man, or an ingenious mechanic, and they are all useful."

"But you let Arthur and Pitt exchange places once," whispered Mrs. Sumner, while Mrs. Tyler was out, looking to her tea, "and then see who

would be most of a gentleman." "Then Arthur would thrive like a pig in a pen," cried Mrs. Bronk; "and Pitt would be like our poor pinter breed, rootin' in the road." "And *Pitty* would need our *pity*," added Mrs. Summerton;—"But Arthur is such a bashful fellow," interrupted Mrs. Golden;—"He's all the better for that," interrupted Mrs. Sumner;—"He can never appear well in society, I was going to say," added Mrs. Golden;—"But who wants to see a boy so bold he'll jump up into your lap, and lick your face, like a brazen puppy dog," interrupted Mrs. Bronk. "Pitt reminds me more of a puppy-dog than a popinjay," added Mrs. Trexlar.—"But here you have been talking of the boys as if they were men, and ready to be married," interrupted Mrs. Melvin; and a new theme was discussed till tea was ready.

Arthur Sumner was fortunate enough not to hear a word said about him in the circle, and he quite forgot all trouble that afternoon. It was a long, long time till night, and yet he relished every jocund moment better even than custard or cake. He and George Sumner were called "great neat-ups," they loved each other so fondly, and while they were glad Jason had gone to blow soap-bubbles, and catch young swallows with his cousin Wellington, they would not allow Sydney out of their sight, and only wished Volney Summerton and Barney Bronk might be with them.

Martha did not sew a great while before she laid down her needle, and went out where Arthur, George, and Sydney were watching crows, and sat down and enjoyed their pastimes. They braided grass, curled dandelions, and ate little mallows buds, calling them cheeses. Had Volney and Barney been there they would have had a ramble after May-flowers in the woods, and played hide-and-seek in the barn. Martha caught little Sydney and kissed his cheeks, and eyes, and chin, and mouth, and said he was sweeter than clover; and Sydney dimpled like a cherub, and his fair eyes flashed with a lustre of unwonted joy. Martha said Arthur was her brother, and kissed him, hung dandelions in his crinkling hair, held a butter-cup under his chin, and said he loved butter. Arthur did not blush so bashfully when Martha kissed and amused him, as he would if Ophelia or any other girl had done it. Martha was such an innocent creature, and so child-like in all her ways, he was bolder and better when he had spent a day with her.

Martha went to a bird's nest to feed the young birds, and Arthur and the other boys swapped knives and made chestnut whistles. George gave Arthur the ballads of, Babes in the Wood, and Silk Merchant's Daughter. When Martha joined them again, she and George sung the Babes in the Wood, as they had heard their mother sing; and Martha

turned her face and wept, and Arthur's blue eyes swam in tears; for it made him think of what he had suffered. They played

"Lady-queen Annie she sits in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as brown as a bun;
She sends you three letters, and prays you'll read one.
I cannot read one, unless I read all;
Then pray, Master Sydney, deliver the ball."

And were all thrilled with joy by Sydney's merry laugh as Martha called him, and he "delivered the ball."

Then they took up another play and tasted new delight. Little Sydney entered the ring, and his cheeks glowed, and his eyes sparkled and flamed with glee. He laughed, and sung, and recited rhymes from Mother Goose. He blew out his cheeks like a bubble, and shouted when Martha struck them down. Then he would stand silent for minutes, gazing on her face, and watching her way as if in fascination. Then he would beg her to stay there and be his sister for ever and ever. Then he would kiss the flowers and look at the woods and skies, as if he would devour their beauty. Then he resumed his merry play. At last they were called in to supper, and enjoyed it with keen appetites, kindly words, and happy smiles. The circle broke up, the women and children went home, and Arthur passed the night in very pleasant dreams.

VI.

THE GRIEF OF GRIEFS.

THE four years that succeeded were more transient than they seemed to the young who counted their months impatiently, and yet one who had been absent from home that while, would have found on his return that many changes had risen to surprise him, and make it seem like home no more. Changes were seen in Sydney, and yet with one exception, they were not so many, nor so great, as occur in more populous towns.

The boys we last saw at school or play, still play occasionally, and attend school through the winter months, but they have thought of becoming men, and most of them have chosen their avocations.

Jason Tyler has too little fixedness of purpose and talent, but he has gone to an honorable trade, which requires patience, integrity, an artist's eye, and a gentleman's manners. He is learning to be a tailor. Barney Bronk trains his stout and honest arms to the swing of the sledge, and the stroke

of the hammer; and he can forge a handsome horse-nail already; he can plate and temper a hoe, set a sleigh-shoe, and jump an axe; his shoulder shoves the butteris with the skill of a master hand, while he pares a horse's hoof as smooth and true as a saucer; and his mother and friends have button-chisels, tweezers, and twisted hooks of Barney's own ingenious make.

Volney Summerton is learning to make boots and shoes. Volney is a fine fellow, intelligent, tasty, loving to work in one place, and to sit down with rolled sleeves and busy hands to what he does, and that is the honorable trade for him. George Sumner cannot be tempted from the fields, and he stays with his father on his pleasant farm. Bolivar and Wellington Golden have done very little to lighten their poor old father's load. You would say his apprentice, Barney Bronk is the natural son, he takes such a pleasure in doing the old man's will about the shop and house, and on his little farm. You may sometimes see them employed on the farm, but never in the vulgar shop, nor in weeding onions, or milking cows. They will do a little in the cornfield, and are better than no help when hay and harvest are wasting, and there are no others to cut and secure them. But their hat brims must be wide as parasols, and lined, and they must wear gloves or mittens that their faces and hands may keep white and delicate; while the old

man is as brown as a beaver, working with his grey head bare, and his shoulders stoop more and more with the wear and tear of his tough life, and his fingers, hard and crooked as chain-hooks, are grappled to extra toils.

However, Mr. Golden does not complain; Mrs. Golden is so satisfied with all that her sons do; and he is willing that Bolivar shall next week begin the study of medicine with Dr. Waxwood; while Wellington is promised that, in a few weeks after, he may go and tend bar at a tavern in Hampden, and remain there until he can get a situation in an office or a store. William Popinjay knows he can be a lawyer, without going all the long way through College, and he quits the halls of learning while a sophomore, and enters a law office in Hampden. Jane Tyler is married to Giles Maxy, and makes him an excellent wife. Celestia Summerton is well married. Betsey Bronk is the same unpolished, good-hearted girl, and if you listen, you may hear her loud song above the clack of the loom in Mrs. Sumner's chamber. Diaduma Truck, the broad-waisted and big-footed girl, who called Arthur Sumner a 'paddy drummer,' works for Mrs. Golden, while Ophelia is away completing her education. Andalusia Waxwood has returned from boarding-school, with her last accomplishments, and she has the only piano in the neighborhood. She has been very patient in her music

lessons, and though she has not a note of music in her soul, still, as music is getting fashionable in Sydney, she must manage at least one tune on the instrument, learn to touch its keys with lady fingers, talk the terms, and have the latest issues of music on hand, or she may be counted low and vulgar.

And that piano awakens, with its first charming sounds, a great excitement in Sydney. The old folks call in to see Lusia's fingers fly over its trilling keys. The young gather there, and many of them listen till they envy the fortunate girl. Children are admitted to the parlor, and they put their hands on the polished rosewood, asking if it is not colored glass, and laugh and shout as she thrums it. Billy Bronk makes a call on Lusia, sits down in the parlor, with his clouted shoes on the rail of a Windsor chair, asks for Bruce's Address, and comes away declaring it is a slick piece of work, and gives out a curious kind of pretty yarns in music; but, after all, he'd as lief hear Betsey sing 'The frog he did a courtin' ride,' and buzz the bass on her wool-wheel. Ophelia Golden comes home at vacation, a very handsome girl, and returns to stay her last quarter, cheered by the promise that she shall have a piano, if the missionary money helps to buy it for her.

And what of Sydney Tyler? My heart swells with grief, as I recal his dear image to my mind.

Sydney grew a rare and gracious boy; and he nestled in nature, and never drank his fill of the flowing beauties of this bright world. Seeming to take some strange presentiment of their fate, his eyes ranged the universe, and drank at every fountain of light, and river of beauty, as if each draught were to be the last. The images of skies and landscapes were hoarded in his mind with a more miserly passion than if they had been gold; the faces of dear friends, and the forms of familiar things, were hung as halo-circled pictures in his soul, and then those luminous orbs were veiled forever.

The story of his misfortune is brief. There came a morning when Spring and Summer met and embraced, and all things in earth and heaven were jubilant with light and gladness, and Arthur and Sydney went into the meadow to enjoy the scene, and cut willows, which they were going to weave into baskets. They spent an hour in joyous pastime with the bees and birds. They gathered their willows in a bundle, and as Sydney stepped to take the knives from Arthur, that the latter might carry the bundle, he tripped on a stone, and fell with his right eye on the sharp stub of a willow they had just cut; and, as Arthur raised him from the ground, the humor of the eye run out. The poor boy was instantly thrilled with pangs of *terrible* anguish, and Arthur was thrilled with pangs

of pity and grief. Arthur led him slowly to the house, and Sydney fell shrieking and fainting in his mother's arms. I need not describe the scene that followed. I need not attempt to tell the sorrow of the family, nor the grief of a hundred friends who loved Sydney, who prided in his manly promise, and took his affliction as keenly as if it had been their own. Misfortune succeeded misfortune. The nerve of the eye was shattered by the wound, and a violent inflammation ensued, which they feared from the first, would attack the other eye. A skilful physician was called from Hampden, and, while he expressed little hope, he ordered Sydney to be placed in a dark room and on simple diet, and made a resolute effort to save the other eye. After two or three weeks, the inflammation subsided, and hope revived for a time, and Sydney regained all his cheerfulness, saying he would be thankful and happy to return to the lovely world, if only one eye were spared him to enjoy its light. The curtains of the windows were gradually raised, the time was set for him to quit his prison, and George and Martha Sumner were coming to rejoice with him as soon as he was free. But before that day arrived, the inflammation returned and attacked the other eye, and quenched his only sight. Then for a time it seemed that his heart would bleed itself away. Then every one was melted to tears and pierced with anguish, to

hear his sobs and moans. "Mother, O mother," he cried, "will I never see your face again? Nor Arthur's, nor Jane's, nor father's, nor Martha Sumner's? Will I never see another spring morning? nor the summer fields, nor the woods, nor the lake, or sky? O tell me, mother, must I always be blind?"

"Not always, my dear," replied Mrs. Tyler, "you will have bright eyes in heaven!"

"O, heaven is so high up, and so far away, I cannot, cannot wait! Will I never see you again in this world, I mean?"

"I fear not, Sydney. But we do not know. God is good, and he may sometime restore the sight of one of your eyes. Love him, Sydney, and trust him, and he will help you bear your grief."

"I will, mother: but why did he let the last eye turn blind, when I loved to look on his world so well? I will trust him, mother, but I feel so bad when I think he let me get blind."

"You must not fault him, Sydney, if you wish to see in heaven."

"I do not fault him. But it is so hard to be blind, and heaven is so far away! But tell me, mother, will heaven be bright as this world, and beautiful when we get there?"

"Yes, my son, ten thousand times more beautiful."

"Have they chestnut woods in heaven, mother?"

"I do not know about that, Sydney, but the tree of life is there."

"Will it blossom as the chestnut trees do here in July?"

"It bears leaves, my son, that will heal your eyes."

"O that will be good, but I wish they had big chestnut woods there. But they cannot have skies, can they, mother?"

"Yes, they must have skies, for the Bible says, there are stars and a rainbow there."

"How can that be, when Mr. Dilworth says, so often, that heaven is beyond the skies?"

"These things are too hard for a little boy to know."

"But you can tell me this, mother, shall I see and know you all in heaven?"

"Yes, the Bible says, 'then shall I see as I am seen, and know as I am known,' and you will see all dear faces, and a more beautiful world than this."

"This world was beautiful enough,—but heaven is so far away!"

"Believe what God says in the Bible, my son, and heaven may begin here, and open bright eyes in your soul."

"O, but if it would open on me now, I would love him with all my heart."

It was a long while before he became recon-

ciled to his affliction, and began to see clearly with the eyes of his soul.

Sydney had many kind comforters, who would willingly have taken his grief and borne it for him, for months at a time, to see his mournful face illuminated with one more smile. Even his father, who had not evinced the fondness for him that he had for Jason, was touched with his misfortune, and attended him with a melted heart and soothing words. Mrs. Tyler was his angel, washing his cheeks with her tears, holding his poor head on her heart; assuring him what should be done to mitigate his grief, and telling him of the sights of beauty and glory he would see in heaven. Jason was kinder to him now than ever he had been before, and Jane showed a sister's love.

There was another inmate of that home whose name shall be recorded here. It was Ranger, a dog, now six months old, which Sydney had owned from a little pup, and to which he was fondly attached. Ranger was a spaniel of a handsome size, a glossy coat, as rich as a chestnut in its hue, and spotted with little snow-balls all over his back and sides. His ears were long, and silky as velvet, his face was finely shaped; his eyes were clear, mild, and bright, and he seemed to know and feel, as much as any man. He took a sense of Sydney's misfortune, and moaned for him, and kept constantly in his room. He brightened and bounded with joy when Sydney

again stepped abroad, and he soon had on a collar and a cord, leading his blind master wherever he wished to go.

The dearest children of the neighborhood came more frequently to amuse him, and recall to his mind their times of childish joy. But of all his friends, none remained dearer to his loving heart than Arthur Sumner, who felt his affliction almost as if it were his own, and gained time of his tasks and engagements to run home to Sydney and beguile the tedious hours. He led him often where he could scent the flowers, and hear the birds and waterfalls, and taste the nectar of the clover blooms. He performed extra tasks and earned pennies, and then bought primers and story-books to read to Sydney, whenever he had time. He taught him to tell the stories he had heard, and repeat ballads and verses, and there were many times now when Sydney forgot his blindness for an hour, and seemed to enjoy the lovely wonders of the world.

Arthur had grown to a noble youth, and had heard nothing yet of his home. The grief of his misfortune returned at times, and wrung his heart, but Sydney had been so much more keenly afflicted, and he devoted so much of his extra time to the poor boy in winning his heart from its gloom, he had not brooded over his own troubles of late as he used to do.

There began to be a change in his looks; and

his voice had those unmanageable sharps and flats which all boys have to endure, and which manhood tunes to melody. He had rough hands now, and russet cheeks, and was awkward in his manners. Still, Martha Sumner was not ashamed to call him brother, and every sensible person declared *she* was a noble, and a precious girl.

Mr. Tyler was still very hard upon Arthur. A laudable desire to accumulate something extra for Sydney, run to extremes, demanded undue tasks and exertions of Arthur, and retrenched the number of his few small favors. He permitted Arthur to attend school three months in a year, but that, however precious, seemed for the time only an aggravation, which was increased by his being limited in his reading at home. Arthur still attended church, and took great comfort there, while the good minister instructed and enlightened him. He was charged to remember the text, he always tried for his own good to obey the charge, and Mrs. Tyler, with a poor memory, attempted in vain to help him, but it seemed cruel, and he could not restrain the tears, on going home hungry from church, and doing all his chores, to be told by his master, when he could not remember the sacred words, nor where to find them, that he was a heedless boy, and must go to bed without his supper.

And more cruel still did it seem, to be forced to his master's trade, when his heart was not

there, although he could learn it easily; and he sighed and longed, like other boys, to select the trade of his own choice. Billy Bronk advised him to run away and shirk for himself. That he could not think of doing. He could not take his heart away from Sydney and Mrs. Tyler. And the perilous step might unsettle his habits and fixed ways of life. He knew his weak sides, and the dangers of such adventures, and remained with his old master.

That first year at the trade was gloomed with many griefs, and yet Arthur had many hours of pleasant joy. A nature so sensitive to all that takes its attention, will have joys as well as griefs. He had a few fine pastimes beside those taken in arithmetic, and in reading to Sydney, and leading him to the woods. The love of his young friends was as sweet as the light of morning to his soul. He loved to look on beauty, whether it bloomed in a landscape, waved in a tree, soared with a bird, swept in a circle, appeared in a house, or moved and smiled in a human form. He was never tired of rearing castles and running traceries, arches, and spirals, which the types of nature seemed vaguely to suggest.

He was obliged to be frugal in all he could call his own, for he had few opportunities to earn or obtain, except for others. His nature seemed to lay little value on money, and divide among others

with a free heart; but necessity forced him sometimes from the bent of his nature; and perhaps it was well it did. Mr. Tyler came around once in a while to a turn of good feeling, and indulged him moderately, and for every indulgence he received double pay.

Arthur reckoned greatly on holidays, when one or two in a year were promised him, and more than made up for lost time by doing over-work. The month of August came, and he was promised, if he would spring to his tasks cheerfully, and could in any way contrive to get his own spending money, he might go to general training on the first week in September. He never had been to general training. His friends had told him what they saw and enjoyed there, and he forgot all trouble for a fortnight, thinking what his eyes and ears would enjoy. The heaviest work now was lighter, the hours rolled rapidly away, and yet they seemed a long, long train before September.

"May Sydney go with me too, if I will lead him, and give him half I buy?" asked Arthur of Mr. Tyler.

"Yes, he may go too, if you and Jason will take care of him," said Mr. Tyler.

"He had better go with Arthur; I shall be off too early for them, and shall want to run around a little in Hampden," interrupted Jason.

"Well, I'll take good care of him, and

Volney and Barney will help me;" answered Arthur.

"But it will not be right for Arthur to pay Sydney's way," interrupted Mrs. Tyler.

"O yes I can, and enjoy what I share with him all the better," answered Arthur.

"Yes, let him do it; it will learn him to be generous," added Mr. Tyler.

"And may we go into the caravan too?" inquired Arthur.

"Yes, if you'll pay your way," answered Mr. Tyler.

"And see the wax works?" inquired Arthur.

"Yes, if you'll pay your way," answered Mr. Tyler.

"And see the phantasmagoria?" inquired Arthur.

"Yes, if you'll pay your way," answered Mr. Tyler.

"And hear the negro singers and all?" inquired Arthur.

"Yes, yes, yes, if you'll pay your way," answered Mr. Tyler.

Then Arthur fell to contriving, and doing the little jobs at odd times, which brought in cent after cent of the money. He knew that Jason's spending money would be given him, and more perhaps than himself could raise in the time he could take to earn it. He knew there was not another boy in the neighborhood whose money would not be given

him, except Sydney, and perhaps, Barney Bronk, who could earn his own by doing odd jobs in the shop. He was on an equal footing with none of them in this respect; and yet he did not let it trouble him, but rejoicing in an unexpected promise to have such a holiday, he over-estimated, if any thing, the means by which the money could be raised.

He had invented a mould for casting pewter pipes, and as several good women contributed to his stock by giving him broken spoons, eyeless buttons, and old porringers, and he had lead to alloy it, he felt safe in calculating on something from the pipe trade; even if he sold none before training-day. He finished off two dozen with a half stem of wood, and they were bright and handsome, and a luxury to smoke. Then he gained a day at a stint, and helped Mr. Summerton in oat harvest, and returned at night with double wages in silver, because he had raked and bound among Canada thistles. Even that was enough, Mrs. Tyler assured him, to buy all he and Sydney would need to eat and drink at the training; but she encouraged him to lay it up and earn more; and while she would look out for Sydney, and while Arthur should give himself a generous day, he must see how much he could save to spend for books, and lay away for a time of need.

In the corn and harvest fields, along the fences,

there were abundant borders of fine herds-grass, ripened and fit for seed; grass-seed was then worth two dollars a bushel; he had liberty to gain time, and cut and clean a bushel, if he would give Mr. Tyler half; and before September, he had half a bushel of clean seed put up as his own.

And there was still another resource which he found convenient, and necessity called it to his mind. With an artist's eye he had cut birds and houses, out of paper, since he was twelve years old. He tried his hand, also, at cutting letters, and was so successful, he beat Tom Morgan, who had gone around the country cutting names out of pasteboard, at three cents a letter. He could cut them cheaper, for he did not have to mark them out beforehand, while he left them neat and true. Some of the neighbors desired their names for marking bags and buffaloes, he gladly cut for a cent a letter, and soon earned a dollar in that way.

Then he added to this fund by doing errands for neighbors, and making boxes and the like, and before training day, as he sold his grass-seed and two pewter pipes for cash, he had money enough to buy him a fine wool hat, beside what he wanted to spend, and to bring home for other needs.

Mrs. Tyler desired her husband to give Arthur leather and thread and let him gain time, and make himself a pair of handsome shoes to wear, as he would feel mortified to go barefooted now he was

so large, and his best trowsers were so out-grown; when all the other boys could go better dressed than he. But that was asking too much of Mr. Tyler. He had been liberal enough, in all conscience, this time, he thought. He could not, and would not be so extravagant. If Arthur would buy the leather, and sit up nights, he might make them, otherwise he must go barefooted. But Mrs. Tyler encouraged him to keep his money, and let her manage about the shoes, and Sydney declared he would not stir a step toward training, if Arthur offered again to pay his expenses besides his own.

VII.

GENERAL TRAINING.

THE hours and days rolled away, and the great day at last, the day of general training, dawned upon the world. It dawned tardily, as the boys all thought, and yet the golden beams that melted the bars and fishes from the morning sky before the sun wheeled in view, assured them the day would be fair, and it came at last, blazing in the orange of September. Arthur's friends called early for him and Sydney, and found them up and ready to start on foot for Hampden. Not one of them had taken his usual amount of breakfast; for how could they eat without an appetite? And who could expect an appetite with such a day at hand?

Jason was to start from his new home with other boys whom he liked better than these, and these were glad enough to dispense with his company. Barney and Volney wore fur hats; but then they felt no larger for it; while Arthur's hat, if it was wool, fairly glistened with raven lustre, it was so

new, and he had bought it with his own money, and he felt well, and looked well, as he put it on to go.

Then his coat was whole and very clean, if not quite so new, and though others had better, he did not greatly care; and his trowsers answered well enough, though in length he had a little out-grown them. His feet and ankles were washed very clean, and he did not care to have stockings; but he *did* want *shoes* for that time! He was grown so large, all the boys not his friends would laugh to see him coming to general training barefooted; and yet Mr. Tyler had refused to furnish even the leather, that he might have shoes to wear on that occasion. Jane had given him her sympathy, and pleaded with her father to furnish him leather, or give him a pair out-and-out. Sydney had pleaded for him, with a tender tongue and beseeching face, and sometimes Mr. Tyler seemed on the point of yielding the favor; then again he would settle down on his first resolution. And how did the poor boy do?

Mrs. Tyler kept her kind promise and managed for him. Mrs. Tyler had to have a new pair of shoes for meeting; she contrived to get them of a size that fitted Arthur very well; they were made of the finest calf-skin, a week before training day, and she tied them on Arthur's feet, bidding him to wear them, for they became him handsomely. So

he started with those brand-new shoes, contrasting finely with his clean ankles, and no one of the company had better shoes than he.

They started for Hampden. Arthur and Volney led Sydney, and Barney promised to take his turn soon at the blind boy's hand. Sydney sighed at first, to think he could not enjoy his eyes that one day, and see the wonderful sights. He rolled his poor balls in vain, to catch a wandering ray, and sighed again, and shed a secret tear. But his ears now seemed to perform so well the function of eyes, and the boys were so kind and cheerful, and there were so many enjoyments before him, he soon forgot his grief, and with a smiling face, and high and forward step, he kept an even breast as they almost flew on their way.

The village rose in sight, and what a world of people were flocking from all ways to Hampden! Arthur could not conceive where they came from, and the pillared buildings and steepled churches perfectly amazed him. He stood and gazed at the buildings, wishing he might run such mouldings, and flute such columns, as he saw. And so many signs as there were! He could not attempt to read or count them. Then what a scene in the streets, and on the common, and field!

It made his heart dance with excitement, and he quickly forgot his short trowsers and naked ankles. He held a faithful grasp of Sydney's hand, and

could not suppress a throb of grief, to observe the clouds that frequently shaded the blind-boy's smiles of joy, and see how he struggled to break away from his blindness.

But such a babel of talk and confusion, to drown the rousing peals of music that Sydney leapt and danced to hear! Such sights and scenes as Volney kept wishing poor Sydney could behold! Here was a peddler on his cart, with a bushy head and a broad mouth, crying, "New cider and sweet metheglin!" and for half a mile away, there were echoes answering his thunderous clack. There was a peddler uncovering a stack of nut-brown gingerbread, every cake of it ribbed with round beads, and glossy as a varnished violin. Then they came to a stand where an old negro cried, with a shrill barking voice, "Hot corn! hot corn! ching-a-ling a bena! quash-a-cowcumber!" Further along, a wheel of fortune was rolling to a crowd gathered around; then another peddler uncovered his load and cried, "Gin, wine, and brandy, whisky, and small beer!" Then they came to a stand kept by an old lady, who sold "candy, peppermints, beer, apples, plums, and oceans of rare ripe peaches, tew for a cent." Then a peddler ran against them with a pail of new honey, and told them where the best small beer could be found. Then, there were carts of tin ware, and auction carts. Then there were book-peddlers, and men selling verses, salve

and essence. Then came up an old hunter with a litter of little spotted puppies in a basket, wanting to sell them; and Arthur would have bought one for Sydney, if Ranger had not been living as devoted as ever to his master's care.

Here was an artillery-man with his red plume and yellow buttons; there was a rifleman in a green coat; yonder were soldiers of the light infantry, in white plumes, and white pants and facings; and beyond, a trooper trying to mount his dancing horse, and his cap of bear-skin was sidewise, and his white plume waved in the wind; while the militia jostled him at every step, and the noise of the rub-a-dubs on every corner almost tore out Sydney's ears.

They passed along, and the pavilions of the showmen astonished their wondering gaze. They entered the tavern, and there stood Wellington Golden in a rakish dress, with a knowing air, and a tossing head, mixing liquors and selling cigars, and he hardly knew that Arthur was before him, while he deigned to speak to the other boys. Arthur stood and wondered if he himself would ever rise to so high a situation as that, and why he should be kept down. They entered the ball room, and there were fiddles and clarionets going in concert with fifes and drums, and soldiers dancing in the greatest glee.

The roll was called, and the companies and regi-

ments marshalled to the field. And such music, and such blazing of armor, such waving of banners and plumes, and such prancing of proud horses as they saw! Poor Sydney was faint with excitement, and Volney and Barney kept his feelings in a foam, by unwittingly wishing in his ears that he could see the things which their eyes beheld. And as for Arthur, he could not repress the hope, that some day he might be a mighty officer, in Suwarrow boots, chapeau-de-bras hat, and white, long dancing feather, on a proud dapple gray, with a flashing sword, commanding a regiment in which the Golden boys and William Pitt would have to march a quick step, as privates, while Martha Sumner and Betsey Bronk would look on as spectators, admiring his grand parade.

They went into the field and gazed a long while at the trainers. There was something in the roll of drums, the swell of music, and the blaze of regimentals, that held him as in a fascination, and he could hardly turn his eyes from the officers, they looked so fine. But the time arrived for the shows to open, and they went and saw the menagerie. From thence they entered the other pavilion, and saw the wax works and phantasmagoria, and Sydney enjoyed the music, while the others enjoyed the sights. They moved around from place to place through the day, wishing to see and hear all that occurred in the village.

Long before night, Arthur sold all his pewter pipes for a shilling a piece, and bought two books at auction; he also bought himself a knife, a moulding and smooth plane, and pair of suspenders; a silk pocket handkerchief, and paper of pins for Mrs. Tyler, while he and his friends together bought Sydney a fife, and a copy of Rasselas; and Sydney kindled all over with smiles of joy, anticipating the times he would have learning music and hearing Arthur read his book.

Arthur spent nothing for drink, except a glass of sweet cider and a glass of small beer, which he shared with Sydney. He bought one pan of gingerbread, which he could not have eaten alone; he bought a break of rusk, and a little fruit, of which Sydney was forced to take a share, and he was ready to start for home at an early hour.

On the whole, the day was happy for him. True, some of the bold village bloods of his age, asked him "where he got so much trowsers;" and after Jason whispered to Wellington in the bar, Wellington cried, "How are you, aunt Tarza Tyler? where 'd you get your calf-skin shoes?" making the great crowd roar with laughter. Arthur blushed and dropped his head, and Billy Bronk stepped up and assured him he was more of a man than any of them. And as William Pitt and Bolivar came in and took up the laugh, Billy said—"Sodom! if any body 'll furnish a cage I'll ketch

that dandy bar-boy and the two grinnin' puppy dogs outside, and sell 'em to the caravan for apes or Newfoun'landers." But Billy was in liquor and did not help his friend's feelings. Sydney leaned against Arthur, pressed his hand, and sobbed the grief he felt for him.

They went and found the rest of the party, and started for home. But poor Volney was in a sorrowful plight. He was a noble soul, free and sweet-hearted as a melon. He was virtuous, but he loved company and a good time; he had drank too much at the training, and before they went half a mile his neck grew limber, and he would have reeled to the ground had not Arthur caught him in his arms. It was well that the sun was three long hours high. They saw that they had time, and moved Volney out of sight of the road, and lay down with him. Volney and Barney had eaten but little, and drinking more than he was aware, the liquor overcame him, without his suspecting intoxication. Arthur opened his collar and rubbed his chest and hands, and the boy soon threw up the liquor, but he could not yet walk. After half an hour, Arthur gave him a rusk and some cake, and eating that he began to feel better; the effect of the gin passed off, and in an hour, they set themselves again on their homeward way.

Volney was greatly mortified by his misfortune, and wept for fear it would disgrace him. The

boys soothed him tenderly, advised him never to touch another drop of liquor, and promised to keep it a secret for ever. They were all weary enough when they got home; but Mrs. Tyler had done Arthur's chores, and prepared supper for him and Sydney, and they had nothing to do but enjoy it and take their rest. He presented the gifts he bought for her; and cast up his expense account, finding he was generous at the training, and had money to lay up for the future. He had denied himself nothing his heart could wish; he had seen and heard all he desired; it was exciting: the shows interested him much; the handsome officers still rode with waving plumes through his vision as the drooping lids fell over his eyes; but after all, he felt no better for going; there was nothing left but his books, and tools, and the joy of sharing with Sydney, and giving to Mrs. Tyler, to continue the satisfaction, and he knew not if he cared again to go to general training.

His kindness to Sydney and Mrs. Tyler did his heart good. His knife and planes were bought at a bargain, and supplied a long want. His books were worth double their price, and he would feast freely as he read them. They were interesting books. One was Buck's Beauties of Nature, and the other a Manual on Architecture. His master would have been better pleased had the last been a cordwainer's hand-book; but it was just the

thing to feed the hunger that preyed on Arthur's mind. It set forth initial suggestions to expand and exalt his mind, and while it encouraged architecture as one of the fine arts, to be loved and attained for its own beauty, and the discipline it offered; it instanced the forms of nature as the types of its great ideals.

Another day came, and the boys, feeling little better for their holiday, set themselves again to their work. But Arthur dropped his head and sighed, as he took the shoe-bench, after a few weeks work on the farm. He got along well, and was seldom scolded, while working at boots and shoes; but his heart did not enter the shop, and he wished he could be at another trade.

The yellow fields and blue sky never bewitched him with a heartier longing than he now felt, to be out where he could mingle more frequently with the soul of autumn, and get a fresh kiss and warm embrace of nature. The shop-windows were open, and a pleasant breeze floated singing through, but the breeze wakened sadness, and the sunshine looked in to remind him of his prison. He was glad that Volney liked the shoe-shop, and he had no doubt but Volney would rise respected to a home and competence; but Volney had not his feelings, though feelings as honorable and high, and he almost sickened with confinement.

The sympathy of associates was cheering; the

regards of the Sumners pillowed his throbbing temples from utter grief; Martha's warm and sisterly smile was particularly soothing to his heart, as her hand wiped the tears from his eyes; yet he grew poor and looked care-worn; he was nervous and absent-minded, and his master took him sternly to do. Mr. Tyler thought that was a pretty piece of gratitude for the favors shown him for a few months past, and began to load him with new hardships that sunk upon his nature with the pressure of a screw.

Mrs. Tyler ventured a remonstrance, but in vain. Billy Bronk cried, "Sodom!" and said if Arthur had the spunk of a mouse he would waddle away, or bite the heel that trampled him. Mrs. Sumner wished he could show more spirit now. But what was he to gain by resentment, or running away? He only pined still more, and grew more nervous and absent-minded; and that his master thought intolerable, and after another year's trial, in a passion, he took the boy from the shop and placed him in a rope-walk to cure him.

VIII.

PARSON DILWORTH'S SERMON.

RULEFF GORDON kept the rope-walk in which Arthur was placed. Ruleff Gordon was a middle-aged, sleek-headed man, speaking slowly, in a nasal voice; standing not more than five feet three in his shoes, and suffering less inconvenience from a near sight and short neck, than from the extra pounds of flesh he was now beginning to carry.

He made little conversation with his most intimate friends. He expressed little in his countenance, for it was always flushed from a flow of blood to the head. He gave little feeling or character to his cadence; or if he attempted to give it, the expression was lost in the winding passage of his nose, while his voice was flat and drawling. A stranger might think he had no feeling in his heart. Mr. Tyler thought so. A stranger might suppose he slept so much nights, he could not see through men's designs and deeds; and was capable of *judging* nothing so well as a flitch of bacon, or a

dinner of roast beef, washed down with metheglin or cider. All were convinced by demonstration that he had wit enough, however, to spin tow and manilla, and twist cords and ropes three and four stranded.

But Ruleff Gordon was a man of many thoughts and deep discernments, if he was slow and sleepy, and beneath all those coarse concentric circles of fat and lean, a man's large heart ticked the time like an old-fashioned clock, and heaved his breast like an engine, throwing out to his fingers and toes warm surges of the kindest feeling.

And the life Ruleff spun, was no mere string of refuse hemp, or cord of swingling-tow; but a strong and many-stranded rope of all the dressed virtues of goodness and truth; a cable of confidence for all who anchored their trust in him.

Ruleff's wife was taller than he; at least, she looked so; she was thin and white; she had shovel teeth, a long spindle-neck, and long hands and arms; her eyes and hair were light; her voice was broken, and she leaned well forward to her movements. But she was keen-witted and free-hearted, and all good persons who knew her loved to speak her praise. They had very likely children. They owned a few green acres with the rope-walk, and were good and thrifty livers.

The rope-walk had many windows, looking out upon a charming landscape, and to be sent there

was to find one's lines falling in a very cheerful place, though it might not suppress a desire with which his being had been struggling. What if it was not the trade of Arthur's choice, and wanted little wit, and typed but a few ideas? What if Lusia Waxwood leered very genteelly on the movement, and William Pitt joked him unfeelingly, and Wellington, passing on a hard ride, called him all littered and linted to the window, and cried, "Take in your tow, aunt Tarza Tyler, it is going to rain"? He liked it far better than the shoe-shop.

And though he was still sensitive to what people said, he began to care less about their speeches than ever before; and while he felt a spirit of manly independence slowly creeping up his heart, even in a rope-walk he could stand on his feet, and walk at his work, several rods, looking out of a row of pleasant windows on either side. Then, he had time to read, morning, noon, and night. Buck's Beauties of Nature were soon devoured, and all their bright pictures transferred to his mind, and Daniel Dale came at night and explained to him the rules and types of architecture. His friends redoubled their sympathies, and Martha Sumner visited often at Gordon's, brought books for Arthur to read, and sung her sweetest songs in his hearing. And how much higher than she was Lusia Waxwood, that Arthur should feel grieved by the look of scorn she gave him? As for personal beauties,

Ophelia Golden could boast them, and she added new and blooming charms each new and blooming year. Arthur loved to look on a beautiful human form, and admire the art of the infinite Sculptor, who adorns our world with such works; he loved to look on Ophelia, but why should he care if she scorned him, while Martha Sumner continued her sweet smiles?

In what could Arthur envy Wellington? His opportunities at least. And Bolivar? His education and his chances to rise. And William Pitt? His liberty of choosing his own vocation; his time; his books and teachers. And not envy him in his vast expectations, and the honors of caste to which his profession would exalt him? No, he had no reason to, although he did not unnaturally indulge the passion sometimes.

But Mr. Gordon did not sanction Mr. Tyler's conduct, and Arthur's friends were indignant, and remonstrated with him against that last movement. They insisted that Arthur ought to go to the trade that would be the best for him. They pleaded, they rebuked, but all to no purpose. Mr. Tyler knew his own rights and business, and he could attend to them all without their aid. He had taken the boy and given him a home, he said, when others would have turned him into the street; he had brought him up so far, and he could fulfil the duties of his charge. Billy Bronk made much ado about it, and

Mrs. Bronk declared, if she were Abel Tyler, she would treat an orphan better, or she would stop talking about joining the church.

Parson Dilworth was an earnest sympathizer on this subject, and he preached a sermon on Training Children. It was a fine Sunday morning, and a full and smiling congregation responded to his smiles, and the smiles of the splendid sky. He took that familiar text, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

"A familiar old proverb have we here," said the preacher; "and one that can never be worse for wear; and many refer it exclusively to moral and religious culture. But I will give it a new application to-day. I will name another kind of training; I will speak on the labors of life, and the duty of parents to train up children in those employments for which each manifests most talent and inclination. This great subject is too seldom considered. How sadly have parents erred in this matter! How seldom has the child's talent or inclination been consulted, whilst the parent's caprice or cupidity has been gratified!

"A man, for instance, has a family of sons, John, Peter, Welman, Jared, Henry, and Jacob. John is a robust boy of sinewy arms, and iron nerves. Peter is a forward favorite, getting credit for full as much as he knows. Jared has a slight frame,

and no taste or talent, to learn a trade. Welman has a frame well knit for strength and activity; and yet he is proud and lazy, and declares he will never work for a living. Henry is harmless, and slow-witted. Jacob has great vivacity; he is always in motion, always perceiving lovely forms and fine proportions; he is ingenious in many things, but longs to go to a particular trade.

"And now what shall that father do with his sons, and how shall he choose their avocations? He soon decides the question. John shall be a farmer; it will just suit his iron sinews to till the rugged soil. As for the family favorite, the knowing one, the bold, brazen Peter, he shall be a lawyer. Welman, the proud boy, the lazy lover of sleep and fine clothing, shall get into a bar, or be a clerk in a store. Jared shall be a tailor.

"And what shall be done with Henry? He is not quite strong enough for a farmer. He never would make a lawyer in his life, for impudence would fail him; beside, he is slow-witted and dislikes a quarrel. He would not make a clerk; he could not tell a smooth story to set out a silk, or a fresh chest of tea, nor stand for dimes or pennies. He would not make a tailor; and what can be done with slow-witted Henry? O, he has it now! and why did he not think before? Henry shall be a minister.

"Jacob is left; active, thoughtful, ingenious

Jacob, and what shall be his trade? He has a conceptive mind, that loves mathematics and takes suggestions from the noblest types and structures on earth, and he longs to design fabrics and work in wood; but his father has cupidity to feed and caprice to gratify, and he forces Jacob into the shoe-shop, and bids him learn to peg and pare shoes.

"Some of the neighbors compliment this father on the wise judgment shown in selecting employments for his sons. But will that be a training from which they will not depart? How does it turn out with John the farmer? He has strength enough for his calling; he knows it is most honorable; but where is his love for that avocation? The love is lacking, nor can the rod beat it into his heart. Where is the lofty mind to idealize the types of beauty, hope and love, that bud and bloom beneath his eye? Where is the wise spirit to take discipline from the plough, and scythe, and flail, and bring forth harvests of faith and virtue in his soul, while he makes a garden of his farm? Alas! he has them not, and departs from the way before he is old, as little a farmer as he began.

"What becomes of Peter, the lawyer? He makes out no better. He has impudence to the brim, and running over. He could be trained to intrigue; he could learn to quote unwritten law, and lie to a jury after a while, with an uncleaving *tongue* and an unquailing eye. He could take a

fat fee without a scruple. But he lacks talent, industry, subtlety, judgment, integrity, eloquence. And when has he detected those higher laws of truth and right that would bring the world into harmony, and recompense the wronged? Nobody knows; and finding no business, he dabbles a little in several callings: turns politician, perhaps, and seeks office for honor and wages; or becomes an agent, or an editor; or, failing again, sets to intriguing for the earnings of others; or goes off west and speculates in shingle palaces and paper cities; or is away to Peru, seeking gold and diamonds.

"And what of Jared, the tailor? He fails also. It was a most unfortunate choice to make him a tailor. For his slender frame, a tailor's shop is the worst of all places. He needs open air and exercise. Better have put him on a farm; he is apt at farm-work, and that employment would give him strength and health, and a noble discipline of soul. But he makes a forlorn tailor. His health suffers; besides, he has not an artist's eye and talent to rise above bungling mediocrity; the trade does not teach him to cut and fit garments for his soul, and he departs from the way, disgusted, involved, disheartened, and will be poor and unhappy all his born days, unless he finds, before it is too late, the occupation for which God gave him talent.

"And what is the fortune of Welman? Does

he acquire a fortune, and indulge his pride, and sleep, and fine clothing? No! his fate is a warning to parents. Tending bar is too slavish work, to say nothing of the temptations to intemperance and the habits of a vagabond, and the sins one must carry away from the liquor traffic to the bar of God. He quits bar-tending and peddles. Then he sells patent rights; then he gets into a store and dreams of becoming a rich merchant. But there, too, he finds a round of labors and a burden of cares for which his love of idleness ill prepares him.

"He manages along, while his employer is by, to keep up an appearance of attention to his business; but in his absence he does little but lounge and smoke, shave his forehead and brush his hair. He gets so foppish and insolent he drives away customers. His passion for dress and show overleaps his means. His style and air draw dandies around him, and he is driven to every shift to maintain his position. At last he embezzles money, and then forges an endorsement, and you know the way of his downfall and wo.

"His parents are at fault for the errors and miseries of his ill life. His mother first wakened in him that foolish pride, that love of dress and ease. His mother poisoned his heart with false views of virtue and manhood, and his father sent him to the wrong avocation. He had naturally many good traits; he had talents for some manly

labor and at that labor he might have been good and happy.

"And what do I hear of Henry, the minister? He continues harmless; but has he a taste for theological studies? Has he a talent for acceptable sermons? a good delivery? a knowledge of the wants of his people? discretion, and the soul and manners of a pastor with all qualifications to sustain himself year after year, and rise to respect, and prosper in his profession? Alas for Henry, he lacks nearly all! He makes the best he can of the selection. He prepares a few passable sermons, and taking a hint from Addison, he follows the example of Roger de Coverley's pastor, and often reads from some of the great masters, a good printed sermon. He dresses with dignity: he puts on a white neckcloth and gold spectacles, and appears learned and gifted. The profession helps him to credit for learning and accomplishments he does not possess, and he remains in the ministry half a dozen years. During that time he has been heard as a candidate by a dozen societies; elected pastor of five, and left the five worse off than he found them.

"And what becomes of Jacob? I have not heard. He is a noble and capable boy; he has talent to excel in many things, but his clear and conceptive mind, and love of form and order, mark him for a builder; he pines and sorrows at the

trade for which he has no love, and at which his father keeps him. You see that he has been trained in a way contrary to his nature and genius, and it must be feared that before he is old he will depart from it.

"Thus endeth our account of a family of sons, who might have been virtuous in life, and successful in their calling, had their characters been studied, their gifts ascertained, and their appropriate callings chosen."

Parson Dilworth proceeded to other illustrations. He remarked on the beauty of the figure contained in the text. This training, he said, was a word gardeners used to describe a particular culture of trees and vines. A gardener never trained a tree to make it bear contrary to nature. He never attempted by training, to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. Inoculation and grafting would sometimes accomplish a similar end. But training was not undertaken for that purpose. The training of trees was undertaken to call out the excellencies already in them; to improve their life and favor their inclination. One of these objects was sought by gaining advantage over an unfavorable climate, as when a vine was trained on a wall to bring it into a warm temperature. It was another object to improve the fruit in size and flavor.

The Scripture said, "Train up a child," &c., and what could the proverb mean? To take a charac-

ter whose qualities and inclinations are known, and improve its condition, enrich the quality, and enlarge the number of its flowers and fruits. He himself had trained a rose-bush till it blossomed all over, even on the tips of its branches; and had produced fine pippins from the hard little vinegar crab. He brought forth distinguished characters for illustration, and concluded with an appeal that wrought a great sensation. There were several parents present whose lips quivered, and whose cheeks crimsoned with emotion. The sermon must have made hard hits very near the pulpit. Billy Bronk heard it, and he declared it raised a breeze in the old church, for he could see the topsails flutter and figure-heads dance.

Many were glad the parson preached the sermon. Mrs. Tyler did not regret it, although she blushed with innocent confusion, when the eyes of the congregation passed around with accusing glances from others to her husband. Mr. Tyler was touched on a spring which darted a thrilling shock through his body and soul. He was hit in a tender spot. He was very poor society for his good wife the rest of that day, and all the day after. He was absent-minded, irritable, rueful. He swallowed his meals in half his usual time, asked for things he had on his plate, scratched his head at the table, stretched and blowed, and took a whole cup of hot tea at a

drink. He rolled and tossed on his pillow, moaned in his sleep, of loss and disappointment, and then brightened with a smile, and still dreaming said—"I have him yet,—he was bound to me,—I will take his wages, or he shall buy his time."

He rose, swallowed his breakfast and went over to Gordon's and saw Arthur. It wrenched like tooth-drawing to turn from his determined way. He was shocked by the thought of apologies; yet conscience had been spurred to action, and it forced him to a small confession. He confessed he had not always treated Arthur as so good a boy deserved, and he might go to the trade he liked that day, if he desired to. But as he had taken him when young and friendless, and reared him in comfort, diligence, and virtue, he felt entitled to his earnings till Arthur was twenty-one. Yet he would not be hard upon an orphan, and if Arthur would give him half his wages and clothe himself; or promise to give him two hundred dollars out-and-out, for his time, he would let him go free and ask no more of him.

Arthur took him up on the last proposition. But as those were slippery times, Mr. Tyler put in another condition; Arthur must give him good security. "Write and sign your articles," said Gordon, with more good heart than he could drawl through the winding chambers of that resonant

nose,—"Write and sign your articles, and I'll go the boy's security. He sh'l hev one friend at least to lift him on his feet."

The papers were signed, and witnessed, and Arthur flew home for his clothes, and parted with Mrs. Tyler and Sydney. It was a happy day for them all, they were so glad of his emancipation, and yet they were very sad at parting. Blind Sydney sobbed aloud; and the free tears trickled from his sightless eyes. "My best brother," said the boy, "you must not go off again, I am so lonesome when you are not here to read, and talk, and lead me to the fields; you must not leave poor Sydney." Then Sydney pressed his hand convulsively, and passed his own over Arthur's face, as if feeling for a parting look, and said as soon as he could restrain his grief, "You *may* go, brother Arthur, and do better, but you must be brother still, and come and read to Sydney when you can. You *may* go, Arthur, and do better."

Mrs. Tyler clasped his neck and wept upon him saying, he *must* come often and see her and Sydney, for she did not feel worse when Jane left home. Arthur knew their grief by his own, yet he could not see their tears, for his own tears blinded his eyes. He said she was his mother, and he would love her like a son, and love Sydney and all, and come home often, and remember all their kindnesses and blessings.

Mrs. Tyler prayed God to hold Arthur in His heart, and Arthur called on her and Sydney the same benediction. He tore himself away from their clasps, and ran sobbing from the door-yard. Sydney reeled upon his bed. Ranger ran and licked Arthur's hand and returned to comfort his master. Mrs. Tyler watched Arthur till he was out of sight, and sunk in her chair, and the sun was on the noon-mark before she thought of dinner. Arthur went to Daniel Dale, and was taken as an apprentice to the trade of a builder. Almost the first lesson in architecture which he took after his engagement there, was from Pisa Cathedral and York Minster, that he found in pictures on Mrs. Dale's new cups and plates.

IX.

BEGINNING TO BUILD.

DANIEL DALE would hurt one shaking hands, his fingers and palms were so hardened, swinging the broad-axe and shoving the plane, and his grip had such alacrity in it. At that season also, he was as brown as the leaves, and his neglected hair and careless attire, gave him a coarse and unhandsome look. Yet those fine hazel eyes that flashed forth Daniel's soul, could be neither calloused by labor, nor tanned by the sunshine, nor disfigured by the roughest raiment that he wore. And whoever met him in March, saw a tall, round symmetrical person, elegant hair, tasty attire, clean and manly hands, and a very noble face of light and lively complexion, all lustrous with intelligence, and ruddy with good will.

He was intelligent and good as he looked, a master of his trade, a planner and worker. He was not past thirty, and had a wife, as Billy Bronk said, built, rigged, and launched for him, she was

so near his equal in heart and person; and they had a son and two daughters to gladden their life, and furnish a hopeful and happy home. Their house was more pleasant, as they owned it free of debt, and Daniel built it with his own tasty hands, and planned it for comfort; and Sibyl brought most of the furniture from her dear mother's, with a neat parlor carpet, mats, quilts, curtains, screens, a bureau full of linens, and a chest full of flannels, on which the gladliest hours of her girlhood had been employed. They had a book-case which Daniel made evenings and rainy days, and many good books were on its shelves.

That was just the place for Arthur Sumner, and his heart leapt with joy and gratitude, as there he found his welcome home. Daniel Dale had just commenced framing a house, at a place called Falkland, about five miles from Sydney, and on the next morning, Arthur went over with handsaws and jack-planes, on the handle of an adz, slapping and ringing on his back; chalk and chalk-lines, compasses and scratch awls, in his pockets, and augers, chisels, and mallets in his hands. He was not ashamed to go barefooted, and save all the shoes he had, till he could earn money for more. He was not more grieved at the set of his trowsers than if two suspenders had held them up, and they had covered the bones of his sun-brown ankles. A short-skirted coat was no grievance either on

that freedom day, nor the long, dingy vest once worn by his former master, nor his tow-shirt collar, nor a straw hat beginning to leak and litter.

No, in such a suit, under such a burden, his soul stood erect, his spirit wore a bright and beautiful apparel, and though he had company to Falkland, he often forgot to talk, and whistled and sung unconscious answers to their words. Wellington passed him on his way to his stand in the bar of the Hampden House, and his spruce attire and trim, contrasted strikingly with Arthur's; but he could not feel more happy, nor had he reason to feel larger or better; although he called him Aunt Tarza Tyler again, told him the pigs had nestled in his hat, and asked if he was going to boss the building.

They arrived at Falkland, and moved among the timbers. And whistling still, Arthur sat down to bore and beat his first mortise; and awkwardly enough he leaned the auger sidewise and endwise as he bored, and then sat astride the timber to beat the mortise. The older apprentice and journeyman laughed, and Daniel told him to sit sidewise.

The timber was a plate, laid out with post-mortises, brace-mortises, and rafter-gains. The post-mortices were to go through, and instead of boring and beating half way as he was told, and then turning the timber, and boring and beating into the same cuts, and taking the broad-chisel and

dressing out a long, straight, square mortise, his feelings made him forget, and attempt his way through the timber without turning, and he made a bad piece of work of it.

The mistake was discovered by others, before the timber was spoiled, but Arthur was deeply mortified, and expected a rebuke, while Daniel smiled, gave him a pleasant joke, and said he would remember next time. He framed the plate very well for a new beginner, and before night he commenced on a post, and like to have beaten a mortise where Daniel had laid out a tenon: he commenced a rafter-gain for a brace-mortise, and began a slanting brace-mortise where the tenon of a beam was to go.

These mistakes caused other laughs and jokes, but not such as Wellington and the other boys raised about aunt Tarza Tyler's calf-skin shoes, at training. They were kindly, and accompanied with the assurance that the whole trade was not to be learned in a day; that even his master made mistakes the first day, and since; that framing a house was more difficult than framing little buildings and bedsteads with a gimlet and knife; and all he had to do was to remember his mistakes and go on learning to the end.

Volney Summerton left his shoe-bench to go and wish Arthur joy, and as he called into Popinjay's shop on his way, Barney lost a rare welding heat

to express his gladness, and send Arthur a friend's warm heart, filled full of good hopes and wishes. Billy Bronk came along in the afternoon, and told Arthur he could fire a broadside, he was so glad to see his vessel done knocking amidst the breakers, and floating full sail on a pleasant sea. Billy sat down on the timber and reeled sailor yarns for two hours, and Daniel Dale paused, leaning on his square, picking his teeth with the compasses and heard him. Billy tossed around some mellow apples and left. Then Dr. Waxwood reined in his dashing horse, and paused in his dancing sulky, to ask when they were going to raise, and with half a leer and half a sneer, he told Arthur he hoped *that* treatment would break up his fever, and he would soon be convalescent. Then up rode Bolivar in a foam to call him to a patient in his office, and while the leering doctor gave the bit to his steed, a cloud of dust received him out of sight. Bolivar rested in his saddle, took off his gloves, and his parasol hat, and while wiping his forehead genteelly, he hoped Arthur would be satisfied now, and not get above his business.

William Pitt was taking a holiday that afternoon, and past he drove with Ophelia and Andalusia, who loved to flirt with him. Pitt was a swarthy blade, and very plain looking. His long, thin, winding nose made such a conspicuous display, Billy Bronk kept thinking it was held out for sale, and offered

to buy it to set on a block in his cow-yard and split pumpkins on. His chin was long, and his eyes were small and closely set; and had you heard his voice, you would have feared he would make a ludicrous lawyer.

Yet he dressed in a way to make the very best of his looks; it was a great thing to sit with one's feet on a chair, and smoke a cigar, and swear, and read law in an office; many listened with open-mouthed wonder at the marvellous race his nimble tongue would run on the Greek alphabet and Latin quotations, and his hopes were so vast no one could be surprised that Lusia and Philly accepted his addresses.

Nor could they wonder at the attentions he paid those fair young ladies. Either of them looked better than he; and Lusia could spell all the French phrases in a novel, call a dozen flowers by their Latin names, dance a cotillion after the newest fashion, quote Mrs. Radcliffe, and thrum two or three tunes on her piano; while Philly's voice was musical, and she had now bloomed into a blushing flower, that Arthur Sumner could but admire for its luscious lips and full and fascinating beauty.

They rode in a chaise, with its proud calash thrown down; and they trained like wild colts, I assure you. Ophelia saw Arthur first, and whispered to the others; and while he thought he heard Pitt say, "Tarza Tyler, and calf-skin shoes," Lusia

seemed to say, "Poor thing, I pity him after all." Then Ophelia tossed back her head and giggled aloud, and Pitt leered on Arthur, and burst into a roaring laugh, and away they capered.

The Sumners heard Arthur had gone to his trade, and their house was illumined with joyous smiles. It was told them where he would begin, and Mrs. Sumner and Martha planned an errand to Falkland, on purpose to see him and give him a glad word of congratulation. They came along just after the others, and their looks went home to the coldest corner of his heart, and warmed it to a glow of joy; while their words, like the wands of enchanters, called up a train of trooping hopes, and flooded his face with tears of thankfulness and love.

Martha never appeared a more perfect incarnation of sweetness, and he seemed to take a blessing from her fond and loving face. Martha tossed him a pair of stockings, and a collar and bosom of her own work. Mrs. Sumner handed him some warm flannel for winter, gave him a new book she had that day purchased for him, and they rode along, while another mortise was beaten badly, of which Daniel, in his warmed-up heart, could find no word to speak.

Mr. Summerton that day went to Falkland to mill, and passing Mr. Tyler's, Sydney heard his wagon, and begged to go with him and "see" his dear Arthur he loved so well. He was so lonely he could not wait till Arthur came home on Sun-

day, and Mr. Summerton took him along and set him down on a timber with Arthur, to visit while he was getting his grist.

Sydney threw his arms around Arthur's neck, and laughed like a jocund bobolink, he was so glad to embrace him once more; and after they had chatted and questioned about health and home, Arthur had to describe to Sydney, first his work, then the fields around them, then the village, then the woods and waterfall beyond the fields, then the curtains of purple and gold the autumn hung around them, then the orchards that scented the air, and the pure opalescent lustre of that proud autumnal sky.

The descriptions uncovered all the pictures of nature that were hung in the gallery of Sydney's mind, and made him once more forget that his sweet eyes had perished, and he could never see this green world again. Sydney had with him a beautiful flute Parson Dilworth gave him, and he treated Arthur to fine music in return. The blest enchantment was too soon broken; for Mr. Summerton returned for Sydney, and he tore himself reluctantly from Arthur, and bade him good-bye.

The sun went down behind the western woods, and they took in the tools, had supper, and went home. Arthur was somewhat fatigued, for new muscles and nerves had been called into play, and his palms were both blistered where the hoe and

shoe-hammer had left no hardened place. He was ashamed of his mistakes, and felt as if they were inexcusable. Yet he was in excellent spirits. He seemed to have lived a month in a single day, and going home he breathed more free and easy. He did his chores with a dexterous hand and sat down with the family.

He never forgot that evening. He missed Mrs. Tyler and felt that something must go wrong at home to make her sad while he was absent. He was very lonesome without blind Sydney. He had always taken such care of the poor boy, his heart bore long claspings like a vine, and they kept reaching for the tender maple they had wound, and were bereaved without him. He wanted to hold Sydney's hand as usual, and have him lean at his side and hear him read the new book received of Mrs. Sumner. He wanted a tune from his flute, and a ballad from his tongue. He wanted to lead him to his bed; a silent tear and heaving sigh told how much.

Yet that evening impressed him with many pleasant memories. The yellow moonlight slept all night upon his breast; the woods from his window looked like piles of shining emerald, and the feeling and speaking breeze which seemed blowing from a fruit-fragrant paradise, wafted odor, music, and peace, to his soul, and filled it with undying echoes.

He first read in his Bible, and then opened the gift of Mrs. Sumner. It happened to be an abridgement of old Vitruvius, which had strayed away to Sydney, and with a bounding heart he commenced the history of architecture. He was kindled with delight. The old Roman's half fabulous accounts of the origin of building, and the invention of the classic orders, were finely adapted to an eager mind and maiden imagination, and they carried him away, and set him wandering among the tombs of Egypt and temples of Greece and Rome, till he beheld on the virgin's grave, the blooming acanthus, that suggested the Corinthian capital, and saw better reasons that night, than ten years after, for believing that the order, as Vitruvius avers, was arranged "to represent the delicacy of a young girl, whose age renders her figure more pleasing, and more susceptible of ornaments which may enhance her natural beauty."

He retired to bed quite weary, and yet he could not sleep. His mind returned from the temple-lands, and led him through all the anticipated steps of his future career. He learned to be a capital framer, and, for a while, was proud of his success. But that did not long satisfy his ambition, and he learned all the square rule, and laid out buildings for under workmen to frame. He became an accomplished joiner, in his mind, and run fine

mouldings, built stately mantels, and laid opulent carvings on his work.

He glided over the earth and around the sky, in geometric lines and circles. He became a proud architect at last, and passed from the village to the city, and employed his delighted life reading rare books, and adorning the bright places of his memory with churches and palaces of his own proud design. He was dreaming of this career, and talking of these works in a late found slumber, when they shook him in the morning and called him from his bed.

X.

THE READING CIRCLE.

After passing three or four years, we find Arthur Sumner still with Daniel Dale, and still in love with architecture. Indeed, as we expected his existence, we had nothing else to anticipate. Every act of his life in those days had the earnest longing of a prayer, for acquiring not only the mysteries of labor and art, but also of books, and that on which books are written—this universal world.

With an enthusiasm like that of Jacob laboring to obtain Rachel, he addressed himself gallantly to these endeavors, and had he, at a dozen junctures, encountered the disappointment Jacob felt when Laban gave him Leah, then compelled him to labor seven years longer for the blushing flower he would set in his bosom, he had been nothing daunted or cast down, but turned to, and toiled another period to obtain what he desired.

He learned a great deal in those busy years. He could frame a plate or a post without a mistake,

before a twelvemonth passed; and, for his age and experience, Daniel declared he wanted no closer or more finished workman on a house. Now he could carry the whole frame in his eye as Daniel laid it out; and in the absence of his master, he could catch up the square and compass and lay out work for himself and those who were below him. They finished another fine house at Falkland, and Arthur went up with the work, from the first mortise in a sill to the last moulding in the chambers; it was a piece of work not often to be found in a rural district, and many called and saw it with admiring eyes.

Arthur made some of its finest panel doors, and was given a good parlor to himself to finish. It was to be done with elegant chair mouldings, a massive mantel, and elaborate casings on the doors and windows. There was nothing, it is true, very difficult for tolerable talent and experience to do, and yet it required a clear head and considerable artistic skill to complete that mantel with full taste, and get on the mouldings in relief to flatter an elegant eye. It was a promotion he did not quite so soon expect, to be given the whole parlor to finish in so elegant a style; but he accepted the favor gladly, and in after years looked back to the time employed on that fine room, as one of the pleasantest seasons of his life.

God had given them an early May, in which all

the beauties of heaven seemed to bloom, and all the melodies of heaven to vibrate, and out upon that May he could look while at work in his parlor; and with the softest fragrant pine, the keenest tools and cleanest hands, he could roll the yellow ribbons with a rapture, and lay on his mouldings with a feeling that forgot it was a labor. His work was accomplished in the specified time, and with no room in the house was the gentlemanly owner better pleased.

At this time Arthur had not altered greatly in his features, though he stood up in a more erect and more symmetrical manhood. His head had an ampler finish, and more light illumined his eye and face. On the whole, had you not seen him from the time he left Tyler's till now, I think you would not have known him, his finish was so much cleaner, bolder, and more mature. He still *felt* some diffidence, though he managed well to conceal it, and he had a great deal more confidence than when he left the rope-walk. The trade and science of architecture lifted his spirit, set a double colonnade of strength and grandeur round the temple of his soul, opened windows of knowledge on his eager eyes, completed his self-respect, and yarded in his judgment.

Hope fairly danced in his heart, and the taunts and leers of those who had worn finer cloth, and *felt more* fortunate and exalted, had the effect to

lessen his passion for praise, and give him a more manly indifference to the speeches of vain folks.

He now dressed well, but prudently, and so liberally had Daniel Dale rewarded his faithful service, he had already paid a part of his freedom debt, and had enough left to afford to wear clothes which became him on a week day, as on a Sunday; and it was more than a year since Wellington cried "Aunt Tarza Tyler."

A happy idea occurred to Arthur one day, and at night he mentioned it to Jonas May, who was a fellow apprentice, and to his intimate friends in Sydney. It was to form a little fraternity, raise a small fund for a mutual library, and meet once a week in a reading circle. The proposition took all their minds at once; a few simple by-laws were adopted, and the institution went into operation. They called it the Reading Circle; but their exercises consisted of reading aloud at their meetings, conversation on given subjects, writing and criticism.

They pledged themselves against profanity, extravagance in dress, and all intemperance; and promised to help and encourage one another as brothers indeed. Volney still had the occasional failing which his pledge of temperance might not wholly prevent, but he promised with all his heart, and the others declared they would strengthen his resolution. Barney had a great deal of soul and untrained common sense, but somehow he seemed to

love a song-book better than a history, or any other intellectual work, and Arthur feared he might not have a taste for reading or composition. But Barney was willing to try for the culture of a taste, and they were glad to get him into the circle. Jonas May had patience to play checkers and fox and geese; he had read Alonzo and Melissa; he knew the story of Charlotte Temple, and kept perfectly familiar with the murder-and-accident corner of the Hampden Gazette; from this it was judged that he might soon have a taste for the exercises of the circle; and he made the fifth member.

Sydney Tyler, though younger than the rest, and blind, was already as well informed as any of the boys except Arthur, and it was with tender hands and tearful satisfaction that they led him into the circle. And you could not have suppressed your joy, had you been present when Sydney was told of the movement, and Arthur assured him they could not do without his presence, and had agreed to take turns in leading him to and from the meetings. Sydney's face was a blaze of smiles, and you could have heard his heart as it palpitated all his warm delight.

"Good! good! good!" he cried; "and may I go, father?—may I go, mother? He says they will lead me every night. But if they cannot do this always, Ranger will lead me. *Do* let me go! God *was not* unkind in letting my blindness come on

me.—O no, he was good; my heart has eyes,—I see dearer sights with my mind;—my ears give me sweeter music; and O what a joy to know how they love poor Sydney! They might not love me so well if I was not blind.—Mother, mother! wont it be joy to go to the reading circle? Dear Arthur, how good you are!"

As soon as his parents could edge in a word of reply to Sydney's ringing changes of delight, they assured him he might go; and his heart flowed a stream of thanks and joys.

The by-laws of the association stipulated that they should meet every Monday night, take turns in selecting books, and read aloud; produce compositions and specimens of penmanship, offer free but kindly criticisms on each performance, and contribute two shillings extra to the library fund for each night's absence.

Arthur had a number of well-chosen volumes, most of them histories and biographies, with a copy of Euclid, a work on popular science, Goldsmith's poems, Irving's Sketch Book, Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, and Cooper's Pioneers. George Sumner had several, and he could borrow half a dozen of Martha. Volney had several lives of heroes, a book of anecdotes, the Arabian Nights, Priest's Wonders of Nature and Providence, the Inquisition at Goa, a fortune teller and letter writer.

Barney had a volume on shipwrecks, the Life of

Mary Jemison, and the North American Song Book. Sydney had several, which Arthur had read to him till every word seemed printed in letters of silver on his soul. They all offered to lend these books to the circle library as long as they were needed; but Arthur suggested a selection from the best of them, and an immediate purchase of choice new books; and fifteen dollars was not a very small sum to have in hand on commencement, beside ten dollars that Parson Dilworth gave, for the purchase of books which they could take home from each circle and enjoy.

Arthur took that sum to a merchant in Hampden, who was going to New York, and he attended a book-sale and made a good purchase for them, charging nothing for his trouble. The first meeting they had after the books were covered and set up in their handsome case, was one of rare enjoyment. Not a member was absent; and no one took higher satisfaction than Arthur Sumner; or carried away in his crowded heart more of the book that was read, or the thoughts that were uttered, than Sydney Tyler.

There was nothing selfish, or very exclusive in their circle. Each member was allowed to invite one young man to a monthly circle; and twenty more, by paying, could become members; while the same number of young women were admitted to *the library* and circle free, and invited to take part

in the exercises. That they might not wound his manly pride, they agreed they would take Sydney's contributions and fines, as they did the others, but they would put them on interest as fast as they amounted to dollar sums, and reserve the investments for him against a time of need.

Turning now from the reading circle, we observe that these last three years have wrought a few changes in the town of Sydney. Jason Tyler has become tired of the tailor's trade, offended his master by impudence, and gone home to his father's, where both parents welcome him; though he still continues cold and unfeeling toward his mother, and incurs expenses for his father which he fairly groans to bear. Yet it is hoped that he may still amount to something, and the farm is given him to work on shares.

Sydney Tyler struggles like a hero to overcome the disabilities of his misfortune, and all are astonished to see how well he succeeds. He is bereaved of the sunshine of nature, it is true, and must rely on his memory for pictures of dear faces, and of this bright world. But, excepting this, he almost forgets the dark curtains that close in the temple of his soul. All his other senses are animated to an unanticipated power, and they take the place of eyes, and flock to the assistance of his imprisoned spirit, as the robins flocked to the babes in the wood. He has great mechanical talent, and

accomplishes cunning work. But his passion runs on weaving willows, and he makes baskets, reticules, cradles and wagons, for sale. He loves the music of the waters, and a shop is built for him, where he can weave his willows, and hear the waters roar.

Bolivar Golden remains with Dr. Waxwood. He dresses in fashion; he keeps white hands, and supports gold spectacles. The Doctor urges him ahead, and speaks well of him; and if Bolivar says but little when at a patient's pulse, he can look all the wiser for silence, and seem all absorbed in the study of the case; while he understands so many learned words, if a patient has to be bled, he calls the treatment, depletion; and if he orders red-pepper tea, for fear they may call him a vulgar botanic quack, he writes the prescription, capsicum. In that hopeful progress, Bolivar still pays deference to his mother; but he treats his old knotty-handed father as if fit only to shoe horses and carry swill to the pigs; and the neighbors notice it and talk so loudly, Father Dilworth has to preach a sermon from the text—"Remember the rock whence ye are hewn."

Wellington has been rather shiftless. He improves in fine looks, and runs still wilder in a rage for fine clothing, cigars, and hard riding. He has treated travelers so insolently, he has been discharged from the Hampden House. His father

ventured to invite him home, with the choice of working in the shop or on the farm. He insisted on going into a restaurant in Hampden, and his mother cried—"Do let him go; you remember the preacher said young men should do as they have a mind to." He spent a year in the restaurant, feeling every inch of his greatness; while Arthur Sumner did not envy him as when he saw him four years ago in the tavern-bar; and he no longer wondered if the time would ever come when his place would be as high as Wellington's.

William Pitt was in another law office, and he had pettifogged three or four cases, gaining a suit for a band of young bucks who assaulted and thrashed a landlord at Brandyville, broke up his chairs and tables, and turned his wife and daughters out doors. Still, any common Justice could correct his mistakes in law, and though he lacked neither impudence nor intrigue, his countenance wanted persuasion, and his voice was ludicrous for a lawyer's. Zeddy Wayland, however, was stepping near his grave, and as Pitt's expectations would soon be realized, he found a good many friends, and indulged his wine, cigars and rides, and sowed his wild oats on many a genial fallow.

The young lawyer's heirship and his very tasty attire helped him to looks which Ophelia Golden fancied she could love, and she began to manage

her cards to win him for a bridegroom. She was good enough for him, though without expectations, and her beaming beauty contrasted strangely with his unhandsome mien; but he refrained from any thing more serious than flirtations, and attended more assiduously to her friend Andalusia; who, if she was less beautiful, had a wooing lip and alluring eye, and could thrum a piano, spell the French phrases in a novel, and repose on the promise of a dowry.

Diaduma Truck was still unmarried, and she had many excellent parts in her nature. The misfortune was, she had no self-esteem, no individuality of character; and she could hardly help falling, or rising, erring, or maintaining truth in the company of those of stronger wills, who set her gyrating around them. This failing was indicated several years ago, when standing in a group who seemed to bear all away, she called Arthur Sumner a paddy drummer. For this, Diaduma deserved our pity.

Betsey Bronk was keen-witted as ever, great-hearted, great-handed; happy as the hens that run around the door yard; easy to laugh, easy to cry, and a real rushing worker. Betsey deserved a husband, and a good one, too, although she was in no wise anxious to give herself away. Four years had stolen away with such a silent tread Arthur kept saying he knew not where they had gone,

and it looked strange enough to see Jane and Celestia wear old ladies' wide-bordered caps, talk with a tone, and send their children to meeting.

Martha Sumner was now seventeen, and for the first time we will try to sketch her picture. She was not tall or robust as some might desire, yet her size filled a tasty eye, and pleased sensible observers, who would not have seen her larger or smaller on any account. Her hair wore the darkest amber hues, crinkling less than Arthur's, and it was abundant as foliage, and soft and glossy as the silk of the corn. Her eyes were chestnut, and they glowed with a light that inspired one. Her cheeks blushed like pea-blossoms; her nose was spiritual; her lips were pure, with only the ruddiness of flesh upon them; her chin was a woman's, and was deeply dimpled. Her forehead and neck were curved in those magical lines which nature alone, in her highest moods, can trace. Her hands were as handsome as Ophelia's, though Martha washed dishes, cooked, churned, milked, spun and wove. And the voice that enriched her!—She never took a lesson in music in all her life, except in the woods and in the village choir, and yet the sweet swamp-robin trilled never more silvery quavers, and the virgin dove to her mate cooed never a more innocent, musical, heart-warm love.

Martha, you know, was as good and pure as her person and voice could indicate, and though not so

gay as Ophelia, she was very happy. Her genial and innocent heart made her happy. Her religion made her happy, for it fell like manna-dew from the infinite Father; it beamed in all the light and beauty of nature, and called into bloom the graces of heaven that budded on her soul. She was religion itself, and she had no gloom, while every sense seemed an inlet of celestial bliss. She loved outward nature and human nature, and God addressed her through their voices as through the blessed Scriptures.

She thought as much of a dandelion, or daisy, or pond-lily, as Ophelia did of a ribbon, or bracelet, or ring. She loved to pick cowslips in the Wallawanda meadows. She took beauty even from the velvet green of potatoes in June; and a pea-field in bloom always brought to her tongue the song of Logan to the cuckoo. She thought birch, pine and mint, more fragrant than lilacs, and called clover blossoms sweeter than a rose.

She lived opulently in a lofty book; she was industrious; and yet she lived all she could in the woods, and loved to lie down in the hay-fields, or under the oaks on the hill pasture overlooking the village, and warble responses to the birds, and let them sing her at last to sleep. She loved to feed the fishes in the meadow-brooks. She built nests for robins and sparrows every spring.

She loved little chickens and lambs. She loved

old people, and was pleasant society for them; she loved young people, and enjoyed their love in return. She would hug and kiss little children with a grace; she carried a joy, and smile, and hope from heaven to every sick chamber she entered; and for her parents and friends, her singing was as good as the most inspiring sermon in Father Dilworth's church.

XI.

FALLING AND RISING.

On the tenth of the following May, Arthur commenced work on a house for Mr. Sumner. Daniel Dale made him master of the building over an apprentice and one journeyman at first, and then over two journeymen; while he built a barn for Mr. Melvin, and worked on a house at Falkland. Through most of the month of May they were framing, and about the first of June Mr. Sumner's house was raised. It was a noble frame. It looked, when erected, as if glue-jointed, every fit was so perfect; and not a mistake was made in the plan or work. Arthur had acquired the square rule so perfectly he saw the whole building in his mind, even to a rafter-gain and pin-hole, before he laid the first mortise, and the men smiled with delight at the raising, as each snug joint, and bent after bent leapt together.

The building was designed for comfort and convenience, and not for show. It was a story and a

half, with a deep, cool cellar, a large kitchen and pantry, a very large parlor and three bed-rooms below, and ample rooms in the half story. There was a real merry-making at the raising. Billy Bronk threw the bottle from a stand on the rafter-heads, and named the house "the Queen of the Fields." Not being broken, the bottle was filled with metheglin, and a health was drunk to Mrs. Sumner, as all sat down to a supper which she served.

The only thing that occurred to damp the pleasures of the afternoon, was a misfortune into which Volney Summerton fell. He became more excited than he was aware, and went home reeling with intoxication. Arthur and George led him home, and staid all night in his chamber. Volney woke in the morning to a transport of grief. He thought of his pledge in the Circle, and felt that he deserved expulsion. He thought of the disgrace and injury he had inflicted on himself and friends. He wondered that Arthur and George could have condescended to lead him home. He wondered to see them there in the morning watching so kindly and sadly by his bed. He sobbed and moaned like a suffering child. But they knew he did not mean to become a drunkard; they knew it was a fashion to taste light liquor at a raising; and while they were shocked by the error into which he had suffered himself to fall, they assured him they felt a

new interest on account of the misfortune, and he should see that they were brothers to him, and would help him still. They welcomed him back to the Circle, and to all its pledges and blessings; and it was a long time before Volney tasted liquor again.

The house was finished immediately, and painted white, and hung with green blinds. It looked indeed like a Queen presiding over the flourishing fields that bloomed around, and it was a mansion in which the happiest hearts reposed, and unfolded their thoughts and affections, and enjoyed their comfort and peace.

But while they were siding the east end with clapboards, at the very peak of the gable, an accident occurred which spread a shadow of gloom over three bright summer weeks. Mr. Sumner had been deceived in his nails. Several pounds of tens, which he had purchased for enclosing, proved to be very brittle, and, through mistake, some of those nails were taken for the scaffold erected for siding that gable. Arthur stood on that scaffold alone, laying on the last boards, and hurrying to finish off, and take down the scaffold before tea. The last piece had one end fitted, and as he stooped to saw the last end, the scaffold fell and precipitated him to the earth. He fell head and shoulders upon some bits of boards and scantling, and his body on the earth.

It was a terrible fall. The breath was beaten from his body. The blood gushed from his mouth and nose, and from a gash in his head; his right arm was broken; he lay apparently lifeless, and was carried in for dead. A shriek of anguish thrilled through the house, and every one rushed to his bed-side. George was dispatched to call Dr. Waxwood, who was regarded a good surgeon, and Jonas May flew to Hampden for Dr. Waterman. Waxwood was absent, and Waterman came first, though not till three anxious hours had crept away. To the Sumners, every moment of that interval was a throbbing pulse of agony, to which their hearts beat time.

Arthur lay bleeding, and ghastly, and motionless as death. Dr. Waterman opened a vein in his arm, and he revived. After an hour his arm was set, and it was declared that his wounds were not mortal, and he would probably live. Smiles of joy contended then with tears of grief on every face. Martha still sat at his pillow, but the rose returned tint after tint on her cheek, and she ceased to sob and wring her hands. Several of the neighbors ran in. Daniel Dale was there with his wife before they supposed he might hear of the accident; and three of his dearest friends sat up with Arthur all night.

Martha moaned often while awake, and screeched several times in her dreams. Mrs. Sumner thought

again and again of his lonely orphan life, and sighed because no mother could hold his poor head in her bosom, and bathe his throbbing brows. Mr. Sumner turned often on his pillow, comforting himself only with the hope of a recovery, and the opportunity they would have to make their house seem his own dear home; while Mrs. Sumner rose three or four times and went into the sick room, asking if there was not one single pain that she could soothe.

Before sunrise, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler were there, glad indeed at first to hear he was alive, but sad to find him so much injured. Mrs. Tyler took his left hand, smoothed back the hair on his pale forehead, kissed it, took three or four convulsive rocks in her chair, kissed it again, and wept aloud her grief. That called back tears to other eyes, and there seemed a contest of tenderness between Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Sumner, to show which would be most of a mother to him.

The two doctors met there in the morning, and decided that he was deeply injured; and with the best of care, if he lived, he would be laid up from work, at least three months, and it would perhaps be too much to expect a sound arm again. Arthur uttered a groan on hearing that, which would have pierced even William Pitt's heart. Mrs. Tyler, still weeping, pressed his left hand as if to crush

it, and Martha, while moaning, wiped the large tears from his eyes.

But Mr. Sumner assured him it should cost him nothing, if he staid there a year; while Daniel and Sibyl Dale declared Mr. and Mrs. Sumner should not have all that privilege to themselves, for they would have him home as soon as he could go, and a free and welcome home he should find; whereupon Mrs. Tyler cried, "You have all forgotten that I have the best right to him, and I *will* have him *home* some of the time." This little contest melted Arthur even more than the doctors' decision; while its tender words, more soothing than medicine, carried ease all over his frame.

Daniel Dale left his other job, and came to finish Mr. Sumner's house, and look after Arthur. A week went away, and he was able to sit up some, and take more nourishment. He had not lacked at all for attentions; rather, was he injured by them, every friend desired to do so much, and it was so hard to refuse a friend the comfort of saying a soothing word and leaving some new token of esteem and love.

Those tender attentions came so good to him, he wanted to weep his gratitude on every one's neck that bestowed them. Ophelia Golden was greatly affected by his misfortune, and she greatly affected him by frequent visits and kind and sympathetic words. Martha Sumner came to his bed a dozen

times in a day, and there was music in her very step, which thrilled him when he could hear it stealing along the floor. She would see if his pillow was easy, or his lips thirsty, or his sleep undisturbed. She fanned him; she hung green bushes around the room, and changed the mint and flowers on the stand at his elbow, every night and morning. Sometimes he would rouse from a pleasant dream while she bent over him, and think he reposed in heaven, and calling her a lovely spirit, ask if such and such of his friends came along with her. Then he would wake and weep his thankfulness, and she would glide into another room.

Parson Dilworth called to see him almost every day, and his visits, and sympathies, and cheering words were tonics that acted powerfully, and hastened his convalescence. As the Parson passed out of the gate one morning, he met the Rev. Mr. Tarbox, another clergyman of Sydney, who very abruptly asked among his first questions, "Did you pray with him, Mr. Dilworth?" "No, I did not, *this* morning," said the Parson. "He has had a poor night, and needs rest; so I left him five dollars, hoping that might do him as much good as one of my prayers, while I can pray for him going home, you know." The clergyman stepped back and blushed at this reply, and passed into the house and reversed the devotions of Parson Dilworth.

Arthur's devotional feelings were kindled, and

he praised God continually for giving him such friends, and declared that he never felt so blessed a sense of divine goodness before. His heart beat against the gate of heaven, and he said it was true as he had read, that "it lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who holds the rod." As soon as he could bear it, Martha came in and read to him. She read to him from the Bible, and these words lingered in the ear of his soul: "Happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty; for he maketh sore and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole." She read Parnell's "Hermit." He had never heard it before. He loved the poetry and sentiment, and when she came to the words of the angel, explaining the mysteries of evil, every word was music; every idea, light. Portions of his own experience were illustrated, and that heavenly gate at which his heart still knocked seemed opening before his eyes. She read Thomson's "Liberty"—that neglected, but beautiful poem of the fine arts. She read Irving's "Sketch Book," and the very heart of the author seemed to come and beat in his own breast, while his green summer periods were pictures that inspired him with rapture, and his thoughts became a portion of his own unfolding life.

A welcome guest to his chamber was Sydney Tyler. The poor boy took Arthur's affliction more

keenly than if it were his own, but nearly a week passed away before he was permitted to go and see him. The convenient day came at length, and Ranger led Sydney to Mr. Sumner's, and into Arthur's room; and it was an affecting meeting. Ranger bounded upon the bed, and licked his face, and whined his mingled grief and joy. Sydney sat for an hour with his hand in Arthur's, and sometimes he wept his sympathy, and sometimes smiled with joy, as his mind vibrated between fear and hope for his friend's recovery.

"You will come and stay a good while home when you get able—won't you?" said Sydney. "It seems so lonesome when you are not there! I wish we could always be together, I learn and enjoy so much from you."

"I will make you a good visit; and if I live, and ever get a home of my own, you shall not be much of the time from me," answered Arthur.

"How I should like to visit you!" said Sydney; "and what a joy it would be to see your face once more! I remember how you all looked before I was blind. Mother says I will see all my friends in heaven; and I feel so sad in my darkness every once in a while, I long to go to heaven and meet you all there, and take my part of joy in what my eyes can see."

"I had a dream about you last night," said Arthur.

"I hope it was a good one," answered Sydney; "as good as I dream of you."

"It was a first rate one," answered Arthur. "I dreamed you were deaf, dumb, and blind, and—"

"O, you do not call that first rate; you cannot talk so!" interrupted Sydney, with emotion.

"Hear me through, brother, and then judge my dream," said Arthur. "As I was saying, it did seem as if you were deaf, dumb, and blind; that your soul lived in a sort of temple—"

"You are always dreaming of temples!" interrupted Sydney.

"That your soul lived in a temple," resumed Arthur, "and your senses were windows, and they were all closely curtained!"

"What would I do and feel if it was so?" interrupted Sydney.

"But you will spoil my dream, unless you hear me through," resumed Arthur. "The windows were curtained with black, and Christ appeared to your yearning, hoping, loving soul, and began to uncurtain the windows of her temple. He removed the first curtain, and gave hearing to your ears; and O, what a scene of joy! You thought sure enough the music of the skies was breaking on you, and as our poor voices spoke, as instruments sounded, as the wind swept by, and the birds struck up their songs, they sounded so much sweeter to your hungry sense than you had hoped anything

on earth could again sound to you, you thought the angels were singing, and you had already begun your feast on all the melodies of heaven."

Here Arthur paused a few minutes, overcome with emotion and fatigue himself, and Sydney kept wishing he could go on, and saying he would be almost willing to be deaf, to taste of such transports of music. Then Arthur recovered his voice and continued: "I see it all now, just as if it had been reality. You were still in this world, remember, Sydney, and he appeared again, and tuned a voice in your lungs, and laid syllables of speech on your lips, to report all your thoughts and feelings; and then you imagined you were an angel too, and throbbed and blushed with the ecstasy, and rose and swelled with the pride with which your own eloquent sounds seemed to lift and thrill your being—"

"Then I did make something at last of my poor voice? I would willingly be dumb for a year, if after that I could speak like lawyer Huntington, or sing like Martha Sumner," again interrupted Sydney. "But what came next? O, did you dream that my poor eyes were opened? Did I see the waterfalls, and skies, and all your sweet faces once more? Tell me! tell me, Arthur! And did I see my noble Ranger, too? If I did, I shall hope your dream may some time come to pass.—But how can I hope?—I dream the same every night, and

wake up in the morning and weep to find the black curtains still hanging on my windows.—Did you dream truly that Christ came down and gave me sight?"

"Yes, he came down again, I thought," resumed Arthur, "and drew the last curtain, and let in the light on your eyes; and what words could describe your wonder and delight? With your first words you cried, 'It is true! it is true! there *are* degrees in heaven, and this is the highest you have led me to now!'"

"I hope I had Ranger to lead me! He has been such a friend on earth, I hope I shall have him with me in heaven," interrupted Sydney.

"I do not remember that I saw Ranger," resumed Arthur; "but what a day you enjoyed, Sydney! O, I wish I had words to describe it! In what spells of rapture you hung on the look of your father and mother's faces. How you drank down the smiles of your brothers and sisters, and those guardian hearts who have loved and fed your soul in her prison! And how you glanced to the blushing flowers, the majestic woods, the splendid skies; and every sense seemed an eye, while the splendors of art and the glories of nature swept through your field of sight! But cheer up, Sydney, if it was a dream it was partly true, for you will hear, and speak, and see in heaven."

"Yes, but heaven will not come to blind Sydney

so soon," replied the latter. "If I *could* only see for a day, I think I would be satisfied.—It was brighter than my dreams, and may be it will come to pass.—O what would I not give to see!"

"But do you not remember, Sydney," said Arthur, "that Christ has already done for you more than I dreamed? Was not your soul almost deaf, dumb and blind, before your eye-sight failed? Has he not opened the ears of your soul to hear voices and songs of delight and love, that your outward ears could not enjoy? Has he not opened the voice of your soul to more eloquent notes and accents than a tongue of flesh can utter? Has he not opened the eyes of your soul to sights of joy, to sights of love, and truth and beauty; to sights of God and heaven, that make all your pictured memories of earth look coarse and hazy?"

"It often seems so, I declare," answered Sydney. "It seems so when I hear the birds and smell the flowers. It seems so at church, and when you or mother read the Bible. It seems so when I love God and all the world, and remember the love that has crowned me. But O, if I *could* see only for a day or two with my eyes!"

The conversation at length changed to another subject, and after that, Sydney repeated poetry he had committed to memory since he saw Arthur before, and then gave him a tune or two on his flute. Sydney staid two long days with Arthur, and re-

turned, thinking all the way home of the dream. Arthur told him, and saying it was brighter than any of his.

Arthur recovered slowly from his injuries, and began himself to read and write, and attend the Circle. That privilege he enjoyed more than ever; and since he must lose his time from manual employment, he was glad he could devote it to moral and mental interests. But attempting at first to write, a sense of his misfortune overcame him. He had to use his left hand, and commence again with straight marks, and the prospect was, he would always have to write left-handed; for the physicians would not promise that his right arm should be restored. But the strength and cunning which came to his left hand surprised him; and before he was able to work at the bench again, his left hand writing was fair and legible.

He was early removed to Daniel Dale's; he paid the Tylers a fine visit, and at the end of three months, though his arm was still weak and unwieldly, he went to work. He was kindly favored, and soon had his full strength again, though his left held the office of right hand; and it was not a year before he was entirely restored, and he had two good hands that vied with each other for cunning and dexterity.

On the whole, therefore, it was no great misfortune. He had a moderate physician's bill to pay,

and he had suffered greatly; but the affliction was followed by a flock of blessings. He had tasted with new relish, the sweets and favors of friendship. He had stored his mind and heart with treasures which money could not balance or buy. His mind and heart had grown till they met and became his entire being. He had studied out new mysteries of his trade from books taken from the library, and idealized as types of life its noble forms and orders; and he had a quickened zeal to pursue it as an art, with a skill that was ambidexter.

XII.

RISING STILL.

THROUGH the following winter Arthur worked on another house, and the hours flew away like swallows. That was a house for Mr. Summerton. He was now quite forehanded, and after a year's preparation, he set the carpenters to work in time to enclose it before winter. It was a two-story house, and it surpassed every thing else in that opulent region. The style had more of the Ionic, while Mr. Sumner's was the simplest Doric, so far as the figures of a style or order could be indicated in a fine country residence.

Arthur took more pride in his elegant work, than pleasure in his wages. He pursued his trade more for its own sake, because he loved the beauties of architecture, than for the money his talent would command. And when another season came, there was not a workman for miles around who pretended to stand before him.

He served his term of apprenticeship with Daniel

Dale. From the beginning he had earned his master much, and received more than common apprentices' wages. He had done some extra work, and, by prudence, managed to support himself well, and contribute liberally to the mutual library. Beside this, he had paid all but fifty dollars due Mr. Tyler for his time, and Mr. Tyler was so affected by his wife's continual entreaties, and by Arthur's late misfortune, he gave up the obligation and refunded the last payment. Arthur had noble looks, as every body said, and good clothes, and knew how to take care of them, keeping them new and tasty after Wellington would have worn them to rags. He had good friends and good books. He had a trade that you would have thought his sweetheart, so gallantly he addressed himself to it; and a character which Billy Bronk said he would risk, without insurance, on the wildest winter sea.

He acquired knowledge with astonishing progress, and still strove for more, with the might of a man a mowing. His mathematical taste and talent engaged him in the noblest mental discipline, expanded and harmonized his faculties, and allured the finest facts and ideas to live in joyful concord in his mind. He had a manly confidence and address now, and Ophelia and Andalusia ceased to intimate that they despised him. His associates had prospered at their trades.

Sydney Tyler still wove the willows into baskets,

and the air into music, with his fingers and his flute. But, as for the other young men of our story, it could hardly be said they were faring forward with much hope. Zeddy Wayland had managed to live along till William Pitt was worried again and again out of patience; but now the old man was shoveled into his grave, and Pitt received his legacy, which tried his patience more, by falling far short of his expectations, and reports. Wellington was in a store, flourishing all his pride, and Jason remained at his father's.

Betsey Bronk was married to John Gordon, just the large-hearted man for her, and they lived very happily near Mr. Sumner's, on a fine little farm, in a fine little home, which they owned without incumbrance. Diaduma Truck still had many excellent traits, but she remained a maiden; and she would have kindled all over her face into one wide blaze of joy, had she reached or expected the noble hand of the "Paddy Drummer."

William Pitt had purchased ten acres, and set it out with trees, and talked of building a fine house on it. He would be obliged to build a smaller house than he calculated, on account of a smaller legacy than he had hoped to receive; still, he said he would build, and that set the people to surmising that he intended marriage soon, and led them to inquire who his bride might be. It was tolerably certain that Ophelia or Andalusia would

attain to that happy fortune, but which of the young ladies, even Mrs. Waxwood could not positively say. They both seemed, by many arts and airs, to solicit his regards. He dressed in perfect style; he smoked the best cigars; he swung the proudest cane; he had some property, and he was a lawyer. This was enough to win either of the maidens.

Andalusia cared less about his property, expecting, as she did, an ample dowry of her own; while she desired the gentleman of fashion, and thought it would complete her happiness, and secure her place in the highest caste, to be a lawyer's wife. Ophelia thought something of the property; it would enable them to begin with dignity, and support their position till a lucrative profession should bring them sufficient wealth. And she thought of the honor of that profession; but she was supposed to think still more of the person of the gentleman; for, plain-looking as he was, nay, absolutely ugly compared with her own brilliant charms, she sincerely loved him for his own sake.

Ophelia and Lusia were no longer friends. Their rival flirtations relaxed their attachments, and their separation was completed by Ophelia intercepting a card of invitation, addressed by the lawyer to Lusia, and returning a rejection over Lusia's name, in expectation of a duplicate card for herself. The stratagem succeeded; but it was soon discovered, and separated the girls for a time; yet many thought

stratagems honorable in love, and William Pitt continued so impartial in all his attentions and declarations to the twain, Ophelia herself was confounded, and resorted to the cunningest arts to discover his actual choice.

Arthur Sumner had twice done fine work in Hampden, finding no workman of more artistic talent than he; and now he took a contract there on his own engagement. It was a mansion, and to be done in the richest style of the town; it was known that he held noble ideals of architecture in his head, and would work upon honor, and the job was given him on liberal terms. He took an apprentice, and engaged two good journeymen. They framed the first sill on the first day of May, and remained till the mansion was ready for the masons. The house went up on a fashionable corner, and attracted much notice. Arthur had a great many visitors while engaged on the interior, and all went away admiring the intelligent builder; and delighted with his beautiful work.

Wellington Golden often heard Arthur praised, and he knew that Arthur no longer looked up to him on any account. Wellington, by the way, had been discharged from the store for foppery and insolence, and gone to peddling. He had the best opportunities to learn how Arthur was rising, and was frequently home to repeat what he heard. He still detested a trade; yet he could not but envy

our Master Builder for the popularity he was gaining with a class of people who looked far down on the Golden family. He could not but speak of that popularity often to his mother and sister.

Mrs. Golden remembered the low origin of the young man, and the low rank in which she supposed a mechanic was held by the genteel classes; and she expressed her surprise and mortification, and declared that Wellington should not be outdone, but should go into a store on the first opportunity, and be a merchant, as she determined. Ophelia soon showed that she thought differently now of Arthur Sumner. She had sincerely admired his fine looks and manners since he became a man, and she often expressed regret for the contempt in which she was taught to regard him. She was still proud and fashionable as ever; but her sense appeared to improve, and her character was by no means wanting in virtuous and amiable traits.

Arthur was convinced that Ophelia would have been another being entirely, with a different mother and a true education. He knew she had been schooled in false views of life. But his elegant eye was flattered by her beauty, and he was glad to mark every sign of an improving mind and person, caring not a fig, at this late day, for the manner in which she used to serve him. He remembered her kind attentions at his sick bed, and the thought came back like a flash of sunshine and a burst of

music on his sensitive soul. He was frequently out in the neighborhood, and as she had rejected the addresses of the lawyer, and showed more than one sincere regard for him, he found it hard, from the first approach, to resist her potent enchantment. Who *could* resist those tempting eyes, and all those captivating charms? A conquest should not have been surprising; and yet there were many who saw them more than once together, with perfect astonishment.

They supposed he detested the Goldens. They had selected Martha Sumner for his bride. Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Summerton, and Mrs. Bronk had again and again declared that Heaven made him and Martha for each other, and they were both grieved and surprised at these new attentions he appeared to be paying Ophelia. It was the subject of conversation at their afternoon parties. They trembled for his future happiness, while they despaired of finding another whom they would be willing their favorite young maiden should marry. They could not make up their minds to such a disappointment of their long-settled expectation. Mrs. Tyler wept when she thought of it, for she felt that her niece was not calculated to make such a young man happy.

Mrs. Golden wept, for she had fixed her heart on William Pitt Popinjay, Esq., the lawyer, for her son-in-law. Uncle Natty Golden was garrulous in

his joy, for he detested the lawyer as heartily as he dared to, and was fond of Arthur, declaring to Barney Bronk, after looking around to see that no one was nigh to hear, that "he had not a son in the round world who treated him so well as Arthur, or whose leastest word made his old heart jump up with such sweet-feeling joy."

Wellington looked large and bitter when they mentioned the affair to him, and averred that Arthur should never marry Ophelia. Bolivar liked the lawyer best, and he had a flame on the side of Andalusia, which was in danger of being quenched by his sister's late conduct; and as he prayed for Lusia's hand, and her father's practice and fortune, he hoped Ophelia would repent, and marry Mr. Popinjay.

There was excitement enough for all the town scandal; and even at church, before and after service, you might have seen groups around the house, talking the matter over. They watched Martha very narrowly, to discover how she bore it. They could detect no material change in her looks. She was the same sweet and placid being; admiring to range the woods and sleep in the clover-fields; having a song of joy and a look of love for all that came her way. The pea-blow still painted her cheek, the sunshine still flowed in lovely light from her eyes, and her voice remained blissful in spirit

as it was silvery in tone, lifting all hearts to God, on wings of grateful melody.

Could Arthur abandon Martha Sumner? This was the ultimate question. Had they ever exchanged a word about marriage? Assuredly not. Had they ever thought of uniting their destinies? This was difficult for others positively to know. They had taken that blissful idea for granted, it might be, without authority or reason. Positively, Arthur knew not Martha's mind on the subject. He had loved her; he loved her still as warmly as it seemed possible; but some how it appeared to him like a brother's love for an adored sister; while he could not conceive why Martha would leave such a blessed home as she had, for another; or why she could marry the best man on earth, without the risk of parting with more bliss than she could hope to add to that summer fountain, which already filled to the brim, and was flowing over her soul. Was marriage indispensable to high and happy life? Had she not loved him, had he not loved her for a unity of spirit, and a present enjoyment of mutual tastes, and thoughts, and loves, without an idea of wedlock? Could they not love as brother and sister still, nor contract a more intimate alliance?

If they could continue in such a relation, what honorable consideration should hinder a friendship for Ophelia? Nay, a lover's passion and proposal, since he delighted to gaze on beauty, if he and she

could be happier in a state which Martha might never for more happiness choose? Weeks and months went away, and Arthur visited Ophelia, and she encouraged his attentions.

Some people censured him, without positively knowing with what judgment they judged. He continued also to visit at Mr. Sumner's, and Ophelia appeared to feel hurt by those visits; while others wondered why he could be any longer welcome there. Betsey Bronk Gordon had a bouncing boy-baby, blessed with four white teeth when four months old, good-natured as a hand-fed calf, whooping and crowing wonders; and she had named him all for Arthur; and she declared at length, "as true as she lived and breathed, she would change his name, if he flung himself away on pretty Miss Opheely." This expressed the minds of many of his friends. They had taken so much interest in him since he was a child, they felt that they had a large right in him now, and it should be for them to say something of an affair which would decide his happiness for life. He honored them all the while for that affectionate interest, how much soever his thoughts might have crossed their dearest wishes.

Mrs. Dr. Waxwood had all along rejoiced, for she desired the lawyer in her family, and he seemed to redouble his addresses to her daughter after Arthur and Ophelia became such intimate friends. She made a party, and invited Andalusia's friends,

with George and Martha Sumner. None of the Goldens were there of course, except Bolivar, and he owed his invitation to his situation in the doctor's office. Two or three couples attended from Hampden; and it was evident to all, that things were managed to promote the hope Andalusia had for William Popinjay.

The lawyer was there, and, unless mistaken about himself, he was regarded by all as the very lion of the evening. He spoke to every lady in the room, and said "the moon would full before it waned, and unless the wind blowed all night, and the cold subsided, the frost would kill the *cow*-cumbers." He unbottled a good deal of explosive wit, and propounded five conundrums.

He asked why Martin Luther was like a woodpecker? and when all gave it up, he answered,— "Because he went to the Diet of Worms."

He asked why a lawyer was like a razor?

One answered, "Because he shaves."

Another answered, "Because he is keen."

Another, "Because the more you employ one, the oftener you have to be shaved."

But he replied, "No, none of you have it. A lawyer is like a razor, because he gets dull without a case."

"What flower am I?" he then inquired.

"Catch-fly!" said one.

"Coxcomb!" said another.

"No," he replied, "I am a law-vender (lavender)."

"No, indeed you are not," said Martha Sumner, "you are a dandy-lion!" and the shout that arose assured her she was right.

He asked the servant for a second glass of wine, and called her Sukey Betsey, making many laugh. Then becoming serious, he declared that "*Sic transit gloria mundi*" was a Latin quotation; and, going to the window with Lucy Melvin, and looking at Orion and the Pleiades, he said some of those very stars were sixty thousand miles from the earth, astounding as she might regard his statement.

They had music and dancing, and supper and wine. There were groups who engaged in gossip; and Mrs. Waxwood was comforted with the decision that her daughter would get the lawyer and make her bliss secure.

A few days after Andalusia's party, Ophelia begged to have a party given for herself and Arthur Sumner. Her father was willing, and desired to give a good one, but her mother silenced her on the first entreaty. While affairs proceeded in this way, Arthur was still rising to success and popularity in his trade, and every act in business and life he performed as a deed of honor. He attended the Circle regularly as he could, and the library and exercises now were concerns of great interest to all who enjoyed them. They had many rich volumes,

and all the young men were improved beyond expectation. Barney Bronk's old song book had long lain upon the shelf, buried in black coal dust; while he could relish Hume and Robertson, write a fair hand and decent sentence, and was hungry for fresh tastes of the bread and meat of knowledge.

Volney Summerton had broken the pledge but seldom; and if he loved to read of warriors, he enjoyed many books of Arthur's taste. Jonas May had new tastes entirely. George Sumner devoured as many books as he could digest, keeping well up with Martha, while they both thought they *must* read Beattie's Minstrel, the Pioneers, and Sketch Book, as often as once a year; and read many chapters in the fields, in the pine woods, and on the hay-mow.

Sydney Tyler enjoyed such magical perceptions, he had transferred almost every page of the library to his mind, in kaleidoscopic pictures, and he could repeat Parnell's Hermit, Milton's L' Allegro, Sonnet on Blindness, and other poems, word for word, while the chivalry of Ivanhoe waved its flashing banners, and rode on dappled stallions on the field of his fancy; and he could answer any question in history or geography, and imbibe more of nature with his ears, than many with their eyes.

Arthur had long since laid Buck on the shelf, and Hervey's Meditations were forgotten, while Good's Book of Nature gave him interest. He

had a passion for history which few of his age enjoy; he ascended the heights of mathematics from circle to circle, and sphere to sphere; he had on his catalogue, Hosking's eloquent Treatises on Architecture and Building, which had just come over the water; and while he traced the progress of the arts in Thomson's Liberty, and followed the course of civilization by the architecture of nations, he was opening broad windows, fluting proud columns, grooving grand and lofty arches, and laying fine traceries and rare enrichments on the temple of life.

And how did Arthur, by this time, feel about his home and kindred? For a month and more, he had felt deeply and strangely on this subject. He was very desolate when he remembered how much alone, after all, he walked in the world. He saw others blessed with fathers and mothers, and he knew of none he could call his own. Mrs. Tyler had treated him fondly; but she was not his mother. Mrs. Sumner had bathed his brow in sickness; so had Mrs. Dale; and he was thankful beyond the power of words to tell. He loved them for it; but from no hand issued the rapture of endearment he fancied must follow a mother's touch. He had built happy homes for others; and was there no home, no father, or mother's house for him?

Those good women had grieved for each little sickness which distressed him; and if such were the feelings of strangers, what must be his mother's anguish

still, if she lived, while longing to unveil the mystery which concealed the fate of her lost boy? That floating image of a mother, still hovered with a smile of indescribable sweetness before his mind, and he had hours of bitter sadness; and dreams that were dreary, and dreams of delight. If he must live and die, without knowing he had parents and a home, what might console him for the lasting bereavement? Nothing entirely on earth. Next to the burden of a crime, that was the hardest of all sorrows to bear. O, who without a sigh and a shudder of grief, can even repeat the lament of Logan, "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature"? What sweeter assurance of the goodness of God may be given than this of the Psalmist: "He setteth the solitary in families"?

But what might best console Arthur Sumner? A home built by his own hands? And what were home without the society of hearts dear, at least, as parents? William Popinjay spent many recreating hours setting lilacs and roses on his grounds, and trimming his thrifty firs and maples. William had taken several good fees in boards and shingles, was encouraged by his business to think of a superb mansion, and asked even Arthur for a design; and why should not Arthur purchase a lot, adorn it with trees, build a house, and solicit a lady to preside

there, and gladden his heart with attentions more tender than a parent's?

He purchased five acres on a very lovely site. It was a remnant of an old estate, which he purchased low at auction. An old log house stood where he designed to build his new one. A large and rapid brook enriched the southern border, within the boundary line, and turned a white cascade about midway of his grounds, while a cold spring of soft and delightful water, sent an ever-running rill across the northwest corner. And, standing in the door of the old house, he could hear the thrushes sing in the woods waving east of Sydney, and gaze on plaided stripes of fair hill-pasture. On the north he saw the milk-white homes and churches of the village. On the south were sloping wheat-fields, and level meadows tufted with ash and walnut, oak and chestnut trees; and on the west, he enjoyed content, with varied pictures of rural bliss, as he viewed the splendid lake, and saw the sun go down behind the green old woods.

There was already matured an abundance of choice fruits; and a pair of royal elms rose, as he desired, in front, with trunks as stately, and tops turned gracefully as Corinthian columns. There were chestnuts and maples in the wealthiest bloom, and every thing but the building and fence, in the finest order. He was pleased with his purchase,

and, as fast as convenience would allow, he resolved to build his home.

And now if Martha Sumner might err, in fancying a sweeter bliss than that which feasted her heart in the white Queen of the Fields, was he not situated so differently that it would be as great an error for him to prefer a single life? Was there not one who would be made more happy to become his bride, and would it not redouble his own joys to confer that happiness on a genial mate? Why then delay marriage a great while longer? He would not delay it, if fortune favored his loves.

The purchase of his house confirmed his decision, contracted his time, and renewed the scandal of the neighborhood. The day arrived when one thing must be known, and that was whether he would marry Ophelia Golden. A crisis followed, and with it a development. Ophelia sincerely admired Arthur's appearance, now he was a man, and would have been pleased to number him among her nearest friends, since he was welcome as sunlight to the highest circles in Hampden. And there was great sincerity in her visits to his sick chamber, for her heart was warmed with many fine and noble feelings now. But the romance of all her late flirtations was a stratagem to bring the lawyer to a proposal. She was once sure he loved her, but his late attentions to Andalusia threw a doubt on the affair, and she trusted in this

well-managed artifice to extort the actual secret from his heart.

And did she deceive the Master Builder? No; he took all her smiles quite coolly, seeing nothing more partial than friendship in their light, and without a thought of any thing further, he was happy to return the addresses of a friend, still affected with sweet emotions as he remembered her welcome visits after his fall. He visited her; he walked with her as any friend would walk; and she understood him well, and honored the manly sentiments which prompted all his calls; though she was willing that William Popinjay and others should believe them more frequent and passionate than they were; and his friends, in their alarm, reported them all with large exaggerations.

The lawyer was worried to a decision and declaration. In fact he had decided long ago; but he wished to try Ophelia, and flirt with Andalusia till she was ready to give him her eyes, or die in love for him. He loved Ophelia, declared his passion, and they were married.

Her false education had corrupted a heart that might have beat to the holiest sentiments of womanhood; yet she was too good, at that hour, for him who made her his bride; and Arthur Sumner breathed a benediction on the union. That wedding day was a jubilee to most of the Golden family. Mrs. Golden could not express her joy. Welling-

ton saw one, and Bolivar two round reasons to rejoice.

But her father was sad-hearted. He loved his daughter; for, with all her pride, she loved him, cheered him with tender words and looks, lightened the burden of his heart, attended him in sickness, and smoothed the rugged pathway of his life. He loved Ophelia, and his brown cheek whitened with grief, when he heard that she and William Pitt were to be married. He induced her to abandon some of the follies that were forced on her childhood; but her heart was so weak-sided she was easily swayed from many a womanly purpose; and he grieved more than all with the fear that the fellow he detested, when she became his wife, would complete the ruin of her injured nature.

The old man looked really well on the wedding-day, for his hair had been cut; the coal-dust was washed from his kindly face; he wore a clean bosom and high, starched collar that seldom stiffened his motions or sawed his ears; he had on all his best clothes, and his black-balled boots declared, with a squeak at every step, that they were both of them brand-new. But he said more than once that it seemed like a funeral, and his heart was too faint, and his eyes too full, to see Ophelia married. He leaned on the garden fence during the ceremony, with those hard hands wiping tears, and spent all the long afternoon walking alone in the woods.

The Waxwoods, too, were overwhelmed with bitterness and wo, and it was whispered, with ominous looks, that Andalusia talked of laudanum and lake-baths; while Bolivar hoped she might at length overcome the heavy stroke, and console her sad heart with the love of another. Arthur's friends were in joy again, and were talking of Martha Sumner for his wife; and Betsey Bronk Gordon, though sorely tried, and often prepared for the act, did not happen to change the name of her bouncing boy-baby.

XIII.

THE FEAST OF MAY.

THE people of Sydney were fond of feasts and pastimes, and they tasted months of anticipated pleasure, while talking of one feast, the Feast of May. They held this feast to commemorate the settlement of the town, and its annual return was always welcome; its joys were hoarded in their hearts as so many treasured God-sends, and its pastimes painted on all their lives as so many pleasant pictures.

It came on the last of the month, and on the shore of the lake, and June seemed to come with May this season, the spring had been so tardy, and conspire, with all her pomp and melody, to crown its joys again. The people were never in a more genial mood to accept these vernal honors, and never enjoyed with a finer zest the happy feast of May.

The party, in former years, had usually been limited to fifteen or twenty families, with a few invited guests, but this year the families amounted to

more than thirty, and a large number of guests beside were present to share the rural bliss. Great preparations were made to have a pleasant feast, and they were not made in vain. As it was a picnic, each family furnished a table, and there was much emulation, seeing who should perform the handsomest part.

Mrs. Sumner was always declared to have furnished the longest table, the richest bread, and finest chicken-pie. Mrs. Melvin excelled in biscuit and dried raspberry sauce. Mrs. Summerton laid the whitest cloths, and, say what they would about Muscovado, or white Havana, or crushed, or loaf sugar, she would have her own maple sugar, to remind her of old times; and it was clear as crystal, and, after it was gone, there was always a call for more. Mrs. Dilworth was not permitted to be a woman among others, because she was the minister's wife, and she attended in the new dress and bonnet they had given her, and partook of the feast without furnishing her share. Mrs. Deacon Maxy furnished a small hive of honey, made from the earliest flowers. Mrs. Tyler furnished refreshments for her family, two extra plates for strangers, and two rolls of rosy butter, embossed with lilies, for the general table.

Mrs. Dr. Waxwood had carried the palm for the finest pound-cake; and she had only to regret, in these latter years, that the company could not be

more confined to the select classes, while Mrs. Sumner contended that selection would spoil the feast.

Poor Mrs. Bronk was always welcomed, and helped to make a good appearance, though far less able than the others to do her part. She had taste and skill, and, whenever she had the materials, she could make a melting pie, and a light and luscious cake, as the daintiest tongue might relish. Mrs. Sumner often helped her to flour and fruit, but Mrs. Bronk lived nearest Mrs. Dr. Waxwood, and was seldom refused the use of her oven, after she had baked. Mrs. Bronk had been promised the use of the oven this year, and she prepared for a fine pound-cake. But whether that lady feared losing her palm, or whether belated herself, she kept this good woman waiting two long hours after her cake was ready for the oven; and, while obliged to stir it all that time to preserve the faintest hope of luck, she trembled in fear that her cake would be heavy, and she would incur a laugh. But fortune plays freaks in the oven as elsewhere, and though Mrs. Waxwood's cake was richly compounded, and its milk-white frosting glittered in the sun, at the feast, it was hardly out of the oven before it fell like lead, and no one enjoyed it; while Mrs. Bronk's two long hours of desperate tossing and spooning was the saving of hers; and all praised it, and she took the palm from Mrs. Dr. Waxwood.

The tables were set in one long line, on the shore

of the lake; the company came early, and they had a glorious time. The sky looked like burnished silver; the air was sweet and cool; the woods were all in foliage and jubilant with song; the first bobolinks were challenging the blue birds on the meadows, and shaming the robins from the orchards; the opposite shore of the lake was garmented with waving wheat and rye, and buttoned with blooming apple trees; while the lake set the sun a laughing, so magnetic were her smiles, and the day broke out all over into blossoms of infinite beauty and infinite delight.

The Sumners of course were there with Martha, and their souls were in the feast. The Summertons and Gordons were all there, and the Goldens and Tylers; and so was Arthur Sumner, and many I need not name. Flocks of cherub children sported and sung all day, and flocks of charming birds whistled and sung in the buttonwoods on the beach, and answered their jocund songs.

The company were well attired, and presented a comely sight. Mrs. Sumner and Martha were both dressed in white, without any foreign ornaments adorning their fine looks, and Martha made more than one think of naiads on that shore. Billy Bronk wore a well-brushed, bell-crowned hat, and the same old bell-buttoned vest he had worn, occasionally, for years, and went without his coat. Mrs. *Bronk was* dressed in a very becoming calico, and

her presence was enjoyed; though Mrs. Dr. Waxwood criticised the width and crimping of her cap border, laughed to hear the squeak of her new calf-skin shoes, and talked of Samson and the gates of Gaza, as Aunt Eunice assisted Mrs. Sumner to bring in her baskets of bread, and chicken pies.

Sydney Tyler was there, with spotted Ranger in his leash, and all remarked his fine appearance. He was very neatly attired, and wore a handsome straw hat of his own manufacture, a cherry-spotted neckcloth, and a fair and smiling face.

Arthur Sumner made a very noble appearance; and he carried May in his heart, and abounded in great joy. Wellington Golden had all his imposing honors on, and Bolivar and William Pitt were well attired. Mrs. Tyler was neatness incarnate. Mrs. Waxwood and her daughter were the most showily dressed of all, having nearly all the bracelets and rings on the ground, and displaying the richest long-shawls and the widest flounces.

The tables were spread twice during the day, and all enjoyed the sumptuous meals. And they had other enjoyments. There was boating on the lake; there was trouting on the inlets; there was swinging between the buttonwoods; there were games and dances on the green. There were two or three groups of readers under the oaks in the rear of the tables, and groups of singers and story-tellers were seated here and there.

Lawyer Popinjay made a speech, and his voice twittered less laughably than usual, and displaying a little wit, and considerable humor, he pleased the people well. Squire Melvin made a speech, and though he was much embarrassed, and said Gentlemen of the jury, instead of Neighbors and friends, as he meant to say, he got off some good sense, and made them all feel happy that they came.

Parson Dilworth was in summer spirits, and he addressed the company. He alluded to the bright sky, the grassy fields, and splendid lake. He touched on the history of Sydney, and the progress of the people. He related incidents of his own life. He denounced the disposition of some to burrow, like the beasts, and insisted on more education, and still more cordial and neighborly lives. "It is a thing of mighty moment," said he, in conclusion, "to be hopeful and happy even in the present world. To fulfil our destiny, is to be good and happy. And it is not sufficient to be happy at our feasts, and in seasons of holiday joy; we should feast every day on those joys that flow from good and social life. We should rejoice in one another's good. We should be comforted while afflicted, and sustained when tried, by the thought that we are bound with other fraternal hearts in society where all are equal, and all are one.

"We should be like the manna-gatherers in the wilderness. Of them the Scripture saith—'He that

gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack.' In respect to knowledge, love and joy in particular, we should be manna-gatherers. Indeed we cannot monopolize any of the gifts of God, and hold a lasting blessing. We may monopolize temporal gifts for a season, and think we have more than others, but the very spirit which would monopolize even temporal gifts, prevents one receiving and adopting in his heart the satisfaction a benevolent man would take from a quarter of that abundance.

"And knowledge, especially, is above monopoly. You cannot hoard it as you would gold; if you attempt to keep more than your share unused, while others are in need, like the hoarded manna, it taints, the worms of corruption devour it, and you remain unblest. Gather more than your omer if you can, and make the most of that you use; but remember you hold God's bounty in all you have over, and he commands you to divide it with others who stand in need.

"In this you become his almoner; in this you become his angel of beneficence, and enjoy the bliss of diffusing his grace among men. In this the blessings of the church are made equal. In this the blessings of heaven are shared to all; for, while some have gathered more, they will take more of their heaven in giving truth to others, while others

will take more of heaven, receiving truth from them.

"And thus, like the sun and stars that roll and rejoice in bonds of affiliation, which bind the greatest to the least, and live in the light that each has over and sends abroad for others to enjoy, men and angels will shine forth in their Father's kingdom, having the more light at home for the more they shed abroad.

"And so it is with love. Love is one of the few gifts that increase our own measure as we supply our neighbor's needs. The more we give of love, the more we have in our measure to enjoy and give. It repeats the miracle of the loaves, for the more guests you invite to share its bread, the more it will increase to feed them, the more richly all will be supplied, and the more will be taken in fragments from the table.

"And as with other blessings, so with joy. He that gathers most of moral joy is no happier than he that gathers least, if he attempts to confine it in his heart and keep it from his brethren. Joy cannot be confined; joy cannot lie unexercised and unused. It will die, if it does, like stagnant air and water. It must have the air and light; it must run abroad like little rills of water; the sunshine must bless it, the grass, the flowers, and trees must drink its cool refreshment; then it will be sweet and clear, and contribute all the more to those pure exhalations that

rise to heaven and fall in copious showers to fill its fountains again.

"In our feasts of May, let us be like the manna-gatherers; and let these feasts be the type of our social joy and union through the year, and we shall carry large blessings from them. Such is our nature, we lift one another in these social loves to a higher moral atmosphere, and the very air of the town is lighted and warmed by our mutual smiles and sympathies."

Dr. Bolivar Golden made a speech that sent them all, at night, to their dictionaries. Then there was a call for a hymn, and the lake and the sweet fields beyond, suggested Watts' Canaan—

"There is a land of pure delight,"

and a choir of beautiful girls, all dressed in white, made a shining circle on the grass, and, facing the water and the landscape beyond, sung that hymn; and while it seemed a thousand birds of every song and wing flocked into the buttonwoods and warbled the chorus, Martha Sumner's voice rose above her companions, and above the birds, in long-drawn quavers, and soared up to heaven, floated over the lake, echoed back from the distant rye-fields and orchards, and ran around the hills.

The feast was enjoyed by every guest. A few girls, it is true, envied Lusia Waxwood her finery, and seemed abashed by her glance and touch. A

few of the boys wished they were clerks or students, that their hands might be softer and whiter, and they might wear such tasty clothes as the Golden boys, and a few young men from Hampden; but, as a general thing, all were quite well satisfied.

Martha Sumner was much admired, and there were several young men who wished to walk with her; but Arthur enjoyed her decided preference, and they were together nearly all the day. They took a small skiff and went out on the lake alone; and while Arthur rowed and fished by turns, Martha read to him of Ellen Douglas and Malcolm Græme, from the "Lady of the Lake." They studied and admired the scenery on the opposite shore. They found four queenly wind-flowers, whose large white petals the last windy day had opened and blown. They plucked yellow pansies in the field. They gathered fly-honeysuckles from the borders of the meadow-brook. They made one bouquet of wild-columbine, which hung with its nectaries from the cleft of a rock. They tasted the sassafras-blossoms, and admired the strawberry blows. They walked long in the woods, in hopes they might find at least one cluster of early laurel blooms. Martha saw the beautiful where Arthur saw the sublime; and she was reading the language of flowers while he was reading the language of forms, and passing from the honeysuckles and vines to the traceries and enrichments of architecture; from a flower to a

Corinthian capital; from the bending limbs to Gothic arches, and from the domes of the old hills and the concave of the sky, to the domes of temples and the concaves of their vaulted ceilings.

They listened to the thrushes, and heard the mated wood-pigeons coo. Their hearts interlaced like the limbs of the elms. They made fresh assurances of very tender love, and hoped they might enjoy many days as happy as the present. They took special care of Sydney Tyler, led him out with them on several walks; and, by some wonderful instinct, he tasted the beauty of the day, and enjoyed the varieties of scenery, while his heart returned warm responses for all he heard and felt. They sought out all the bashful children, led them up to the table, and made them feel at home. They talked with the aged, to have them forget their years; they gave introductions, and linked new chains of friendship between congenial hearts. They were the subject of conversation in more than one group.

The day appeared likely to pass without accident, or any cloud of grief, when, as the cool of the evening refreshed the air, Jonas May and a daughter of Squire Melvin, took Sydney Tyler into a boat to have another pleasant sail on the lake. Sydney dimpled with joy at the idea, but was touched with impatience to find that Ranger too insisted on going that time; and though they fastened his leash to a

buttonwood, he leaped and broke it near the tree, and bounded into the boat just as they shoved it from the shore.

Sydney's impatience broke out in a passion, and he cuffed and reproached the faithful spaniel, and ordered him out again. But Laura Melvin cried: "Do let him go with us, Sydney, he has not had a sail to-day, and I am sure I shall like his company."

"Yes, let Ranger go," said Jonas, "he fears you may have trouble without him, and he will reward you, I dare say."

Sydney blushed with shame for his unkindness, consented to let him go, and caressed him with soothing words and a tender hand. They hoisted the sails, and the boat skimmed and dipped upon the water like a swallow on its way. They crossed the lake, gathered some flowers and shells, and returned; but when arrived within a hundred yards of the shore, where the water was still deep, a sudden gust swept by and capsized the boat.

Jonas May was something of a swimmer, and, while he could not assist the others, he succeeded, by a desperate struggle, to keep on the water till he stepped and fell exhausted on the shore.—Sydney had learned to swim a little, but in confusion and blindness now, all self-possession left him, and he strangled and whooped in the water, and sunk a moment from sight. Laura held to the side

of the boat till Sydney rose again, and then she dropped and grasped his arm, and they both sunk out of sight. A few young people were left on the shore, but they were bound in such a trance of terror, no one thought of leaping to the rescue, and groans and whooping screams, like those uttered in nightmare, were all the exertions they were able to make. Sydney came up the last time, screeched his anguish and threw up his pleading arms, while Laura had changed her hold and clung to one of his feet. At that instant, Ranger caught the end of his rope in his teeth, and swum and thrust it into Sydney's hand; he grasped it, and the dog gave a yelp that plainly said "hold on," and darted like a sturgeon for the beach. Sydney and Laura maintained their holds, and before they reached the water's edge, half a dozen strong hands had clasped them, and they were saved from death.

Both Sydney and Laura were so exhausted they fainted as soon as they were safe; and were not restored until after they reached the blind boy's home.

The faintness that fell on each affrighted heart may be well imagined; and even Ranger seemed affected with the same human feeling; but they were all so rejoiced to think their friends were rescued, there was no more gloom that night than if the casualty had not happened. Ranger kept yelping his joy, as he leaped and lay down on his mas-

ter's bed; and he took many praises from all. Sydney and Laura recovered in a day or two; but it was long before the blind boy could forgive himself his unkindness to Ranger when he went on that sail, while the liveliest gratitude grew with his years, and he remembered Jonas May's prophesy, and expected to love noble Ranger still when he passed to the better world.

XIV.

THE FINAL AFFIANCE.

But how shall we account for Martha Sumner's acceptance of the hand of our hero at the Feast of May? Was she well assured that he intended no more than honorable friendship for Miss Golden? Certainly, she was well assured. She knew all the while that the alarm was raised on a few friendly walks and visits.

And had Arthur and she actually pledged affiance? No, they had not. To the day of the feast, Arthur had failed to conceive what might induce her to leave that happy home, and launch upon a life so perilous as wedlock. He saw not how her happiness could be enhanced by marriage. He thought she loved him with no more than sisterly regard.

But in their last tender interview, as they floated on the lake, when Martha closed her book and both hearts were expressed, he saw he had misjudged her ideas of womanly life, and called her sentiment

by too cold a name. She had lofty ideas of wedlock; it shed on her view the lights of mated suns, and reflected from each heart all the tints of the other in one white lily flame; and he was the orb that could fill with her these two full-colored spectra. Her love was more than a sister's. She described it as well as she was able; by that his own was interpreted; he thought it must be more than a brother's, and as they stepped upon the shore and loitered in the shade of a group of young poplars, that stood whispering the beauties of the day and scene, their vows of affiance were spoken.

Yes, their vows were spoken, and the poplars repeated them in musical whispers, which the birds caught and carried on the gentle air away; and before they joined the company, it seemed that spirits had taken the bans from the birds, and the angels published them in heaven. Martha Sumner could be attracted from her home. Martha Sumner could find a larger and sweeter happiness if Arthur would take her for his wife; and since he could call her his own, new joys flocked like robins around his heart, on which the smiles of friends, nay, the very flowers, trees, and winds gave him congratulations.

Now he prayed that fortune might smile, for he wished to lead her to a home not inferior to her father's; yet, if fortune frowned, would not Martha still be his, and change the frowns to smiles? Now

he prayed that the world might favor him on her account; yet if the world turned against him, would not she hold his head on the bosom of a world enlightened with love, peopled by clasping graces and opening all around on heaven? Now he prayed that his own mother might search him out, and his father and father's house be shown him, for he wanted to tell them who had loved him, and who was the treasure of his soul; while Martha might wipe away their tears. O, what would he not give to find his own father and mother, that they might treasure another sweet bliss, partaking all his joy! Yet, while this prayer and longing were vain, would she not meet him every night at the gate of a dearer home, take his hand in hers, and lead him in where she presided in love and bliss more exalted than father or mother could give?

They were to be married; but the wedding day was set a good while ahead, and when it should come, he hoped to have built his house, improved the appearance of his grounds, and gotten enough above-board to lay in at least the first six months' living. Martha went with him to his little estate, and walked away, saying, she knew she would love every thing about it, and if it was not perfectly convenient to build a new house as soon as they might wish, she would go into the old log house, if it *did* lean over, and had only two little windows to let in the light of such scenery as bloomed around the spot, desiring a

home no happier; while Arthur felt more and more that his love for her was higher and dearer than a brother's.

He made another contract in Hampden. He was given a fine church to build, on liberal terms, and commenced with several workmen; while he seemed to work in a new world, thinking so often of his affiance, and the joys that were before him. Yet his mind was on his work, and carried all its plans, and the building itself, in its quick and ample eye.

A lovely situation was selected for the church, and a building went up, on which, from basement to steeple, the tastiest eye could discover nothing that crossed, or did not fill flush its sense of symmetry and beauty. The society was wealthy, and selected a style of considerable richness, and bade him indulge his own taste in every good piece of work which his judgment would dictate.

He reviewed Hosking and Vitruvius; he traced new and noble suggestions and models in Lafever; retouched his talent, and finished off a building much superior to any thing else in the country. The pulpit was higher than those now in fashion, but its very height enhanced its superb beauty, and gave it a becoming venerableness that stood as a type of religion, in contrast with which our modern pulpits look coquettish and worldly, and more suitable for rostrums or stages.

The gallery hung on three sides, and displayed

the hand that directed its construction. In short, every column and cornice, every piece of carving, every design and touch, the whole interior was in excellent taste, and in highest harmony with all suggestions of the place, and cheerful as it was stately, rich, and venerable.

He left the house to the masons one week after they expected to take it, and so pleased were the people, when it stood ready for dedication, they not only attended to his pay, but voted him thanks for his faithfulness, and the style in which he had furnished the best embellishment of Hampden.

That church was an advertisement, publishing his skill where newspapers would not be credited. Travelers from Boston and New York expressed surprise to find so splendid a piece of architecture, even in a large and aristocratic country town, and declared that the Master Builder would find plenty of engagements in the city. New applications poured in upon him, and he began to feel that his talent was maturing, and his fortune would soon be made. He took Martha Sumner to the dedication, and they never forgot the pleasant thoughts which gladdened their hearts that day.

By that time Jason Tyler and Wellington Golden made another shift. One Banks had invented a new kind of beer, which became the rage of that region. It was richer and finer than any other in use, while it was said to be wholesome, and even

medicinal. A specimen bottle was sent to the President, and it was asserted that he returned his "sense of attention," and pronounced it very rich and fine. Specimen bottles were sent to star actors and singers in the city, and to eminent clergymen in the country, and the inventor affirmed that all were delighted with its flavor and its hue. Speci men bottles were sent to all the towns around as far as Buffalo, and soon a general voice was calling for Banks's Beer.

Others, of course, desired to make the beer, and the inventor partitioned the State into sections, and opened the sale of recipes. Wellington considered the opportunity it offered for easy speculation, broke the project to Jason, and they purchased a recipe, with the right to sell the beer in all Erie county, for two hundred dollars. Neither of them had twenty-five dollars of his own; but Mr. Tyler thought so well of the idea, he advanced a hundred and fifty dollars to Jason, on his note, and that induced Mr. Golden, after some entreaty, and a course of curtain lectures from his wife, to indorse Wellington for two hundred, that they might make a good beginning.

Such visions of wealth now transported the young enthusiasts, they almost spurned at our Master Builder, at the dedication of his last magnificent work; and, going home, Wellington actually whispered "Aunt Tarza," and had it on his tongue to

speak of Arthur's Indian origin, his once littered hat, and the vulgarity of a mechanical trade, but the presence of people restrained him. On the next day the young men set out for Buffalo, to commence their beer business. Triumph sat smiling on their faces as they rolled away, and a dozen hands kept waving adieus till they were out of sight.

Returning home with Martha from Hampden, as he drove very fast to escape a shower that was rising in the west, Arthur met Billy Bronk on horseback, in as great a hurry. His fat old pacer was all in a milk-white foam, and as he threw up his hand and stopped the Builder, he had to make an effort to speak, he was so exhausted from the labor of urging his lazy nag along. Martha turned paler as she saw Arthur's fear, and in a single voice, with quivering lips, they cried, "What is the matter?—What has happened?" Billy looked very sober, and while trying again to speak, Arthur repeated: "For God's sake, what is the matter?—Is any body dead?" By this time Billy was able to answer—"No, they still live, and you are wanted at Sumner's sooner than a ship can sail!" and wheeling old Dobbin, he gave him the sharpened nail-spur that twinkled at his left heel, uttered a groaning halloo, and commenced and maintained a swinging pace, in short stirrups, before them.

A keen shock of terror leaped like lightning to

their hearts, and a loud burst of thunder in the west, and the white, flying feathers of the clouds hurrying toward them on the roaring wind, set them wild with alarm, that was fearfully increased by the suspense in which Billy left them. They were certain they should next hear of some sad disaster, if not a mournful death. They wanted to fly home. They urged the horse to the top of his speed; but the swinging pacer gained on him, and they felt that they were going backward.

The roar in the sky ran louder and louder; the wind shook the trees, the rain poured over the woods like Niagara; was then in the next field, and now, mingled with hail-stones, pelted their carriage. But they were fortunate, for they came just then to a large open shed, and run the horse to the manger. It was agony to stop, but they could not have gone on in the storm; and they wondered why Billy did not take the shelter, till they saw him wheel up to a house some hundred rods ahead.

They were detained an hour; and every minute seemed a year, so great was their anxiety, and so gloomy was the storm. "He said 'they still live!'" cried Martha, sobbing with grief; "so something has happened to more than one, and he spoke so despairingly, they can hardly be living now! O, can it be George and father? Can it be father and mother? Can I spare either of them, or see them panting with distress? Dear me! let us go on,

Arthur; the rain cannot hurt us, and I feel as if I must fly!"

Arthur was a poor consoler, for he grieved very deeply himself; but he reined out the horse while it still was raining, and, as they took the road, Billy Bronk vaulted to the saddle of his pacer again, hearing not a word of their call; and away they flew toward Mr. Sumner's.

"At such a time as this," cried Arthur, "I first saw your father and mother—after just such a wild, wild storm. I remember it, as if it were yesterday. And then I first saw you and George. I remember it all: but I hope I shall see no one of your friends this day for the last time alive, or find one of them dead."

"Dear me, I hope not! Do let the horse go a little faster; it cannot hurt him, and I am so anxious to know it all!" answered Martha.

But they are going faster already than they are aware, and are soon at her father's gate. Her mother is weeping at the window; it must be her father and George who are dying, or dead. A strange man follows Billy Bronk to the barn; he must be a physician. George runs to the window! George, then, is well; but poor father!—Mother looks cheerful as she weeps; George, the stranger, Billy Bronk, all look cheerful now! What can it mean? That father has lived to see them once more on earth? They stand in the house—and

where is father?—what has happened?—who?—and Martha faints in her mother's arms, and George lays her insensible on the bed.

In comes father, alive; but Martha's eyes are closed, and Arthur exclaims: "In Heaven's name, what has happened?" They are trying to answer, when in comes Billy Bronk, asking pardon, and saying: "This man can tell what your name is, where you come from, and into what port you must steer your brig, if you want to see your father and mother."

"Yis, yis, I calculate that's the very chap," interrupted the stranger, and spit through his teeth. There's Fabens in every look; in the wink of 'is eye; in 'is nose and featers. That's Clint, I know wal enough.—Ye call 'im Arthur Summer, then, dew ye? His name ain't Summer, nor Winter; it's Clinton Fabens. I know—"

"But what do you all mean?" inquired the Master Builder: and by this time Martha had roused up, with open eyes and ears to the scene. "O, heavenly God! have I a mother on earth? Tell me again, have I a mother and father of my own? Where are they?—Who are they?"

"They live on their own handsome farm, a leetle beyend the Kyuga; only a *leetle* beyend; and they live in as nice a house as this, every bit," replied the stranger, cocking and crossing a pair of little

black and blue eyes, straightening up like a major, and spitting again through his teeth.

"But who are they, do tell?" inquired Arthur, with a face flushed with emotion, and a voice stifled with joy.

"They're likely folks as ye ever see," said the stranger, "and we call 'em Mather and Jula Fabens; and they've got a smart darter, Fanny, who's a goin' to be married pirty quick tew a feller likely anough tew be yer bub."

"It cannot be true!" cried Arthur. "I do not deserve such a blessing. O, tell me, tell me true—"

"It's jest as he tells you, that's sartain," interrupted Billy Bronk; and the others confirmed the tidings, while Martha, in tears of joy, exclaimed—"You do deserve it, Arthur, and how happy we shall be!"

That evening, at Mr. Sumner's, was happier than the "feast of dedication," as the minister from his text named the occasion at Hampden. On the next morning Arthur made a few hasty arrangements, and before the news traveled as far as Tyler's, or Golden's, or Jason or Wellington heard it, he started with Tilly Troffater for Summerfield.

The news went around after that as if the birds had carried it. Sydney Tyler rejoiced as though the blessed sunlight of heaven had once more visited his eyes. Mrs. Tyler came running one way all

out of breath, and Betsey Bronk Gordon, another. Then Barney and Volney entered, and, before noon, Mr. and Mrs. Ruleff Gordon, and others, were at Sumner's, *so* sorry they could not have seen Arthur a moment, and congratulated him, and sent their love to his people.

Diaduma Truck carried the news to Mr. Golden's, running all the way as fast as her large feet could go, and desiring not to resist an emotion of pure joy at Arthur's good turn of fortune. Mrs. Golden listened with interest, for she was glad the mystery was solved, and thought to herself, if she had known he had so respectable a home, she might have taught Ophelia to regard him with a different heart, and never opposed any attachment she might have given him. Mr. Golden was glad for Arthur, and glad he had always used the young man well, while he regretted still more that he could not have married his daughter, and improved her heart and destiny.

Bolivar heard the news with trembling, for he was not sure of Arthur's attachment to Miss Sumner. He knew the Waxwoods would immediately take to admiring the Master Builder, and Lusia would smile once more with the hope of winning him to wedlock. Ophelia bore the news not without pleasure to her husband, and he replied that the report lacked corroborating evidence, and was too improbable to be entitled to credit. Jason and

Wellington were informed of it in the first letters they received from home, and they replied that they did not care, for they had found a business that would bring in money as fast as they could invest it, and they would not have to work as hard as Arthur.

Mr. Tyler jumped up from his shoe-bench, as the news startled his ear, and exclaimed, "Good! good! I feel prouder than ever now, that I took him home and brought him up;" while Mrs. Tyler walked the house, and sung, and wept, and laughed in the joy that overwhelmed her, and kept saying, "How they *must* feel when they meet! and why did I not see him before he left, to tell him how glad I am, and send my love to his mother?"

There was another meeting during the week—a visit of several neighbors at Sumner's; and they talked loud and fast, I assure you. Billy Bronk was there; and, remembering the romantic parts he acted in the drama, he rose to very great importance in his own esteem, while he began to look almost handsome to Martha, and she loved to bask in his beaming smile; although she exclaimed, "How could you make us feel so bad, Mr. Bronk, instead of telling the good news, when you met us?"

"Ha! ha! ha! I did make you pull upon your anchors a little, didn't I?" said Billy.

"I never felt so bad in my life before, and I think you were cruel," answered Martha.

"Sodom! it *was* too bad to put you in such a flutter," said Billy, "but I see the storm would soon set your ship a keelin', and I thought we'd as good's run into port the first thing, and then drink all our joy in snug harbor. And after all, you owe me a kiss, rather than a blow, for what I have done for your Arthur. But see here, my pretty Pat, why didn't you git aboard, and go and see your new father and mother? I'll give the boy a trouncin' for leavin' you behind."

"You didn't want to go now, did you, Patty?" cried Mrs. Bronk; "you'd ruther go bom-by, hadn't you, Patty? I guess you had, aha! And I'm tickled to death at sich a turn out of his curis fortin. It's dreadful good, it is." Martha blushed, and smiled, and whitened by turns, and stole the first opportunity to go out and walk in the garden.

"What *can* Mr. Pitt and his wife, and Miss Lusia say now, I wonder?" cried one. "They will feel cheap enough," cried another. "Pitt is poorer than Arthur this very day, and don't know half so much," cried another. "When does Patty expect a letter?" cried another, at times when they did not all talk together. Mrs. Sumner was faint and weary with excitement; and she burnt the cup-cakes she made for tea, smoked her custards, and

made her biscuit without salt or salæratus, while her usually perfect table was set in great disorder; and George declared he counted, as she repeated one part of the story, and she forgot, in her joy, and told it that same afternoon four times over.

of those locked embraces: the pressure of hands, and cheeks, and hearts; the smiles, and tears, and searching looks: the questions and answers repeated over and over: the renewal of years to the old, and hopes to the young; the flying hours taken from sleep at night, for story upon story: the thanks and praises sent up to heaven; the clearing up of the sky, of clouds of seeming evil; the hourly increase of home delights and family loves; the assemblings of neighbors, rejoicings of friends;—these thrilling things which crowded and stirred that scene, the pen would not move to describe, while the mind can better imagine.

Arthur found a whole week gone, before two days were realized, and then, remembering his promise to Martha Sumner, he wrote her the following letter:—

"My Dear Martha,

"I know not how to begin my letter, nor in what order to write out the things and thoughts that hurry my pen for expression. An apology is due you, and I may as well begin with an apology. I promised to write you the next day after my arrival, and here it is a week after that day, and you have been sending to the office in vain, to get the promised letter.

"But such scenes as I have passed through! O, I know they would have prevented you from writ-

XV.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

ARTHUR SUMNER found his home at last, and his mother held his head on her bosom; and his father took that hand in his once more, by which long ago, when it was soft and dimpled, he led him to the fields to behold God's glories, and to meeting to hear God's praise. He found his home, and it seemed like a paradise opening around him. He found for certain that his name was neither Summer nor Winter, but Clinton Fabens. He found, too, that he had a sister, a blooming and sweet-hearted lass as ever clasped hands with beauty in a rural walk. And they loved each other at first sight; and then, for the first time, he knew the sense of a brother's love, and how, and wherein it differed from the passion of one affianced.

The bliss of that meeting, I have not attempted to describe. The unexpected joy that bounded in upon his sister's marriage feast, at which he was discovered as the lost lamb returned; the rapture

of those locked embraces; the pressure of hands, and cheeks, and hearts; the smiles, and tears, and searching looks; the questions and answers repeated over and over; the renewal of years to the old, and hopes to the young; the flying hours taken from sleep at night, for story upon story; the thanks and praises sent up to heaven; the clearing up of the sky, of clouds of seeming evil; the hourly increase of home delights and family loves; the assemblings of neighbors, rejoicings of friends;—these thrilling things which crowded and stirred that scene, the pen would not move to describe, while the mind can better imagine.

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"But such scenes as I have passed through! O, I know they would have prevented you from writ-

ing, and if you can now imagine them, you will pardon me for the long suspense in which I have been compelled to keep you. Here I sit beneath my own father's roof; and, while I trace these lines, I can hear the sound of my mother's feet, at work in the next room, and the song of my sister, from the garden!

"You must fancy my feelings, for I cannot describe them. Those dear words—father, mother, sister, home—what a world of love and heaven they breathe into my heart, and how my heart knocks against the table as I write them, and call those sweet beings and this home my own! Every word of the four, is a window from which my soul can gaze upon new fields of love and bliss; nay, a *field* upon which it can roam amid ten thousand delights of heaven!

"I arrived in sight of my father's, with Mr. Troffater, on the night he said we would arrive, and I remained incognito until the next afternoon, just as my sister was to be married. It was a painful struggle against nature, I assure you, to remain a stranger thus long; but I thought it would heighten the joy of that moment to discover myself then, and I wore my cold disguise unsuspected, when, at a dozen junctures, I like to have forgotten, and thrown myself into my mother's arms.

"And such a scene as followed the discovery! Such screams of joy; such embraces and tears;

such a pulling and hauling as they gave me!—Why, had you been here, Martha, you would have feared they would smother me, and pull me in pieces!

"'But no more of that!—give us the mystery we are longing to know!' methinks my Martha cries. It is a brief and simple story. This country was then new, and my father and mother were living with their parents, myself and my sister, in a wild, forest home. My fourth birth-day had come, and I set out to go to my father, in a distant clearing, when a strange Indian, who had staid at Tilly Troffater's (as they call him) over night, saw me just out of sight of home, and took such a notion to the first look of my homely face, he declared he would like to carry me off, and make an Indian of me. Troffater is described as then having been a cold-hearted lover of mischief, and he confesses that he encouraged the Indian to steal me, promising never to tell; and all to gratify his own love of mischief, and sport his cruel heart in sight of the anguish it would cause. The Indian bore me away, as you know, to Sydney, and I was taken to your good home.

"But the scenes of sorrow that ensued, were quite too much for the villain's heart, and filled it with shame and misery. The misery seemed to have crazed him for a while, with a sort of revenge toward my people, and a general indulgence in vice

and evil. But my father killed him with kindness at last, and he began to reform, and, when alone, to repent with agony and tears. He would have given the world to know where to find me, and go after me; yet fearing I was dead, and dreading to open the wounds in my parents' hearts, he resolved to keep the secret, and leave the confession for his death-bed. Time passed away, and remorse so gnawed his guilty heart, he was upon the point of making a confession, when a peddler, who had somewhere heard my story, staid at his house, and gave him such an account as convinced him I was the victim of his wickedness, and he started away in two days after me.

"He wept many times while we were returning, and again and again implored my pardon. I confess, when he first told me he was an accessory of the crime of my exile, I wanted to dash the miscreant to the earth; but, on a second thought, I was ashamed, to find myself capable of revenge, and forgave him with all my heart. But such became the agony of his mind, and such the confusion into which it hurled him, he would forget, and cry over and over again, 'I thought I could, but I cannot live so! Do *say* you will forgive me!' Then I repeated the assurance, and he wept like a mother over the coffin of her child.

"We arrived in Summerfield. He desired to confess to my father—was in agony to do so, but

for three days hid himself away, in overwhelming shame, fearing to meet my father and mother's eyes. He told me if they would meet him with clubs, to smash him against the ground, he could face them, but he could not stand to be struck with a glance of those mild and tender eyes! He begged me to bear his confession to them, tell them he could wear a face of flint no longer, and prepare the way for them to meet. I gave his confession. My mother exhibited no other change than a blush of emotion, and a faster rocking in her chair. My sister and her husband rose and denounced him severely; but my father—all his blood was up, and seemed ready to burst through the pores of his skin; and he walked the floor, and foamed with indignation.

"'The fiendish wretch!' he exclaimed, 'did *he* encourage the crime? And has he kept it till this time from us?—Was there no more manhood than that, mixed up with the devil that possessed him? —Wear a face of flint no longer! What infernal demon flinted his heart to wear that face so long? *I* forgive the little lying scoundrel? How *can* I forgive him?'

"'Will not God forgive him?' asked my mother. 'Did not Christ forgive his enemies on the cross?'

"And, in half an hour, my father's heart melted and flowed in streams of mercy. He thought of the love of Heaven, which could forgive the murder

of Jesus; he thought of that love, which had brought me alive to their arms, and the joy with which his house had been so jubilant; his heart leaped back to its native instincts, told him how noble it was to forgive, and he cried: 'Yes—yes, I forgive him from the bottom of my soul, and I pray God to forgive my passion. Forgive him? Why not? The poor wretch has had the worst of it, after all. He built a hell in his heart, and all these miserable years he has been blistering and writhing in its horrid flames. Tell him, my son, that we all forgive him, and bring him here.'

"So I led Troffater into my father's parlor, and the scene of confession and forgiveness was concluded, and though it taught me much, and improved my heart, as I hope, I never desire to witness the like again. It would melt a heart of marble to witness such agony and tears. He fell on the floor; he kissed my father's feet; and with tears, all hot from the horrible hell that boiled in his bosom, he begged father to turn those kind eyes away, and repeat his forgiveness; and yet I believe nothing would have relieved him more for the moment, than a blow or a frown from father.

"But the last page of my large sheet is nearly full, and I must reserve the rest for another letter, which you shall receive when I have heard from you. After this, I have nothing but joy to write you. O, how I wish you had come along! I know you would

love my people and my home, and float rejoicing with me on all these unanticipated tides of gladness and delight.

"I cannot get away as soon as I expected; and tell Jonas May he may take charge of Mr. Whitney's house, in Hampden, till I return. A heart full of love to my Martha, and affectionate wishes to all friends. Give Arthur Gordon, my little namesake, a dozen rousing kisses. Write without delay, and may God bless you.

"Father, mother, sister and brother, send regards. Sister Fanny says again and again, 'Why did not you bring your Martha along, and let us embrace her too?' Mother says, 'How I *do* want to see her, and her mother; that dear Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Gordon, and all those kind friends, they were so good to my lost boy!' And father participates their wishes, and says, 'You shall go right along back and bring her, for I cannot wait a week before I see her face.'

"They tell me I may write my name, 'Arthur Sumner Fabens;' but mother and Fanny say they shall always call me 'Clinton.' But I must shut down this flood-gate of talk, and so,—farewell."

This letter was received in due course of mail, and, it being known by many that it was from Arthur, a crowd gathered at Mr. Sumner's, to hear what Martha might be disposed to read to them.

The good people to whom love was sent, were greatly affected, while little Arthur Gordon clapped and crowed like a young chanticleer, after his mother added Clinton Fabens to his name, and Martha administered the dozen kisses.

Martha slept but little that night. She made an effort to sleep, but her mind roamed abroad on such rambles of delight, and her heart throbbed so loudly, she saw not the first shadow of "Nature's sweet restorer," till after the clock struck two. Early the next morning she began the following letter:—

"My Dear Clinton,

"I love this name better than Arthur, and *I* mean to call you Clinton, while your mother and sister cherish the word which must speak such a world of endearment to their hearts. My dear Clinton, it tried our patience to wait so long for your letter, but it came as soon as we had reason to expect it. The light of Sabbath morning was never more welcome than its words. I took it to my chamber, and enjoyed it first, as I would a new poem from Campbell, marked what you said of your humble friend, and read the rest to a crowd in the parlor.

"You could have heard their hearts tick in time with the old clock, as I read. Mr. Bronk cried, '*That* was Troffater that come after him, was it

then? and he was the feller that helped the Indian off with him, eh? Sodom! it was well for the little porpus that he wore his flinty face here; for if I'd a known his yarn, I'd a been tempted to shiver his timbers for him!' But father and mother made him confess you all did right by the erring man; and you will pardon me for repeating such words in my letter.

"Mrs. Tyler wept and laughed alternately, she was so affected by your mother's kind words about her, while my mother and her friends could not restrain their tears. Father had to read the letter over the second time; all declared it too short, and father said he wished you would take two sheets for your next letter, and permit him to pay the postage! Your little curly Arthur enjoyed his kisses right well. Your story has been all the talk of the neighborhood since your departure. I will believe that every heart rejoiced for you, and the surprise which overcame *some*, cannot but leave behind a regret for past conduct. Father Dilworth preached a sermon last Sunday, on the 'Ways of Providence,' and many felt sure it was suggested by your strange fortune. We sung the hymn—

'God moves in a mysterious way.'

The third verse in particular,

'Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take,
The clouds you so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head;'

was descriptive of scenes which I have not forgotten, while the fifth verse still mingles with the music of my hopes and anticipations, as the very winds that wave the pines above me, seem to line the whole heavenly hymn, and the birds strike the strain, and flood all the air with its melody.

"It was not for me to accompany you home *this* time, yet I *do* desire to be with you, and share those scenes of bliss! I desire to see your sister, and your parents; and assure them, my dear, that already my heart has fruitened with a new love, and they may enjoy it all. What a marriage-day was that! O, may ours be half as happy! And what should hinder its joys, if God gives us health and prosperity, and all our dear friends live to 'make merry' with us?

"Why did you not write more, and describe your parents, your sister, and home, and all to me? I can imagine I see them all; but tell me in your next, more about them. I care not—so long as they are happy—if they live in a hovel; but are there beautiful landscapes around it? Do the quails whistle, and the meadow-larks sing to Fanny as they did to you and me? Have they a lake to match our lovely Wallawanda? Can you look out on clover meadows, or pine, or maple woods?

"I long to be with you in person, I assure you. My spirit hovers over you, and breathes that sweet influence you feel floating across your brow! And

is not this yours, whose folding wings I feel?—When will you return? We will not be selfish; your friends have been without you so long; but will you tell us when we may expect you? Several have said you will not live in Sydney any more; you must do as you think best.

"Your business goes on well, father says, but Jonas May is in a panic for fear you will leave this place, and abandon your trade, you have such a happy home there. I hope you will not abandon architecture. I shall go this afternoon and see our log house, and sit a while under our elms, and eat a pippin and a peach, perhaps, and remember my love for Clinton. Poor Andalusia has been more cheerful for a few days, and Bolivar looks haggard and absent. Some suspect the reason of his grief! Jason and Wellington write flaming accounts of their prospects, and I suppose they expect to return with money enough to buy up our town. Report says Duma Truck is to be married to a widower with eight children, in Livonia, but I cannot believe it is true.

"Mrs. Melvin is starting a donation party for our minister, and she says it shall be a good one this time, and Widow Chubb and Mrs. Dr. Waxwood shall not have all to say; and the things shall not be paraded before the people, and marked above market value, to make others believe we set more by our minister; and the three Chandler boys and

two Presseys shall not come and have their supper with the rest, for donating a pound of tobacco and a broom. I am glad she feels so! The Sewing Circle sew for Mrs. Tyler this week.

"Morton Maxy is out with a poem 'to Julia,' in the Hampden Gazette. I have been reading 'The Culprit Fay,' and seemed in a spiritual sphere entranced, as I followed the poet in his magical flights. Phebe Frances Trexlar is engaged. Such sunsets as we are having in your absence! Old Mr. Golden is quite unwell. Poor man, how I feel for him! he is so neglected, and his heart so tenderly feels his situation. I would run over in a minute, and comfort him, if Mrs. Golden would not look bitter.

"The day after your departure, Sydney went to Hampden with Mr. Summerton, and carried a load of baskets, and lost his pocket-book on his way home, with every cent of his hard-earned money. He did not miss it till he was home, and his grief was very great. While he was lamenting, his dear friend Ranger disappeared, and in about two hours returned, bounding with joy, and the recovered treasure was in his mouth! He really seems incarnate with some bright human spirit, he is so good and wise. He will deserve a monument when he dies.

Poor Sydney has quite abandoned his willows for a few days, and though he fears you may reside in Summerfield, he is so glad for you, he rejoices

night and day. His face flashed the rosiest beams of joy, when I read him the love you sent. I led him out yesterday into our south meadow, which you remember is in its second bloom, and, after a strain from his flute had tuned my spirit, I read Shelley's 'Sensitive Plant,' till he had mingled its liquid syllables with the music of his spirit, and could repeat it word for word. He says he will reward me by singing it to me in heaven. What a beautiful thought! He assured me again, he could, without tasting the fragrance or treading the grass, distinguish a blooming meadow from a common or waste, by that presence of beauty which he always detects and feels. More than once he exclaimed: 'How *I do* miss brother Arthur!' He sends you a heart full of love. All send love, and desire to see you.

"Tell your friends they must all come with you when you return. A kiss for Fanny—a warm kiss —and one for your mother. Heaven bless you! Farewell."

XVI.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

WITH a dancing heart, Arthur received Martha's letter, and with an eager zest his friends enjoyed its words. Not one of them was satisfied to hear another read it, but Arthur must take it from his bosom and let mother, father, Fanny, and George take it into their own hands and read it again for themselves.

"What a beautiful hand she writes!" cried Fanny, "I wish I could write as well. I don't believe she has done so much spinning and churning as I have."

"She has done a good deal of it, I assure you," said her brother. "The compositions you showed me, read as well as Martha's; and that is the main thing, after all. If you have elegant sentences and beautiful thoughts, you may well afford to express them with letters as sprawling as quail-tracks. How many write nonsense in a genteel boarding-school hand! I like beautiful penmanship, how-

ever, and you would soon write as well as she, if you would take as much pains."

"Her very soul seems to flow out of her characters," said George Ludlow.

"I want to see her more than ever, now," said Mrs. Fabens. "I know she must be a lovely creature, and good as she is lovely. How kindly she speaks of those who were unkind to you!"

"That is a very good mark in the girl, a very good mark," added Squire Fabens.

"But you must not keep her waiting so long for the next letter," said Mrs. Fabens, "you must write to-morrow."

"O, I tell you, Clinton! take your paper and ink down to the lake-shore, where we are to have our pic-nic, and write there, and be up with her! Let her know we have trees in Summerfield, and something more beautiful even than clover-fields to inspire us!" cried Fanny, in a blush of laughing bliss.

"That will be delightful; I will do it," said her brother; and the next morning, when the sun had dried the dew and warmed the valley, the Fabenses went down to the lake-shore for their family pic-nic. And while George and the Squire were fishing, and Fanny was reading, and Mrs. Fabens gathering a bowl of wild grapes to stew for their rural supper, Arthur seated himself under a low, branching pine, and penned the following letter:

"DEAREST MARTHA,

"Your affectionate letter was received in due time, and yet it seemed so long to us, we concluded some slow-footed mules were bringing it. You had better talk of my writing on two sheets, girl, when you did not send enough for more than one good taste! Pray, treat us to a larger dessert yourself, before you expect me to burden the mail with a double foolscap letter! I wish you could have seen how mother and Fanny swallowed yours, even to the beauty they saw in your writing.

"You need not think to come at lovelier thoughts, by getting under your pines to write. *I* now sit under a pine, every whit as beautiful as yours, and while my pen goes, (and the boughs drop in my hair!) its busy music is drowned by the song of a family of robins above me. And one, more joyous than the rest, I fancy incarnate with that dear spirit my Martha assures me is hovering near.

"Your clover-meadow is very fine, I allow, at this hour in its second bloom; but is it nothing to gaze, as I can, from this bank, where the lichens open their colored cups, and lift their shining discs to the joy of this rare September day? Is it nothing to gaze, as I do, on a lake more beautiful than yours, and count the kindling ripples, and open my breast to its animating breeze?

"Our folks come here often for their family picnics, and we are here to-day for a rare one. What

would I not give if you and your family were here! Father and George Ludlow, (Fanny's husband,) are out in a boat, fishing, and I see them hauling in trout and pickerel, hand over hand. Mother is preparing for supper, and Fanny is reading 'Irving's Rural Life in England.' Cloths are laid under a wide-spreading oak, on a little lawn at my left, and, about three o'clock, we expect a fine old gentleman they call Uncle Walter, his wife and others, to sup with us.

"They have told me so much of the trout chowder we are to have, and other pic-nic 'fixings,' my mouth fairly waters to taste one. I cannot describe the scenery that opens around me. You must come and see it yourself. In reply to your inquiries, I would say yes! we *have* all the delightful things you mention, and it has seemed sometimes that the very same trees are here, the same birds, and your own clover-meadow, near my father's house, with the same splendid sky overspreading all.

"The Cayuga bounds my father's farm—the magnificent Cayuga—and from my seat on this green moss, I can throw a stone into its bright wave. The water reflects all the green of the woods, all the red of the sumac, and blue and yellow of the sky; and every dash of an oar, or dart of a fish, turns up a little rainbow to the sun. There are corn-fields on the opposite shore, waving their shining lances; there are stubble-fields, alternating with early

fallows, whose green blades of wheat look like scarfs of velvet on the hill. Wheat-stacks and pea-stacks stud the more distant fields. And from them, as from the leafy arcades of the woods, I count fine types of architecture.

"Father and mother talk of growing old; but really they appear young, and, allow me to say, I have seldom seen finer looking people. Father makes me think of Daniel Dale, and is quite as noble in his form and mien. Mother resembles Mrs. Maxy; she has the same fine countenance, the same spirited, yet chastened eye, and is just about as matronly, and as prompt, too, to tell you what she feels and thinks! She has an idea that, while a wife should stand in harmony, she should also stand an individual pillar in the temple of life, having her own base and capital, and not content herself with forming merely the plinth or abacus of that other pillar—her husband.

"Fanny is rich and rural as clover; and while she seems very affectionate, refined in sentiment, and high-principled, she is sunny as your little lake, in cloud or shine, and she can train like a trooper. I love her husband; I love all about me,—I have a right to love them, and tell *you* how good they look to me.

"Tell kind old Billy Bronk, I have found a match for him in a friendly heart and good story. I mean to bring them together, and it will be worth a dol-

lar to listen to their yarns. Dear Mrs. Tyler, how often I think of her motherly deeds to me! She shall never want for a friend, while I live. I think well of Mr. Tyler, also, and thank him now for many good lessons in life. I rejoice sincerely to hear how Jason and Wellington prosper.

"Your account of Father Dilworth's sermon, reminds me of what I heard last Sunday. An old gentleman they call Father Lovelight, who married my sister, preached here. He is a traveling preacher, and is so much liked, the clergyman of the place, a Baptist, insisted on his taking his pulpit, and preaching to his people, while he sat below and heard. Father Lovelight appears in doctrine what Father Dilworth is in practice, all love, sympathy, and hope. His views absolutely startle me with hopefulness; and I should be too happy if I believed them, as all my family do. And yet, strange as it may appear to some, they no more than carry out to full conclusions, Father Dilworth's practical principles.

"Conversing with me on architecture, he said Paul must have drawn some of his grandest figures from the temples he saw in Corinth, Athens and Rome. He quoted Ephesians, ii. 21, 22, to convince me that the human race will rise at last to one harmonious completion in purity and grace; and all the plans of God will be developed in perfect and symmetrical light and finish, like the Pantheon

which his eyes may have seen as he penned that passage; or the Parthenon which must have enriched his memory of Athens.

"He preached a sermon, which he illustrated by my singular fortune. He called it 'the Bow in the Cloud,' from his text—Gen. ix. 13, 14. I wish you could have heard that sermon. I shall never forget it. The conclusion actually entranced me, and I tremblingly wished all he promised might come true. Every word seemed a rapture to father and mother, in which they wept for joy. I will try and give you an idea of it. Yesterday, I could have quoted the whole of it, in such burning letters was it written on my heart. After an introduction, which he ended with the 6th and 7th verses of Campbell's 'Rainbow,' he stated three propositions, and spoke to them in course. First, God brings over the earth a cloud of seeming Evil; secondly, a cloud of Sorrow; thirdly, a cloud of Threatenings. Under the second head, he gave an illustration, which I remember now.

"He had spoken of the frequency and anguish of sorrow, and told how hard it was for all to endure sorrow as they ought. 'And hard as any thing, to anticipate impending sorrow, (these are his words very nearly, I think.) As we look before us, and see the cloud gathering and threatening with woes that we think must soon fall, we are bowed down in spirit, and pray that the cup may

pass. We cannot, for our life, see how it can be changed to a blessing. But Heaven is infinitely kind in all which is permitted, and as the *light* of the Lord reveals his *purpose*, the universe of evils is transfigured into beauties and blessings, and we enjoy the vision of delight. The cloud must appear, but it shall come to pass,—and the Lord hath said it,—"when I bring a cloud over the earth, the bow shall be seen in the cloud."

"'I rode in a carriage one morning,' said he. 'The night before had been rainy. After the rain there came a light snow, and after the snow, a frost; and, while the morning was clearer than a yellow topaz, every spire of hay uncropped, every rock, and twig, and tree was covered with ice, and shone like objects of crystal on my eyes. I rode *from* the sun. The aspect of nature was strange and wonderful, as I have often beheld it in dreams. Looking *before* me, I saw only the dusky trees and cold snowy fields, devoid of light, and shrouded in a gloom that froze me as I gazed.

"'But what was my surprise an instant after! What a change met my face, as I turned around and viewed the scene in the light of the sun! The sun poured his glory over field and forest, and every rock was blazing, and every leafless herb, every branching tree and waving bough, flamed with light, like a landscape of gold and silver, and objects that before were dark, now glittered in glory;

and things, before undefined, were revealed, and transfigured in beauty; and I found myself dreaming that I rode in a chariot, and was wheeling from star to star, and pausing amid bowers of opal and jasper in the paradise of God!

"'The scene filled my mind with pleasing similitudes, and this was one: as we look forward from the advancing vehicle of life, the objects before us will often appear cold and gloomy, frowning with sorrow, and veiled in a mystery, troublous and indefinable, and we will dread to meet them lest they crush us, with a burden of anguish, to the earth.

"'But change the scene; look back upon life, through the path of experience, and see the different aspect. How changed to joy and glory! The sun of God's providence shines down on each trial, grief and mystery, and observing them as lit all alive with its beams, we see how He brings good out of evil, and makes every thing beautiful in His time.

"'We cease then to wonder that we have been afflicted. We cease then to tremble beneath the cloud of sorrow, as the bow of promise beams on its breast. We cease to lament,'—but my letter is nearly full, and I must abandon a theme which haunts my soul with dreams of bliss, I am afraid to believe all true.

"I am glad you visit our *will-be* home. Fill up your heart with enjoyment. Be ready to give me

all the beauty of every book you have read in my absence, and every scene you have visited. I shall return as soon as I can have a conscience to tear myself from my dear friends. The hunger of their love is not nearly satisfied, and I must stay a few weeks longer. They will not consent to my *living* away from them. I know not what to do. I cannot bear to leave them long; I feel it my duty to gratify their wishes, and yet I think I should rather live in Sydney.

"I must return for a while and arrange my business. Jonas may dismiss one fear. I shall never give up architecture in this world. Father desires me to give it up, and do what I like on his farm. He has told me what he means to give me; it is more than I need, and I might live easy and idle if I chose; but my trade is *one* of my spouses, and I shall cleave to that, and that only. In a year or two, I mean to visit New York, (what say you, if you go along?) and enlarge my studies, and perhaps engage myself three or four seasons there. Who knows how much this education will aid us hereafter, to contemplate, with higher bliss, the temple of God, the pillars of paradise, and the infinite halls and arches of heaven? I join in all your prayers. How I *do* want to see you! Dispense my love to all; and, next to yourself, give Sydney Tyler the largest share. The Lord hold you in his heart."

Martha walked into the village, and took this letter from the office; and she saw little else returning home. The message affected her very much, and she walked faster, in her excitement, and rested less than she was aware. Another fine treat was enjoyed as her friends read the letter. The hour was late when they retired, and the morning smile lit on her eyelashes before she closed them. She had lain down more fatigued than any one knew, and the joy of the letter overcame her. Her pulse throbbed unnaturally; and the coolest water did nothing to allay the thirst that was parching her lips and tongue. She lay beyond her usual time, in hope of a little sleep and rest; Mrs. Sumner entered her chamber, and was alarmed to find she had decided symptoms of a fever.

XVII.

THE SACRED SUPPER.

THE day went by, and night found a shadow before it, veiling the Queen of the Fields. That shadow was not so dense, but the brighter stars could pierce it when they looked from the heavens; still it was a shadow in advance of night, a shadow of deepening gloom.

Martha Sumner had lain in her chamber all the long day, and her symptoms were worse instead of better. Her temples beat with a low, quick pulse; her tongue was dry and brown; her brain swum in giddy circles; her nerves were in a tremor; her breathing was difficult; stupor and delirium contended for her mind, and her physician said she had typhus fever.

The family around her bedside heard the decision with a shudder, and, watching his countenance, they discovered he had great anxiety, which one or two symptoms, that he still stood observing, tended to increase. He regretted they had not called him

before. He wrote his prescription, laid out and marked his medicines, and gave his orders, requesting Mrs. Sumner to sit by her daughter through the night, and strengthened her heart, by saying he would remain till morning, and see what he could do to check the progress of the fever.

The patient passed a very uncomfortable night; and from four till eight in the morning, she surveyed the room with delirious glances, murmured something of New York, and the pillars and arches of heaven, remembered of Arthur's letter, and had scarcely a lucid moment. The face of the physician told that the fever had fastened upon another and another vital part, baffling all his attempts to arrest it.

That day and another passed, and it was decided that she would have to lie long in the low and languid contest between life and death, if she recovered at all. Joy forsook the household, and grief superseded the stricken maiden at the family altar: sat in her chair at the table, and walked her usual rounds. On the third day, in the afternoon, while her mother was wetting her lips with a little lemonade, Martha roused a moment from her stupor, and casting a searching look around the room, and out of the door, she murmured the name of Clinton, as if wondering why he was not there, and giving up all the life that remained, to the dear desire of seeing him. The expression was made known to Mr.

Sumner, and he dispatched a line immediately to Summerfield, intimating the fear that Arthur might not see Martha again on earth, and inquiring if it would be convenient for him to return without delay.

The letter was borne by rapid coaches, was received and read at the Fabens fireside, and filled the house with a sorrow which had not before entered there since the night the fires were lit, and bells were all rung, to keep the wild beasts from devouring lost Clinton. Night was just setting in with a clear sky and broad and beaming moon; and Arthur desired to set out immediately for Sydney. He moved electric with resolution, and counted no hindrance or fatigue in the journey.

He was impatient with his cumbrous body for hindering his heart from flying in a minute to that sick chamber. The whole family grieved in sympathy with him, as though it had been one of their own familiar household. Yet they could not start immediately. The stage would not pass till the next afternoon, and their own carriage and horses could not be made ready before morning. He must wait till morning, and his father and mother would go with him.

The night crept away so slowly, time seemed to have reversed his wheels; but a ray of twilight at last tipped the tallest limbs of the trans-Cayuga woods, and they were on their early way for Syd-

ney. The roads were fine, and, with a brisk team and light carriage, they left woods and fields in moving succession behind them. Had the journey been one of pleasure, they had enjoyed it greatly, for they rode through one of the loveliest gardens which God has planted on this earth. But the gayest landscape looked mournful for their sake, and the blessed sunshine was the more gloomy, for the more brightness in which it fell.

At last they arrived at the Queen of the Fields, and Mr. Sumner and George came out to the gate, crying: "It is Arthur! it is Arthur!—She is alive, and will know you!" It was not a time for introductions, and the strangers got acquainted as they could; while Martha's pallid and emaciated face was pillowed on Arthur's heart, and her eyes were fastened on his, as if locked in some fascinating trance. Neither of them spoke for some moments. Martha could not speak above a low and tremulous whisper, in which she murmured his name, while a tear filled her eye, that she had not strength to wipe away. Arthur was able to utter but a few words before she was again delirious, and her mother laid her on her pillow, and he, with the maiden's hand still pressed in his, buried up his face in the same pillow, and wept his bitter grief. Mr. and Mrs. Fabens were permitted to look upon the panting sufferer, and had a stranger entered, it would have troubled him to tell by the tears that were shed,

who were the real parents. Then Arthur and all left the room to permit her a momentary sleep, and they were informed that there had been no alteration since they wrote, except, while the fever raged uncontrolled, and she gradually wasted like a flaring candle, she had enjoyed more lucid intervals for the last two days, and the delirium preceding her present stupor, was the first she had seen in twelve hours.

Mrs. Sumner attempted to give the doctor's last opinion, and the words, which choked her utterance, were given with difficulty by her husband. There was only the slenderest hope of her life. In two days more the crisis would come, and there might be one chance in ten for her recovery. To-morrow Father Dilworth was expected again, and it was hoped she might rouse and be revived a little in mind and body, to see him.

They had conversed on the state of her soul. She was not a church member, and had never made that formal profession of religion which is required of church members, and Father Dilworth was asked, supposing she died delirious, if they might hope she had met with a change of heart, and entered into rest.

"A change of heart?" said the venerable pastor, "and entered into rest? I believe we must have a holy heart before we can enter heaven; and we ought to have it in this life, to secure that hope for

the life to come. But as for that innocent girl—while sitting here, I have looked back on all her life, and I can remember no time since she was a child, when she needed a change of heart to enter the blessed kingdom. If all were as pure as Martha Sumner, earth would be heaven, and hell a fable."

He talked to her, and had you listened, you would have thought you were hearing Dryden's Good Parson, such an unction of comfort flowed from his anointed mouth to her soul. Martha could say but little, she was so troubled for breath, but Father Dilworth knew all was bright and beautiful before her. She asked them to show him Arthur's letter, and what he wrote of Father Lovelight. The old man read it, and exclaimed: "I must confess his theory looks beautiful; and it appeals to one's noblest sentiments. The gentleman errs, I fear, in regard to the number of the saved. *I* rejoice with all my heart to believe God is so good as to save all the millions my faith includes, and heaven itself must rejoice the more, for the more led home in holiness to its mansions. Yet I fear—I fear some will never repent, to be saved. I can only say hope on, hope on, you cannot hope too much good of God. 'If ye, being evil,' said the Savior, 'know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.'

"Judging others by myself, I would not be surprised if all were disgusted with sin at last, and would return to God, and ask for his spirit; but I fear many will repent too late; notwithstanding, John says, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' And Peter describes future judgment even, as a dispensation which, however terrible to sinners, will chasten and enlighten them, and bring them to God at last, with pure hearts to worship. He says: 'For this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit.'"

The girl, they said, smiled at these words, as if an angel had lit on her bed, and poured a message of heaven in her ear. She made a request of Father Dilworth, and a joyful surprise filled the house as it was known. She desired to be made a member of his church, and partake of the Lord's Supper, and leave that expression as the testimony of her love for Christ. The pastor assured her a meeting should be called, and he knew she would, with tears of love, be welcomed as a member, and he would come and break the bread of life in her chamber. To-morrow he was expected to perform that service.

That night passed away as you may well imagine, and, at the appointed hour, the good shepherd

found his lamb very feeble, but lucid and serene as when she had sung praises in his choir. He assured her she was a welcome member of his church, as she had *always* been of the church of Christ, and she should taste the bread and wine of the Sacred Supper. The family and friends filled the room, and Sydney Tyler and Mr. and Mrs. Bronk were admitted. All were sadly serene, most were in tears, and Mr. Bronk wept freely with them.

Martha was bolstered up in the bed, and, after a brief but gracious prayer and blessing, the bread and wine were given her, and offered around to all in the room. Father Dilworth felt moved to speak awhile, and Martha desired a hymn; but she was so exhausted, all that was omitted; and, when they laid her again on her pillow, she smiled and whispered, "Now I am satisfied. How sweet, how sweet this supper has been! Now I am satisfied."

All but Arthur and Mrs. Sumner left the room, and she roused up and said, "If I die, I want my Testament and Campbell's Pleasures of Hope to be buried among the flowers in my coffin; and I want a word from every one of you to write on my heart, and read when I am in heaven." When she had rested, the words were given her, as she could fix them in her memory, and she passed into a placid slumber, from which they felt she must wake in heaven. Arthur sat with his eyes fixed upon her, as if to see how slumbering cherubs look.

During the season of her sickness, the whole neighborhood were sad and anxious for her, and constant inquiries went around. Most of the people felt as if part of her belonged to each of them, and they would lose a sweet light of life if she died. Little children inquired if their Martha might not live, and wept, and told when last she hugged and kissed them. Billy Bronk could hardly work. Old Mr. Golden ran to the road every time the doctor passed home, and returned to his shop washing streaks of coal-dust from his face with tears. Sydney Tyler left his willows, laid up his flute, and moaned continually, saying again and again, how happy she was the other day, when she led him to the fields and taught him the song of the Sensitive Plant; and fearing it might prove a prophecy of her own end.

Either of a dozen young people would have died to save the life of Martha Sumner. Ophelia visited her often, kissed her pale cheek, and left little dishes she hoped Martha might relish. Lusia and Diaduma visited her almost every day. Barney Bronk pleaded to go away to Rochester for Dr. Bigelow. After Arthur came, his mother insisted on taking her mother's place for a while, and they two took most of the care of her, turning away many every day who requested the comfort of at least one night's privilege of watching.

The night after the communion, she called Mrs.

Fabens, and said she thought she could not live till morning, and she had one more direction to leave. She wished Mrs. Fabens would take home her oleander and a tulip-root, with a knit chair-tidy, to Fanny, and kiss her, and say she would love her in heaven; and her spirit would visit Summerfield on errands of love and blessing. She wished Mrs. Fabens also would take some of her flower-roots, and some of her needle-work to remember her Martha by.

Mrs. Sumner asked her if she continued to be reconciled to God's will. She answered with a smile and word, and the smile before the word convinced Mrs. Sumner that she was reconciled to the hand that prolonged her sufferings.

"And you are also reconciled to the thought of death, I hope, my dear," continued Mrs. Sumner.

"If I could be unreconciled," answered Martha, with another smile of triumph that seemed to light all the chamber, and reveal the gate of heaven at the door;—"if I could be unreconciled, it would not be to death. O, no, no, no! sweet mother! I have had such sights of heaven, it would seem good, it would seem pleasant to go to-night, if it were not for leaving you all behind to mourn. If I could be unreconciled, it would be to the thought of remaining on earth, and I love you all so dearly, I would be reconciled to that."

Arthur went to the bed with his mother, and was so affected he wept aloud. He saw a change

on her countenance which alarmed him, and he cried, "She is dying; O, it is hard, it is hard, dear Martha, to see you die!"

She opened her large eyes into his face, and, with a look of cherub sweetness, whispered: "It is not hard to die; no! no! no! it is not hard to die!—O, if we could go together—hand in hand!" She then sunk into a swoon, which they feared must certainly be her last; and by that time all the family were in the room, and old Mr. Fabens prayed that the Lord's will might be done.

The morning found her still alive, and she whispered to Mrs. Fabens—"Such a beautiful dream as I had! I was under my pine trees—a flock of robins lit above me—and as all began to sing, they turned to shining angels, and sung, 'We will not take thee yet—live long on earth—we will not take thee yet!' O, what a beautiful dream,—and such singing I never heard before!"

She would have called Arthur and whispered this to him, but just that moment her physician entered, expressing a fear that she had been worried by company and talk. He bent over her a few moments, and they hoped they saw one ray of comfort on his face. He carefully noted all her symptoms, and found, that while all were a little more favorable, none were any worse. Her countenance was better, there were more light and spirit in her eye; and she asked for something palatable

to melt on her tongue. Certainly, these were excellent symptoms; but he feared it might be too early for the crisis, gave little hope, and promised to return in three or four hours and spend the day with her.

The good physician returned, and remained through the day, and as the sun was wheeling with a long train of glory behind the western woods, he declared the crisis was over, and by good nursing, and God's help, their loved one might recover. For a moment Dr. Pearson seemed to shine in an angel's transfiguration! Martha appeared unaffected by his words, but the rest—they thought a word all warm from heaven had rolled in joyful syllables upon their ears!

The next morning Squire Fabens went home, rejoicing all the way. And, from that hour, they could see she was convalescent, though her recovery was slow, and in a life that appeared a new creation. For a long time Arthur and the mothers handed her in and out of the bed, as one would a babe, in their arms. At length Mrs. Fabens followed her husband in the stage coach.

Arthur concluded to remain in Sydney a year or two, contenting himself with a frequent visit to Summerfield; and after that time determine whether his business should be removed. When Martha was able to journey, he took her to Summerfield,

and left her with his parents to enjoy a fine visit; and a long, lovely Indian Summer, bland as a June morning, and blue as an April sky, convinced her that the township on the Cayuga was given its proper name.

XVIII.

JUAN? OR, JOSEPH?

On Arthur's return from Summerfield, he met Wellington Golden, and heard another story of Banks's Beer. They made a mistake in going so late in the season, and though the business promised well at first, Wellington became discouraged, sold out to Jason at a sacrifice, and returned with less than half the money his father needed to pay his note. Jason, he knew, would make an excellent shift, for he had opened a restaurant for the winter, and all said he would have plenty of custom, while Wellington would write a few months for William Pitt, and board with his sister Ophelia.

The next week Jason returned in a flying haste, saying briefly it was all as his cousin reported, and asking his father for an indorsement of two hundred dollars, for money to arrange his room in style, and stock it with confectionary, etcetera; and the old man was persuaded to accommodate him, anticipating the extensive business his keen-eyed son

must do another season, at any rate. Back hurried Jason, without hardly noticing that his useful old mother still lived to love him, and that she kept wiping tears from her eyes, from the time he bustled in, till long after his flying departure.

On the day Jason returned to Buffalo, Arthur received letters from Martha, Fanny, and his mother. Joy laughed all over the letters of the Fabenses, and Martha's was cheerful as the morning, with the chastened serenity of the starry night. His mother gave him love and joy from her full, warm heart. Love lurked under all Fanny's words, and gleamed through her careless letters, like gold through a net purse, while she pretended to rally him on what he wrote about her "training," in his letter from the lake-shore to Martha. The latter wrote as follows, and the breath of worship seemed to rise from the sheet as he read:

"BELOVED CLINTON,

"I will attempt a few words to you this morning. My hand still trembles, and my thoughts are scattering and confused. But I cannot refrain from writing, I seem so near you while I am writing to you, or reading your letters. I gain strength every day. This healing light and air are reïnstating rosy health on my cheeks, while they send a rapture into all my pulses.

"You did not tell me of half the beauties of your home. I have fallen in love with all that I have seen in nature and society here. I love my dear friends there as no words can tell, and my native Sydney seems a part of me. Still, I will not say but I might prefer to live in Summerfield. Your love of domes and spires, I think, must have been planted in your young boyhood, when a sight of these woods and hills first blest your eyes.

"We went down to the lake yesterday, and I declare I never saw a more lovely object. It far surpasses our Wallawanda. The shores are no finer,—how could they ever bloom with such beauty as our shores wear when we hold the Feast of May? But the lake itself is far more beautiful than ours. What a flame of flowing splendor it has been to-day! What pictures of the woods, fields, and skies it painted, without a stack, or corn-hill, or rock, or tree, or sumac-plume omitted! I sat down where you wrote your letter, and gazed a long while on the lake. I gathered some fine mosses, and picked up some pebbles and spiral shells on the beach, to place in our cabinet. I found a few late flowers to press. I gathered some beautiful grasses and sumac berries for my vases, and picked partridge-berries and winter-greens in the woods.

"Your father's house is *very* pleasant. How delightful Fanny will have it in the apartments

finished off so beautifully for her! I *do* love that good and glad-hearted being, and would like to live near her; and your noble mother too. I am reading my Testament, and Young's 'Night Thoughts,' which Father Dilworth gave me when I left. The 'Night Thoughts' are too masculine, and often too gloomy for me; yet they are very sublime, and frequently fill my heart with transport. The passage on Christ's resurrection fairly lifted me up to heaven, as one of the attending spirits, and I gave my own shout—'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!'

"I feel that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to God, for his blessings and mercies. But your mother says I must write no more, lest I get too much fatigued. My heart-warm love to my people, and all friends, and do not forget Sydney Tyler."

Martha Sumner made a long visit in Summerfield, and every hour of the time seemed a burst of light from heaven. At last George and Fanny took their fine horses and carried her home, making a very memorable visit in Sydney, and returning in joy for all the delights they had felt and seen.

Before Martha went to Summerfield, Arthur concluded a bargain with lawyer Popinjay, to build him a house. It was to be a superb affair; and he was to furnish most of the materials, and, for a

given sum, which was liberal, finish it up to the trowel of the mason. He also resolved to commence a less expensive one for himself, at the same time, and finish them nearly together. He set a full band of workmen on them, and they were inclosed on the last days of a mild December.

He worked with his joiners throughout the winter, most of the time on the lawyer's mansion, taking time only to finish a kitchen and dining-room in his own house, and prepare two bedrooms for the masons.

William Pitt would have been more highly pleased to locate his residence in Hampden, but there were eloquent lawyers there, and Hampden society carried a very lofty standard; and, knowing he would be a much larger man in a more rural place, he located his grounds and reared his residence in Sydney. Arthur's estate was on the opposite side of the street, a few rods south, on a rise of ground that seemed to look down with scorn upon the lower land of the lawyer, although it was smaller by five acres.

Some suspected that William was not extremely pleased with the idea of such a rivalship from a "carpenter," even if Arthur was obliged to build a smaller house; but it was generally thought Arthur was building to sell again, since they could hardly suppose he would keep himself long from his late-found home in Summerfield.

But since it was a well authenticated fact with the lawyer, that Arthur was well-born, and had a father who could do a fair thing for his only son, he changed his manner toward him, and treated him with familiar courtesy. While his mansion was being built, he was often in, counseling and planning with his architect, and holding an intercourse that appeared fast ripening into friendship. Ophelia too was free in very friendly manners, and Arthur was encouraged to hope she would make a woman of good principles and very tolerable mind. The lawyer and his lady visited George and Fanny Ludlow, at Mrs. Sumner's, and while Fanny could scarcely restrain an amusing leer at the lofty ways of the gentleman, she was really pleased with Ophelia, thinking it was true as they all said, that she had outgrown many little follies of her girlhood.

William expressed himself more and more delighted with his house, and declared he would make a grand party to warm its beautiful rooms, when finished, and Arthur's friends should come from Summerfield to attend it. Ophelia called in often alone to see how the elegant work went on, and lingered and conversed with Arthur, sometimes, as he said, on his history, and sometimes on the orders and figures of architecture, which he loved to describe and explain.

Then, when Martha happened to be over, they

all visited her growing home, and joked her about the time it was hoped she might enter as its mistress. The intercourse which Arthur and Martha enjoyed through the winter, with Mr. and Mrs. Popinjay, was truly agreeable, and they felt no regret in the thought of having them for neighbors, if they should remain for any time to occupy their pleasant Sydney home.

The lawyer's house was finished, and it was a beautiful piece of work. There were far costlier houses in Hampden, it was true, and houses of gayer and more elaborate architecture, but there were few that affected the eye more pleasantly. The form of the house, with its two fine wings, was symmetry itself; and to gaze upon it, your senses were not more refreshed with its perfect and classical simplicity, than feasted by its affluent taste and trim. It reproduced the beauty and spirit of Athens, in a rural township of a youthful state, beyond where Plato's green Atlantis bloomed.

Every thing about it was extremely convenient, and comfortable withal, and more than one declared it would be their own fault if William and Ophelia did not take a world of comfort there. Many called in to see it, and went away flattering the talent of the Builder. Mrs. Golden called again and again, and almost wished she might be a widow, and homeless, and live with Ophelia, and direct her in the charge of her opulent home. When it was all

finished and swept, Mr. Golden was conducted through its echoing halls, and he was startled with fright at the thump, thump, thump, of his clouted shoes, and slunk into a seat in the last parlor, absolutely abashed by the beauty he beheld, and mortified, for his baize jacket, leathern breeches, and warty skin.

The doors were opened to the masons; and Arthur finished his own house. His, too, was elegant enough for anybody. It was quite inferior to Popinjay's, in size and style; it cost far less; but for the amount it cost, it was certainly a superb building. It was good enough for any man. It had a look of modest sweetness, a spontaneity of grace and gladness about it, which well became the gentle being who would enter its pleasant door, with a love of God and nature in her heart. Martha wondered how Arthur could so flatter all her tastes, and Billy Bronk declared, "he would have named the house Patty Sumner, had he threw the bottle at the raisin'." Every thing about the house and grounds was so pleasant when Mr. and Mrs. Fabens came and saw it in the spring, they had new fears that Arthur would be tempted to live too long in Sydney.

When Arthur's house was left to the masons, the lawyer's house was finished, and with Duma Truck for servant, and her mother for counsel, Ophelia completed the arrangement of her furniture, and they

set their family table, commenced a large style of living, and talked of the promised party. A week passed away, and William Pitt appeared to dread quitting the pleasures of his house, for the drudgery of his office, while Mrs. Golden was there at almost every tea, in her proudest apparel; and Dumie congratulated herself on being the maid of that mansion, rather than the wife of the widower in Livonia, who bewitched her with the blissful thought of mothering his eight children, and then ran off and married a younger and handsomer girl.

When the furniture was arranged to Mrs. Golden's liking, one afternoon, Arthur Sumner was seen to enter there. He was seen to knock twice at the door, heard to inquire if William Pitt was home, and to be informed by Ophelia that she supposed he was at a neighbor's near by, while he was cordially invited in. The person who saw and heard this, passed along without witnessing any thing more; when William Pitt, who declared he had long suspected evil, appeared from the cellar with his hired man, and rushing up to a fine chamber, burst open the door, surprising Ophelia with her friendly guest.

"You infernal villain, I have caught you!" he cried, and Ophelia screamed and sunk back into a chair, while Arthur stood speechless, and looked as if petrified to marble. "For this you enter my paradise of innocence, you second Juan, do you?

You had better whiten and hold your tongue, you Satan in Eden! I have caught you in your devilment!"

"I have been caught in a devil's net," answered Arthur, now able to speak, "and your Eden is none the less pure for my standing here. Call me Joseph, and not Juan, for I have done your wife no dishonor."

"You incarnate lie! what do you mean? Ah! what do you mean? Hustle him out of this, aha! hustle him out of this, Mike; kick the curse down stairs, and into the streets, and I'll have him know that pricking thorns grew under his bed of roses!"

Mike laid his great hands on Arthur's collar, and jerked him from the room; when he cried—"I say!" and—"I say!" interrupted the raging husband; and—"I say!" interrupted Arthur; and—"I say, along, along my buck!" bellowed Mike;—and—"I say, drag the snake to the street, and snap his infernal head off!" shouted the lawyer; and, while they were still in hearing, he turned to Ophelia, and said: "This indeed is a pretty fix for you! Hide your shame, and think how you have paid my love, and into what a hell you have turned my blissful heaven!" While "O dear! O!—O!—O!" groaned Ophelia, and Mike dragged Arthur down stairs, and set his course for Mr. Sumner's.

This was indeed a very sad disclosure, to follow in the steps of so much triumph and honor, and it

must have wrenched his heart, as if breaking it on a wheel, whether innocent or guilty. Guilty? How could guilt find a lodging in a breast which all had regarded the temple of purity and honor? Innocent? What face could he have to protest his innocence? what chance or courage to attempt its proof?

Up to that hour his character had been good, not a fleck of dishonor had sullied it. But how far would that go to vindicate him now? He had been seen to enter after being informed that the husband was away. He had been suspected, followed, found in the chamber alone with William's wife.

He went directly to Mr. Sumner, and told his side of the story. He was pale and trembling, yet he must have been either a flint-hearted villain, or an innocent man, to appear with that utter freedom from shame in which he stood before Mr. Sumner. Mr. Sumner believed his story, and it was repeated in the house before Martha and her mother; and, while agony glared on each ghastly face, they all believed him innocent.

But there was all of the other side open to be told, open to be proved on evidence, and that story flew around as if the winds had carried it. Nor did it end "as a tale that is told." That very night fast riders appeared at the gate; stern officers thundered into the house, and Arthur Sumner was ar-

rested and lodged in jail as a criminal. Mr. Sumner insisted on going along, and as the key was turned on the prisoner, he begged Mr. Sumner and all to keep it from his friends in Summerfield. The next week he was examined, and it appearing that Mrs. Popinjay had often visited him at his work during the winter, received such attention from him as to excite her husband's suspicion, and at last was discovered with him in her chamber, the prisoner was bound over for trial, with bonds so heavy he would have been remanded to prison, had not Mr. Sumner and other friends stepped forward, unsolicited, and taken the bonds, and led him away in liberty.

Whatever might be Arthur's story, the evidence was against him, and he could hope but little from the speech of people, and less from the law. If he were innocent, it must be believed by those who confided entirely in his former character, and the manner in which he protested innocence. But, innocent or guilty, his character was dearer to him than the tender apple of his eye, dearer than sweet life itself; every touch upon that character, hurt like having his flesh torn with pincers; and when I cannot name that rending anguish, how shall I attempt to describe the pangs that would be added if the news reached Summerfield?

The story was on all tongues, and got into the papers, with only the suppression of names, which

were promised soon to be given to the public. The man, Mike, seemed to enjoy ubiquity, to furnish fresh and first-hand facts for everybody. What he actually saw, might have been bad enough to tell, but greedy gossip was not long satisfied with that, nor was tip-toe curiosity content with what she teazed to hear. Hundreds must tell it, with swelling additions, and swear Mike Lakeman told them so.

Ophelia went home to her mother's in dejection; and, while her pitying mother laid all the blame on the Builder, her father was agitated by shame, compassion and indignation, and, getting on a strange boldness for him, he told William Pitt to his teeth, to divorce her if he chose, but she and Arthur had good enough still left in their souls, if weighed against his, to make him kick the beam like a sack of wormy feathers.

Wellington was the mustachioed blade who took out his fragrant Havana, and spit, to swear he would shoot the offender. Dr. Waxwood hung his chattering and chuckling leer on the archest conch-shell nose, on the jolliest eyes, and the widest, lecherous lips, and said in the stores and taverns, "*Don't* kill the poor carpenter, don't *kill* him; *I* cannot say that *I* blame him."

Mrs. Dr. Waxwood entreated everybody now for pity's sake to cease joking Lusia about Arthur Sumner, for she always did detest the fellow. Diaduma

Truck kindled with a flame of triumph, and jumped for very joy, to think she never married him. But poor Mrs. Tyler was brought down almost to her grave by the trouble which it gave her. She could not for one moment think Arthur was guilty, though Mrs. Dr. Waxwood reproached her with wilful unbelief. But she grieved in sympathy with him; grieved for his injured character and peace, and kept exclaiming, at her loom and wheel, "What a pity for him now, he has just found his home, and begins to prosper and take comfort!"

Sydney contended with all, that it was impossible for Arthur to have committed the least impropriety, while he suffered even more than his friend, from the aspersions cast upon his excellent name.

Billy Bronk cried "Sodom!" and declared he knew there must be monkery somewhere, but the lying lawyer had the ship in his hands, and he would run Arthur on a reef. Father Dilworth shook his head, not knowing positively what to think of the testimony against Sumner, while he relied too much on the young man's character to judge him guilty till a court of justice might pronounce him so. Mrs. Dilworth, being the minister's wife, had no right to a woman's opinion, and she was counseled, by one or two, not to express an opinion, for fear it might disturb the harmony of the church; but she assumed a bold independence, and defended Arthur everywhere. Some called Ophelia a minx,

and others, in the face and eyes of testimony, denounced her raging husband.

Arthur was to have been married in about a month to Martha Sumner. She was ready as ever to marry him. Her parents and brother were willing, and, since it was so, they all hoped they might console their own hearts by this consummation. But Arthur said, "No! put it off a year at least, and see the end of the lawsuit." They knew that would make no difference with the public, and it must go against him. His attorney gave him little hope, and asked him questions that seemed the dividing asunder of body and soul. They would leave it with Arthur to set the marriage day; at the same time they begged him to permit them to show a little devotion, and not postpone it on their account.

He declared he would not be married with such foul blots on his name. Martha replied, that if she believed him guilty, for the honor of her sex, she would have cast him like a serpent from her; but believing him innocent, she cared nothing for what the world said and did, except so far as they might ruffle his peace; she would love him still, and stand to him for character, honor, society and all, of which they might bereave him.

"O, you good, good girl! I know you will!" said Arthur, shedding his first tears, quite overcome by her comfortings; "I know, I know you will,

and God will bless your devotion if I never do. I,—O, I cannot talk now, you touch me in a tender place, and I must play the baby!—But God will bless your devotion, while I cannot comply with your wish."

Whether from the papers, or from some secret letter, it was not generally known, but the news went to Summerfield, and Arthur's father and mother came, and he cried, "In the ear of Heaven, I declare my innocence!" and fell, weeping, in his mother's arms.

XIX.

SPRING BIRDS;

Mr. and Mrs. Fabens mingled their tears in the tenderest sympathy with Arthur's, and as they were impatient to hear his story, Mr. Sumner told it for him, declaring that most of his friends were persuaded by their faith in him to believe it. Then Arthur himself repeated it, adding minute particulars, and such a spirit of manliness did he breathe, and such a glow of innocence opened and kindled his face, they retired with comfort to their bed.

And such was their bearing toward him after that, and such the devotion of all his other friends, his strength and heart returned every day, like sweet spring mornings after a winter of gloom, and he bore himself bravely. He had never seen an angel, and knew not the sweetness of their smiles, or the splendor of their beauty; but he felt if ever they walked this wicked earth, those friends must be angels, ranging around him and holding up his hands.

He knew he would have done for either of them, in a change of circumstances, what they did for him, but a sense of their goodness affected him even more than the hardest hitting censure of a foe, and he thought nobody ever looked so beautiful as they now did. He wanted to embrace them, and weep himself away in thanks on their necks.

He lost no friend of value by the manner he spoke of the lawyer and his family. One or two, it is true, were a little mortified by his apparent lack of spirit, and others sneered, and said they were now convinced of his guilt, for his tameness was not the manner of an innocent man. For Ophelia, he expressed nothing but grief and pity. The man, Mike Lakeman, he declared beneath his scorn. Toward William Pitt he remained indignant, covering him with all the blame.

For Wellington Golden he cared so little, when that swaggering blade threw down a cigar one day, and held a pistol to Arthur's breast, commanding him to prepare for death, he opened his bosom and declared his preparation with such a bold voice and gentle mien, the hand dropped down, the pistol fell on the ground, and the insolent gallant quivered and reeled with the weakness of a baby.

But for Martha Sumner, how could he express the love and gratitude that filled his soul? If Billy Bronk looked beautiful now, and seemed an angel of goodness, how must Martha have appeared in

all her loveliness of face and form, in all her heavenly excellence of being, as she covered him with a shield of sympathy less vulnerable than the armor of Achilles?

And Sydney Tyler—his dear blind brother, as he called him—how his heart yearned toward him in the strong responses of the dearest, delicious sympathy, and how he longed to give Sydney sight and a fortune, for his loyal constancy and love!

And to Fanny Ludlow, how could he tell the gratitude he felt for a letter, in which she said—"Faint not, my dear brother, in this trial. God still lives in heaven. He knows all that is going on here. He hears every voice that speaks, and not a groan arises from a prison or a sick chamber, not a prayer goes up, but He hears and regards it on His throne. His eye is on you, and He will hold you in His heart. He has angels engaged on behalf of the innocent. His eye is on your enemies now, and you need not fear that they may harm you.

"Are you not too sensitive about your reputation? What if the evil do defame you, as long as you are innocent, what have you to lose or fear? The poisoned arrows cannot pierce the buckler of your virtue. Do you not remember what I read to you from Comus, in one of our woodland walks? How 'dear to Heaven is saintly chastity'? how many 'liveried angels lackey her'? and how Virtue teaches one 'to climb' above this troubled sphere?

'Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.'

"What if your enemies triumph so far as to turn against you some who have professed to be your friends? You can lose nothing in the end. While you had every reason to expect a few would forsake you—a few whose friendship is too weak to be tested—hundreds will learn, for the first time, who you are, and many warm hearts, I dare say, will rally in your defense; many new sympathies enlist on your side, to share your trials and support your spirit, where you have expected to remain a stranger, unregarded. Come to Summerfield, and we will lock you in a fortress of the fondest hearts, while I clothe you warmly with a sister's love.

"We have constancy here, as you have there. My blue birds sometimes close their songs, and flit, if a cloud appears. My robins and sparrows are often away in the night, and my cherry trees are lonely in their absence. We have hardly a spring or summer bird that does not desert us before the first breath of winter succeeds the first cloud of autumn. But even in winter we are not left alone. The little trooping snow-birds come on the wildest winds to cheer us; and if you will come and live here, while the summer-birds of friendship even will cheer a long season with their songs, the snow-birds of love will visit you in the roaring storms of sorrow, and in flocks, like the snow flakes, chirp

and twitter their sweet comfort and joy about the door of your heart."

And how shall I describe the new strength and courage that ran along his nerves, as dear old Billy Bronk one day exclaimed: "*Don't* mind what the sculpins do, my noble Arthur! don't mind the *infernal* sculpins! Sodom! do you think you can please *every* body? The Lord of Heaven don't please every body. If He did, while many are so wicked, I should fear He had His streaks of evil too! But even He *don't* please every body; and can *you* expect less enemies accordin' to your lot?"

But such was the testimony now ready to be given against him, he expected to be defeated on his trial. His own lawyer looked long, and advised him by all means to settle it if he could. *That*, Arthur thought, would be tantamount to a confession of guilt, and yet what must that character be worth which could not sustain itself out of a court of justice? which could not outlive a lawsuit?

His father and friends advised him to settle it, and hope that God himself would right him very soon. But would the plaintiff consent to a settlement? Yes; his associate counsel assured Arthur's lawyer that "they would do what was right with the fellow, without taking it to court. Becoming more calm in their indignation, they felt a compassion that would not willingly trample him down to the dust."

Such words roused up his manhood, and tingled his ears with indignation, but he must expect to bear them for the present, and suppress his angered heart. What terms did they offer? The amount due Arthur for building Popinjay's house. The whole amount? Ay. But how much had he been paid? Not the first hundred dollars, though Arthur furnished nearly all. The money was due when the house was done, and that was a large sum for any man to lose. Arthur dropped his head, and groaned at the reply.

Then his father advised him to accept the terms, outrageous as they were, and escape from the snare of the fiend. He was innocent, and God would make up the loss in some good way. His father could do a great deal for him, and would rejoice in doing it. But Arthur was too independent to accept more than his sympathy now.

"I will not take one cent of your money, father," said he; "I will rot in jail before I will do it. You have come by your money by too many hard knocks, to part with it in this way. After being mourned so many years as lost, I will not come back to you mortgaged, or to be mortgaged. I have a little too much of your own blood in me for that, thank God!"

"If you will not allow me this little comfort, I will abandon you," said the Squire.

"I cannot yield this point, and you must not de-

mand it," said Arthur. "I have too proud a soul to suffer myself to fall on my father for money to help me out of trouble of this kind. If I take any more from you, let it be by-and-by, when this storm is over. Then it will do me some good. But do not press it upon me now; I should feel guilty as a culprit to take it."

"But how can you get along alone? You must owe something yet for your outlays on his house," said the Squire.

"I know just how I stand," said Arthur. "It will take away my last dollar; but I can come off free and clear. A man has been trying to buy my real estate—which I got at a great bargain, and which has risen on my hands;—he offers a good price; I will sell it to him, and, getting all my money down, in addition to what I have beside, I will pay Pitt's demand, and every other cent I owe. Let it all go; I do not care. Money cannot make or unmake a man. There are many, I know, who think it does. There are many who think their blood is enriched and their families ennobled by wealth! Father, there are some people here in Sydney, who would have nobody go up to heaven who is too poor to ascend the skies in a *golden* chariot. And they expect to enjoy select society there, and live in golden palaces, and wear golden crowns, and walk golden streets, and play on golden harps, above the commonality of redeemed spirits.

"This robber, Popinjay, is a saint on the calendar of such a religion, and let him take the money, and welcome to all the good he can get from it, while I may be earning more. A plenty of honorable business is offered me."

"Well, but you *must* not bear it all so!" said the Squire, while the big tears filled his eyes and grief interrupted his words. "I admire your independence; I am proud of such a son. But you *must* let me help you a little. Come, I have a hundred or two that burns my pocket, and you must relieve me of it. What is a father good for, if he cannot do a little for his children now and then? Your mother and sister—"

"I cannot help what you feel," answered Arthur, "I must disobey you now. I must have my own way in this, or shame and grief will kill me."

And Arthur had his way; and he made his old father and mother sad, while they could but admire and honor the young man for his manly independence. The settlement was made, and the bonds were canceled. Then Arthur sold his house and grounds, paid every dollar he owed, and had five dollars left in his pocket to begin in the world again.

Parting with that home, whose joys he had tasted in so many dear anticipations, was another stroke of cruel fortune. He and Martha grieved like children, when they went to give it farewell; and

it was no comfort to be told that Martha might take her own, briar-rose from the bedroom window, her honeysuckle from the door, and her tulips from the garden. But before they gained her father's house, her sunny smiles returned, and she said, "Arthur, never mind, they cannot rob us of each other.—They cannot take love or peace from our hearts; and your intelligence and skill as a builder, are worth more than Pitt will ever possess. I feel *so* proud of your talents and vocation! and I will go with you to Summerfield."

"I cannot go now," answered Arthur. "They would certainly tear down my fair temple of honor, if I should go away now. I will stay here a year or two, and see if I may not live down their scandal; and you pray God to help me."

The next day after the settlement, Lawyer Huntington, of Hampden, heard of the affair, and, unaware of the former day's proceedings, he came and introduced himself to Arthur, and tendered him his counsel. In talent and in character, he was a splendid man; and Arthur was surprised with himself that he had not employed him in the first place. Lawyer Huntington's ample heart was brim full of feeling for the injured; his acute mind was keen as a beagle on a scent of truth, and he had not heard Arthur's story through before he was confirmed in the belief of his innocence. He was indignant toward Popinjay, and almost mad with

Arthur and his counselors, for yielding a dollar in the settlement.

"What if they did bluster about so much testimony?" he asked. "I believe I could have unraveled their conspiracy and scattered its torn fragments to the winds. And would I not love to do such a work without a fee? Consider the suspicious circumstances! That very bustle and bluster were suspicious. The innocent never bustle, the injured never bluster.

"And the breaking of the door, and the swagger in the room had no sincerity in them. If he believed you guilty of the baseness, why did he not break your head as well as the door, and cast your carcass to the dogs? I would have done it, by Heaven I would!—And they say he looks down, and his owl eyes thicken their glass, like a culprit's, when he pretends to tell the true story. That is an unmistakable mark of guilt. A liar glasses his eyes when he lies; mark my word for it; while truth has an eye as frank as the sun, and clear and bright as a dew drop.

"And why all that fawning around you in the winter? And why receive boards, nails, and carpenter work in barter for Mistress Ophelia's chastity?—I know his circumstances. He had his land clear; he paid for all his furniture, but he could not have paid your bills for the house. And why has he demanded just that amount to heal the

wounds of insulted honor? His wife is back living with him again, did you know it? Yes! the treacherous Calypso smiles again in her halls, and they say he is fond as ever of her. Is there no suspicion in that, I ask you?"

"I think you do her injustice," said Arthur. "I cannot yet believe she had a hand in the plot."

"Be that as it may," replied Huntington. "I must tell you frankly, my friend, you have been most guilty of all in the settlement you made with the scoundrel. But it is now past remedy. You have signed and sealed your ruin; I cannot retrieve it, except in what I may be able to say and do to undeceive the community."

Lawyer Huntington said all this in presence of Arthur's father and friends, and, while they took new comfort with him, they regretted they had not seen that counselor before.

That visitor seemed another angel the Lord had sent down from heaven to cheer him, and he relied on the gentleman's sympathy and influence, for much to retrieve his own character and peace.

Mr. Huntington made a great stir in Hampden, and, as Fanny Ludlow predicted, many new friends found her brother out for the first time, and spoke such cheering words, Arthur thought of the troops of little snow birds that fly down on the roaring winter storm, and twitter of love about the door.

He got a fine house that very week to build for

one of the first men in Hampden; and when he had placed a strong band of workmen on it, he was given Father Dilworth's new church to build. Others bid lower than he for the contract, but the committee were instructed to give it to him, and that expression of confidence did his heart a world of good. Would that Christian people have tendered such patronage to a corrupter of virtue? No, no, unless deceived in their confidence! That single proffer was full of comfort as the best sermon the minister ever preached. It multiplied his friends, and dashed his enemies. The wheel of fortune rolled the right way once more.

His workmen all loved him, and there was not one among them who would not have flung his own body between Arthur Sumner and death. A great many of the first people in Sydney, Falkland, and Hampden joined in the contest, that honored and loved him. Little children loved him, rallied around him, crowded his way with sunny faces, laid flowers on the table where he made his designs, and on the bench where he wrought fine carvings and run fine mouldings. And as children are first to discern and admire the good, and suspect and despise the evil, this testimony was, as by instinct, taken for a proof that he was good and pure.

Scarcely two months after Arthur engaged this church, Wellington Golden, who had been absent for a season, returned to town in a new employ-

ment. He had gone to Albany and engaged himself to a company of showmen; their menagerie spread its proud pavilion in Sydney, and Wellington came along as one of its principal managers. He had for a great while desired such a situation; nay, the longing had haunted his mind since the menagerie showed on training day in Hampden, when he called Arthur, "Aunt Tarza Tyler," and raised such a roaring laugh on his short trowsers and calf-skin shoes. Ever since that day he had aspired to this situation, and he looked brown, trim and saucy, in his bold black beard, curled mustaches, rakish cap, cavalier coat, and fly pantaloons; while he stroked and tweaked the luxuriant tufts on his lips and chin, and filled all the sweet air around him with the smoke of a rare cigar.

His main business was to keep order around the ring, saddle the elephant when the ladies went to ride, hold the steps, and hand them gallantly up and down from the saddle. At a glance, one could see how he prided in his calling. His mother and friends had the first ride, of course, and as he went his rounds, and performed his gallant duties, many little boys, with open mouths, watched his words and movements, forgetting their oranges and gingerbread, and wished for all the world, they might get away up to such a high, big, sight-seeing, sight-showing station.

And how the people wondered at his knowledge when he described the animals!

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "is the royal Nubian lion, which some naturalists suppose is of the same *specie* of Naaman's great lion, that the famous Herculus slew. This is the tiger of Bengal, the largest that was ever brought to this country. This is the celebrated zebra of South Africa.—Stand back thar, gentlemen, stand back, or that lion will have you in his paws! Naturalists say there are six of the specie; and they constitute the *genius* to which the noble horse belongs.—Boys, look out thar, the zebra 'll give you jessy! The rarity of this splendid animal, ladies and gentlemen, you will all confess, when I tell you he has a hundred stripes, and *he* runs one way while the stripes run another. Here is a pair of splendid leopards, just from the jungles.—This, ladies and gentlemen—boys, away from the elephant thar!—this is the royal ring-tail monkey, the only one of the specie that was ever brought over the sea. You perceive, by comparison, that he resembles man in many of his features and ways. In his native woods he suspends himself from the cocoa tree, and tries to kiss the female women as they pass. There is a noble bison from the prairies of the west.—Only one, only one, thar boys, on that bison's back at a time!—Here is a pair of two-hump camels, that Robbins and Riley are supposed to have rode when

prisoners among the Arabs. Here is a happy family of birds and animals, from an eagle to an owl, and from a monkey to a mouse.

"This is the royal boy constrictor of Asia. It bears a profusion of black and yellow spots on its back, and measures thirty-one feet, six inches and a half. It is of the Python genius. It is very ferocious, and suspends itself on the trees, and takes down men and oxen at a gulp.

"Here is a monstrous white bear the Esquimaux catched climbing up the north pole.—Ladies, stand back, stand back if you *please*, or that monkey will surely kiss you!—And this elephant is the great Tippoo Sultan. He measures fifteen feet in height; his tusks are five feet, two, and he can dance a hornpipe as well as the lightest lady here."

And thus he went on describing the menagerie, while curious and odd remarks were made on his words. Billy Bronk called his work, "lifting the elephant;" said Welly was so big his mother had to make up two beds for him last night, and offered to "bet ten dollars against one, by Sodom, he would outweigh great Tippo Sultan himself, ears, feet, trunk, tushes and all."

A week or two after, they had news from Jason Tyler. He went on recklessly at Buffalo, obtained several indorsements of his father on false pretences, and made him a nominal partner; and now he had failed for an amount which himself and his

father together could not pay. The old man's property was attached and sold, and they were turned out of house and home, without a sixpence to buy a loaf of bread.

A cruel, cruel misfortune! It was no wonder that Jason ran away to Ohio. How could he have had a face to meet those indulgent parents, or an ear to hear that poor blind brother's moan? There was Jane left, and a kinder creature never wiped a parent's tears. She ran to them; her husband, her children ran, in hopes to ease their fall; but all they could do, was to lift their gray heads a little, and lay scanty pillows beneath. They were ready to share the last loaf with them, and with blind Sydney; they *would* do it, and be blessed in the deed. But they had a large family, and it seemed to the Tylers like laying live coals on the tenderest wound, to go there. Yet they could not lie on the frosty earth, with not even a bark shelter to cover them from the night, and they went to live with their daughter.

Sydney, by his wonderful activity, had supported himself by his willow-work for the last few years, and he might have continued that support, but his shop and all went to pay Jason's debts, and he had nothing left to help himself. Arthur would have built him a shop on the cascade in his garden, but that too had passed away, and he could not lay that comfort to his heart. Mr. Sumner, however, gave

Sydney a home at his house for a time; arranged a fine shop for him in his corn-house, and set him to work again.

But Mr. and Mrs. Tyler gave up to grief, and hopeless melancholy. Mr. Tyler took the misfortune most keenly, was thrown into a violent brain-fever, and death came quickly and closed the curtain on his scene of wo. Every one thought Mrs. Tyler would soon follow her husband, for she was brought down to her bed, with a heart, which she said was broken all to pieces.

Arthur visited her often, and mourned with her, as if she had been his mother, and he felt the deepest grief when he remembered it was beyond his power at present to give her any pecuniary aid. Had his own home remained at his disposal, the Tylers would have all been taken immediately to it, and made most welcome there. Sydney was scarcely from her chamber for weeks, and he and Arthur strove to excel each other in expressions of sympathy and love.

The whole neighborhood mourned for them, and offered many kind things to mitigate their sorrow. The whole neighborhood were indignant at the cold and selfish manner in which possession was taken of Mr. Tyler's home. The tides of sympathy were turned a while from Arthur into hearts that had greater need, and he was comforted to see those poor hearts share them. Duty at last called him

on a visit to Summerfield. His parents expressed a right to his presence, and he obeyed them; while he begged to be released in a fortnight, to return and attend to business, which called him on every hand. The journey would be pleasant as he could make it in remembrance of mourning friends, and it was not likely that his reputation would suffer greatly by two weeks' absence.

XX.

TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

WHILE two weeks were passing in Summerfield, another scene opened in Sydney. William Popinjay was one of the actors. For two years, or more, he had been employed as an agent for a small land company of New York City, had sold out most of the land under his agency, and a large amount of receipts remained in his hands awaiting further orders. An order came that it should be paid into a bank at Rochester, in exchange for a draft on New York City.

In less than two weeks after Arthur set out for Summerfield, William Popinjay started for Rochester on the business of that exchange. He started in a one horse carriage, by the earliest morning light, and his man, Mike Lakeman, went along as driver. Ophelia was told not to expect them before another day, as they would remain in Rochester till the next morning, transacting other business. Mr. Summerton was passing toward Hampden, as

William parted with his wife at the gate of his proud mansion, and he was surprised to remark on her beautiful face the signs of an illness that seemed eating her heart away, and a look of grief, which could hardly have been impressed by so short a separation from her husband.

William's spirited horse soon wheeled him out of sight of the slow-jogging farmer, and he thought no more of the trifling incident, till in the afternoon, as he was about setting off for home, William and his man returned through Hampden, with trouble and alarm on each pale face, declaring that robbers had met them with pistols and knives in the woods on their way, and taken that package of money from them. The cry of robbers, like a flash of powder, kindled all the town into one wide flame of commotion, and before they entered the Hampden House, a crowd came pressing around them, in open-mouthed wonder, to hear them tell their story.

They were in the darkest part of a dense and gloomy wood, it appeared, when a giant of a devil darted from the thicket, glaring the most horrid eyes from an ugly black face, and, catching the horse by the bits, and pointing a pistol, cried out: "Your money, or your lives!" Mike belched a blasting oath, and leaped to throttle the miscreant, when out rushed three more as black as thunder-clouds, looking daggers, grinning hatred and hell,

with pistols cocked, and cutlasses ready, repeating the demand!

What could William do? He sat unarmed in the carriage, frightened, of course, as the bravest man would be, when assaulted so unexpectedly, while Mike determined to sell his life as dearly as he could, and with a blow from the butt of his loaded whip, dashed the robber at the bridle to the ground. Upon that, two of the others fired, one at him, grazing his left side, and the other at Pitt, boring his very hat, carrying through the riddled felt, as they could see, the hair from a furrow just clearing his skull, with a bullet which would have dropped him dead, with an aim one half an inch lower.

What was next to be done, aha!—what next? They might have whipped up the horse, and left the robbers behind, but it was not to be forgotten that Mike was on the ground with the whip, and before he could jump into the carriage, they were both caught by the throat and forced to surrender. Then all their money was taken, and the villain with a broken head, swore he would cut out their hearts, and fling them to the hogs, and the others at first cried, "Go it! go it!" but they pleaded so hard, they were released with bloody threats; and the robbers took to the woods, while the lawyer and his man set their horse on a run for Hampden.

"But I wouldn't hev that cuss's cracked head

fur my cap full of hunderd dollar bills!" cried Mike, with a lofty shake of his big woolly head, and a snarling grin of his mastiff teeth.

"Something hungrier than hogs, I think—the nasty maggots will eat up his heart!" added William Pitt, in an earnest, but twittering voice.

"I shouldn't gretly wonder!" added Mike, shaking his woolly head once more, and showing his teeth, and winking his great greedy eyes. "No, I shouldn't gretly wonder ef the hogs was smackin' their chops on him now. 'T any rate, it'll take suthin' stickier'n Chiny cement to putty his broken pate agin; and if he lives at all, he'll ollers be silly as old Zed Shymer's fool!"

"I tremble yet, I confess," said Pitt, "to think of the devils. But—ha! ha! ha! you would have laughed, after all, to see Mike jump on the first one, and give him jessy!"

"Didn't I doo't handsome, eh? And didn't he drop like a beef critter? But he was big as a buffalo, he had a skull like a potash kittle, and I wonder he didn't wost me," said Mike.

"It is all over now, thank Heaven—all over with him, I think—ha! ha! ha! don't you, Mike?"

"I shouldn't gretly wonder! And he's such a meaty moose, he'll feed a drove of hogs for a fortnight," added Mike.

But we have a story of our own to tell, and we must resume it. Who were the robbers, white

men, negroes, or Indians? They must have been white men in a black disguise. And who in that region could have known Lawyer Popinjay was going to pass that way with money? No one could imagine. Who in Sydney knew he had money? Mike and Ophelia. Mike was true; a crow-bar could not wrench a secret from his mouth. But had not Arthur Sumner always spoken tenderly of Ophelia? Had she not said less against him than a woman would naturally say of a paramour she hated? Might she not have whispered the secret to Arthur? Was an intended robbery and elopement too much to suspect? Had not Arthur disappeared rather suddenly, on the pretense of visiting his father? Did not everybody know that he felt very sore, from giving all he had to hush a villain's crime?

William Popinjay, Esq. would scorn to breathe a hasty or unfounded suspicion even against a foe; but when beset by inquiries he could not evade, he ventured, in profound confidence, to ask all of these questions.

The robbery was sworn to, and should not a warrant be issued forthwith? By all means; and a warrant was demanded and obtained to arrest Arthur Sumner; but the Justice gave the officers particular instructions, and secretly wrote to one of the land company in New York, to come in haste to Hampden. He then informed Mr. Sumner of the process

against Arthur, and sent him to Huntington for counsel. That talented lawyer was glad to be consulted, and charged Mr. Sumner to say nothing, but go with the officers, and have Arthur understand, and return immediately to Sydney.

The excitement was allowed to have its run; the papers published the daring robbery; locks were examined, doors were fastened, mastiffs were set on watch in many houses, while children slept close by their mothers, and men lay with arms for defence in their beds.

William Pitt wrote to his clients, informing them of the robbery; but before they received his letter, they had that of the Justice, and two of them were on their way to Hampden. They arrived, and employed Mr. Huntington for counsel, who met them at first in secret, and, after a thorough investigation, they were convinced that their agent robbed himself of their money. This conviction however, was concealed, and Huntington's advice was followed, to extort a confession, and the money from him. The scheme would set a dangerous example, he truly enough confessed, and he could not defend it, except on a positive assurance of guilt, and a very stern expediency, which he hoped might never rise again.

Popinjay was invited to an interview, in a by place, where counsel was to be taken, and a confession obtained from the culprit, who would be brought

to the place. Dr. Pearson, a Justice of the Peace, and two or three others were secretly invited to be present. They met at the appointed hour, and took pleasant seats in a shade overlooking a pond of water. They were not seated half an hour before officers appeared, leading Arthur Sumner, and he was given a seat among them. Then one of the land company said to Popinjay, mildly, "They have arrested the man you suspect, and placed him by your side; he or you can tell us where our money is, and we wait for information. Which of you can tell?"

"*I* cannot," said Arthur.

"I'm sure *I* cannot," said the lawyer.

But while firm and smiling innocence in every air and tone vindicated the former, unconcealable guilt blushed all over the face, and shook the frame of the latter.

"You, William P. Popinjay, are the guilty man," said the land-owner, "and you must tell where our money is."

"I am innocent, by jiminy! and I cannot tell."

"You are not innocent, and you must tell, or you must die in that pond!"

"I will die, then, rather than tell a falsehood. How can I tell what I do not know?"

"You are guilty, sir, we know you are. We will have your confession. Here is your physician to examine your pulse, and tell how long you may

be held under water without drowning, and we will give you four trials. We will plunge you, and then restore you, and ask where our money is. If you do not tell, we will plunge you again, and again, and if you force us to put you under the fourth time, you shall not come out till you are dead, so help us Heaven!"

Arthur turned pale and trembled, for the pity he felt for the wretch, and the fear that they would drown him. Mr. Sumner declared it was wrong, and they turned their heads away. But Popinjay discovered Arthur's pallor and agitation, and cried, "He is the guilty one, now; see the villain shake!"

But they knew the lawyer was guilty, and strong arms held him gurgling and flouncing in the water till Dr. Pearson said, "Bring him out," and he was restored. But still protesting innocence, and accusing Arthur, they plunged him in again. That was too much for Arthur and Mr. Sumner, and, with tears in their eyes, they pleaded for mercy on the criminal. The land-owner accused them of weakness, and demanded silence. They said it was outrageous, and they could not remain silent.—"Then leave us!" cried the land-owner, sternly, and they rushed, with horror, from the field.

Again the culprit was restored, and swore he knew not where the money was, and he would die an innocent man. Again they held him gurgling and flouncing under; again restored him, and said: "It

pains us to do this—it hurts us as bad as it does you, but we are determined you shall tell where our money is, or die!"

Again he protested innocence, was assured it was the last time they would ask him, and the last five minutes he had for confession, or the last five minutes he had to live.

"I cannot tell what I do not know!" cried the poor man, weeping like a child. "Kill me, if you choose. I care not to live any longer. I will not live, and be branded with another's crime! Lead me along! Drown me, and go and tell my wife you have murdered her husband, and the world, you have murdered an innocent man!"

This appeal was too much for Dr. Pearson, and he said, "I would not go any further. I begin to believe he is innocent, and the guilty one has fled."

"So do I!" cried the Justice. "The case is mysterious, and I think it would be a savage outrage to lead him in again." But the other party were the strongest, and they led him in where the water reached his ankles,—then his loins,—then his waist. And,—"Tell where our money is!" cried the land-owner.

"Ask Arthur Fabens, *I* do not know!" cried the culprit.

"Drown him!" cried the land-owner; and as the strong hands bent to that painful work again, the culprit cried: "Do not drown me!—I will tell!

—It is hid in my cellar wall.—I hid it myself.—Go with Mike, one of you, and you shall have it in half an hour!"

That was all they asked at present, and the criminal was led to the shore and tenderly used, and the money was brought, in half an hour, with not a missing dollar to account for. But Popinjay and Lakeman had both made oath of the robbery, and they were sent to jail to await their trial for perjury.

When Ophelia heard of her husband's imprisonment, she locked up her house, returned to her mother's, and, overpowered by suffering, lay down on her bed, never again, with her own strength, to rise. She heard of the false suspicion her husband had again cast upon herself and Arthur Sumner, and was told that while in jail, he had so far relented, as to declare, before God, she was innocent of every thing he had ever hinted against her.

"He may well say that!" exclaimed the poor, heart-broken creature. "And now I must tell a tale that I cannot keep any longer—that I cannot carry before my God. I have been too sinful all my life, but I never sinned with Arthur Sumner. It is true, as he declares, that he called at our house on an invitation from William. I invited him in. After a short conversation, I asked him to walk through the house, and see how it looked with our new furniture. Neither of us harbored an improper

thought, and passed around, gaily talking, from room to room. At last I bade him step into my chamber, and see the pleasant view I could enjoy from my window. As soon as we entered, some one, or the wind, closed the door, and, in an instant, William and Michael—whom I thought at the neighbor's—burst open the door, and treated and accused him as they have told. This is the tale I am forced to tell. But I have not lived sinless as I should have lived before God, and with Him I plead for pardon.

Arthur, and two or three of his friends, were soon at her bed-side, and, with tears, and entreaties against immoderate grief, they soothed and consoled her. They then prayed for her, and she felt that God had pardoned her sins, and found sweet rest for her soul. But she was sinking with consumption, and begged to die beneath her father's roof.

Her father and mother took her sufferings as if they had been their own. Bolivar scarcely left her chamber; and you could not have entered that sad house yourself, without weeping with them. Ophelia's story was repeated to Pitt, and he said every word of it was true, and he only wished he had been worthy of such a wife; while Michael added corroborating testimony.

Lawyer Huntington was permitted to proceed against the criminal immediately, and recover dues

and damages for Arthur. Pitt was anxious to settle, and, as the amount demanded would cover his land, house, furniture and all, it was all given up, and signed over to the Builder. Arthur then took to himself his original due on the house, divided the considerable sum that was left, and without a day's delay, settled half of it on Ophelia, and her father as her heir.

At first she refused to accept a thing so unmerited; but she was at last persuaded, on her father's account, to receive it. She lived a month longer than any one anticipated, and, while she lived, every tender sympathy, and every kind attention was given her, with pleadings to be comforted.

Martha Sumner was one of her most constant friends and frequent visitors, and there was comfort on her face, relief in her blessed hand, and heaven in her angel benedictions. Fanny Ludlow sent Ophelia her love, in a very beautiful letter to Martha, and that prolonged her life more than any medicine she took.

On the day Ophelia received the benefaction from Arthur, she was greatly comforted to know that the other half was settled on her husband's poor and melancholy mother. She sorrowed deeply for her husband, and the course that brought upon him, so early, such misery and disgrace. She prayed that they might deal gently with him, and that

he might reform, and return and share his mother's home.

Religion had more and more power over her soul, and lifted it higher and higher above the sense of suffering. Her last day was made peaceful by a visit from Father Dilworth, who talked of the merits and mercies of Christ, and the blessings of the world to come. The sun went down unclouded, and left a lingering and cheering smile on the world, and with the sun, her spirit passed away, with a prayer on its lips for William, Wellington and all, to that heavenly sphere where neither sin nor sorrow can enter.

The trial came, and William and Michael were condemned, and sent to Auburn Prison. Then they had news of Wellington Golden, and it was said he was sinking in habits of dissipation and vice. Then another stroke fell on Mrs. Tyler. She had partially recovered from her first affliction, and had but just received a letter from Jason, begging her forgiveness, and promising to come home; when an account of a disaster on Lake Erie followed, and the name of Jason Tyler was on the list of a number lost from a burning steamer.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Tyler had a mother's heart, and she loved that son, notwithstanding his errors. Her heart followed after him, like an eager shepherdess, and she would have brought him back in her bosom, and supported him

by her own hands, had she found it in her power. She felt that it was cruel, indeed, to be debarred the comfort of speaking her free forgiveness in his ear, of having one little farewell word, and standing near to compose his cold form, and see it buried in a peaceful grave. She took to her bed once more, and Jane and Sydney quite forgot their griefs, and Giles his pains and troubles, in their efforts to calm and console her.

XXI.

THE WEDDING.

ARTHUR SUMNER was again triumphant. Even Dr. Waxwood had been silenced, and Lusia, at last, would have danced into wedlock with him, and her mother shouted for joy. Mrs. Golden was compelled to esteem him, and Dumie Truck could not find words in the dictionary to tell how she admired him, and hated the convict lawyer; and this was her final judgment, when she married a widower and children, at Falkland, and carried to them, in a good home, diligent hands, a facile will, and a heart of many genial feelings.

Arthur Sumner was again triumphant. Yet melancholy mingled many shadows with his light, for he felt very deeply for his enemies, and sorrowed for their woes. His friends triumphed with him. And many of them were in a condition to look upon their own life with joy.

Billy Bronk and his wife were old; but they had been far more happy since the Sacred Supper in

Martha Sumner's chamber, for that scene melted their hearts, and changed their life; and Billy abandoned drink, reformed his speech, attended church more regularly, and thought of God and heaven. The Summertons were happy. Volney was temperate as the parson, had a beautiful home, an honorable trade, good sense and information, and more and more pleasure in the mutual library. Barney Bronk had a double-forge smithy, and good business of his own, in which he delighted to blow and strike, with honest sweat on his kindly face; and you would have been astonished to see the intelligent man the Reading Circle made him. Ruleff Gordon was a widower, sincerely mourning that excellent wife, whom he had buried in the grave. Betsey Bronk Gordon's first born son was a noble fellow now, and talked of being a man next summer; and he knew Arthur Sumner would give him a fine present for his name; while little red-haired George, and white-haired Barney would be remembered by their namesakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner were very happy in their home, and happy with Martha's accomplishments and prospects, while they took a wonderful liking to George's girl in Summerfield. The Dales were well, and had a fine home and competence.

The Goldens had sorrow upon sorrow; for now the news came that Wellington had died of disease in a distant hospital. Yet they possessed means

enough to carry them through the world, and it was hoped Mr. Golden would see many days of comfort yet on earth, and Mrs. Golden might not reflect too severely on herself, nor remain unhappy, while she now understood, and correctly applied Father Dilworth's Sermon. Bolivar was in a small practice by himself, still wearing his parasol hat and white gloves in summer; still perfectly able to write a dozen prescriptions in Latin; and now it was certain Arthur would marry Martha, he had the assurance of Andalusia.

William Pitt was learning to make machinery in the midst of a wo that would have held him hell-bound for a while, though stepping in the largest liberty, and hell-burned, though standing amid the ices of the poles. Yet he acquired his trade very rapidly, and loved it, and wondered he had not preferred it long ago to the machinery of law; while every humane person rejoiced to hear he was kindly treated; and that he knew he would share his mother's home, and have a plenty of engagements, good wages as a machinist, and respect and fellowship, whenever he returned a reformed man.

And that reformation, they were assured, commenced even before he went to prison. The unexpected discovery of his last crime, and the anguish which immediately followed, with the sickness and death of his wife, smarted like blazing embers on his heart; but they burned away the rubbish of

false life which was accumulated there, arrested him on the road of crime, and made him a simple-hearted child again, unbiased, receptive, obedient, to commence once more his career, and set his feet in that mountain path of virtue, whose course winds up to heaven.

Mrs. Tyler recovered from her grief at last, and talked of the joys of that blessed hope which had raised and consoled her. Her health became excellent, and she loved to return Jane and Giles's kindness as far as she had room to move in, and power to act. But Giles did not own that little home; Giles was weakly, and was grieved to think he could aid that good parent so little, while Mrs. Tyler felt that it was a sad thing indeed, in these aged years, in this desolate widowhood, to have the additional grief of want and dependence.

Sydney Tyler still enjoyed a hospitable home at Mr. Sumner's; but he had refused to remain there any longer, unless Mr. Sumner would accept a part of his earnings toward his board; yet, while he felt deeply for his mother, and mourned the misfortunes of his family, he found many cheerful days, and was often heard singing, repeating poetry, and reciting history, when the music of his willow-work did not absorb his mind. The dues and fines he had paid into the library fund, which were put on interest for him, were now poured into his hand, in a very handsome sum.

And Sydney had so attuned the faculties he had left, and so cultivated his mind and heart, he seemed to enjoy a finer sense than his eyes ever gave him, and seldom felt the need of eyes. He retained all his early impressions of nature in most vivid lights, and often comforted himself with the mercy of not seeing his friends grow old, and being saved from every unpleasant sight.

Arthur mourned for the Tylers, as he would for his own dear kindred, but that mourning was turned into joy when he lifted Mrs. Tyler from her fall, and set her down in a good warm home, which was hers till she entered her home in heaven. Half of this business was Martha Sumner's. Arthur repurchased the pleasant home he had been forced to sell; the cheerful house and sunny acres of garden, trees and fruits, with Martha's rose bush, honeysuckle, and tulips—he repurchased all, and gave Mrs. Tyler a life-lease of it, to enjoy and command as her own, on the condition that she would give one of the best rooms, and the cascade, and a shop in the garden, to Sydney, (who should have a life-lease when she was gone,) and take Jane, and Giles, and their children home, and shelter them, and share with them all while she lived. And they knew the house would be kept in the finest order, and every thing taken care of, while Mrs. Tyler, with her own hands, would tend Martha's flowers, and set out a pink-bed, and leave the garden better for a row of

blooming hollyhocks, and banks of balm, wormwood, hyssop, comfrey, sage, and live-forever.

And if you could have seen the weeping joy with which that thankful old creature was dissolved by this filial act from one she loved as a darling son; and how Sydney kindled, and paced the room, and repeated his thanks and joys, and sung among his willows on the cascade in the garden of his new home; and how Giles and Jane grew garrulous with words of grateful love; and the children danced, and laughed, and leaped to embrace their benefactor, you would have found tears in your eyes, while your heart danced with them; and you would have envied that good young man the bliss of all his goodness.

Arthur returned to the direction of his business. The last house in Hampden had been sometime finished, and the gentleman and his family felt as proud of their mansion, as he did of the finishing perfections he laid on his still growing talents, while doing its elaborate work.

Materials had been so slowly furnished, Father Dilworth's church was but just completed. But you could observe that Arthur loved that pastor and people with filial affection, by the extra neatness and beauty in which the fabric now stood awaiting dedication, as you have seen a white bride at the altar, or a pure and lovely girl at the baptismal font.

Father Dilworth acted like a child in his delight, and kept fussing about the young trees in front, and the pleasant pulpit within, while his deacons and people were quite as childish as he. The dedication was celebrated, and a more memorable day never dawned on that little rural town. The good old parson wore a new black wig, and a glossy suit of the finest clothes. He wore a new pair of gold spectacles, a present from one of his people, and a neckcloth, bosom and collar, as white as the falling snow. He wore a new pair of high-heeled Suwarrow boots, stitched in roses on the counters, and black balled till they shone like a marble mantel, and they squeaked all through the aisles, and up the pulpit stairs. His sermon was measured like blank verse, and abounded in metaphors and ardors, as a Christmas pudding with plums, and his voice was so young and musical that day, had you heard him for the first time, you would not have dared to say aloud that he was more than thirty-five.

Then the singing was very fine, and Martha Sumner's voice rose above all the rest, lifting the congregation to heaven, and consoling crowds at the doors and windows, who could not press near enough to hear the sermon; or see the row of children, like white doves cooing in the two front pews, that received baptism from the pastor's hand at the close of service.

Arthur enjoyed that day far better than the dedi-

cation at Hampden, for he saw father, mother, sister and brother there; and, glancing at Sydney Tyler, he observed that his soul had eyes to see already into heaven, and he knew his blind brother had a home that no intruder might usurp. And beholding Mrs. Tyler at his side, he discovered her tears were glittering with smiles. He remembered she once carried home a stray little lamb, and nursed it, and soothed its fluttering heart; and he knew she had a warm home now to reward her, and a downy pillow for her widowed and weary head.

Arthur enjoyed the whole week as one of the happiest seasons of his life. The world was seldom arrayed in more beautiful garments, or scented with more pleasant sweets. Although it was August, when the air is usually sultry, and the aspect of nature is dull and stale, that memorable week was really as rich as June or September. Refreshing rains had renewed all the verdures that met the eye, and the sun, as yellow as a marigold, rekindled them to a hue that shamed an emerald.

Snowy flocks and shiny herds were feeding on the hill-sides. The summer harvests had just been gathered, and the stubble-fields glittered in the glowing days. Buckwheat had not shed all its blossoms, and the bees were sipping the last honey from its cups. Men in the clover were mowing rowen. Stately stacks on the hay-fields enriched the riant landscape, and the soft after-grass on

the long, level meadows, was velvet to the foot, and refreshment to the eye.

The orchards bent with unusual burdens, and sweetened the air with their ruddy fruit. Harvest peaches displayed their crimson cheeks, and grew mellow every morning. Quinces were beginning to mingle their fragrance with other sweets of the air. Bannered cornfields swayed in the breeze, like embattled legions at a Cæsar's beck. The walnuts and chestnuts in the woods gave stronger and more delightful odors to mingle with the scents of the leaves and sumac berries, sassafras bark, pine boughs, and bitter-sweet berries.

Wild cherries were ripe, and the journeying robins were making their passover feast on their fruit. Choke cherries were ripe, and hung like profusions of amber-beads on the trees, while boys were taking them off with the loaded branches. The broad farms of Sydney never looked finer; the handsome farm-houses never looked whiter, and the crowded barns and abundant dairies never called plenty more vividly to view.

The farmers had leisure for a visit and a feast. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner were almost as happy as Arthur and Martha, for all the Fabenses were there, from the day before dedication, and Arthur and Martha were married the day after. The Fabenses came on to enjoy that festival. They were married at Mrs. Sumner's, and the Queen of the Fields

opened wide doors, and set long and sumptuous tables.

A great many guests were invited to the marriage. The Summertons were there. The Bronks were there. The Dales were there, in weeds for a dear departed daughter. And Ruleff Gordon came, though mourning the death of his wife. Mrs. Tyler came with her daughter, and blind Sydney followed half an hour after, led by faithful Ranger, with a laughing smile on his face, and his flute in his hand; accounting for his delay by saying he stopped on the Maxy meadows to enjoy the odor of the wild grapes and bee-balm, when a robin gave him three challenges for music, and he exchanged with her three tunes.

Last of all, yet in the best season, came a white horse over the hill, on a gentle jog, and half a dozen voices cried: "There are Father Dilworth and his wife!" In they came rejoicing, and the people knew they brought the kingdom of heaven in their hearts. Mrs. Dilworth looked remarkably well in her tasty cap, gold beads, and black Italian gown; and had you seen her reverend husband in those freshly-dimpling smiles, that new wig, coat, vest, and pantaloons, and observed or heard his new Suwarrows, as he lightly stepped around the room, you would certainly have taken him for one of the young men, and might, in his own hearing, have inquired: "Is not Father Dilworth to be here?"

We still insist that a country wedding is among the happiest things on which the heavens smile, and Mrs. Sumner's was the place for a country wedding in all its abounding bliss. The rooms of her house were large and pleasant, and baskets of apples and peaches, set in them over night, to perfume them, left an odor more delicious than the sweetest flowers of Araby could give.

The grounds of that home were delightful to enjoy, for a colonnade of elms and maples formed a magnificent peristyle for the house; and there was a fine garden, with a green pasture, and herds and flocks beyond it on the north; a stubble-field, tufted with trees, and smooth as a parlor floor, inclining warmly to the western sun, and bordered with oak and chestnut woods, on the east; an orchard on the south, perfuming the wind with its dropping fruit; and on the west a bee-house, with straw hives; then a hay-field studded with stacks, and the western sun turning all into radiant green and gold; then the brilliant blue lake, sleeping in the distance, and filling the remoter glances of the eye; while wooded hills beyond, at last met the yellow sun, and shut his warm glory from their sight.

About three o'clock the company were called together, and happier faces nobody ever saw, and a happier ceremony nobody desired to hear, than that

which pronounced Arthur Sumner Fabens, and Martha Sumner, husband and wife.

Not a tear was shed for the bridegroom or the bride, and no grief was felt, except for some dead or suffering friend, who could not be present to share their joy. Soon after they were married, the company sat down to supper, and such a supper of all the fresh luxuries of a country home! We will not attempt to describe it; nor the merry time that followed, with the old folks talking a continual round with every tongue in the house; and the young folks dancing and sporting on the green; nor the mirth that echoed to the woods, when Martha Fabens snapped Billy Bronk into the ring, just to give her old friend a brace of her rosiest good-bye kisses! Nor what a wide, warm kiss, right up from Billy's heart, Martha took in return; nor how Arthur and Mrs. Bronk laughed and enjoyed it. No, we need not describe it. The reader is there in the midst of the scene, and he knows that Father Dilworth gets a good fee, beside the jar of white honey, the fine roll of butter, and that large anotta-hued cheese, which Mrs. Sumner slips, with stealthy hands, under the seat of his carriage.

And when they *must* break up and separate, many of them perhaps never to meet again on earth, you can hardly suppress a sigh of grief, as you see how their hearts cling together, and what

an effort they make, all in sadness, to tear them at last asunder.

They exchange farewells, and go. Billy Bronk says to the wedded pair, "A smooth sea, and the briskest breezes!" and Father Dilworth, "The wings of angels shelter you, the oil of gladness anoint you, and the balm of Gilead heal your griefs!" Sydney Tyler, unable to say good-bye, steals away before night; while young men and maidens, old men and children, give their good wishes, and depart in grief.

On the next morning early, they started for Summerfield. The Fabenses claimed the largest right to their son; the Sumners were not selfish, and Martha was quite pleased to reside in Summerfield, when she knew she might visit her parents and friends as often as she wished. A fine piece of ground had been surveyed for them on his father's farm, and both fathers insisted on aiding in the erection of a house for Martha's beautiful furniture; a house not inferior to the one they left in Sydney, and better if they wished.

And would not Arthur take pride in building that house, as his first work in Summerfield? And were there not golden years before him yet to study architecture, and design and build houses in country and in town? What, then, could hinder their having the happiest ride, with father, mother, brother and sister, through a region that smiled like a gar-

den all the way? Nothing, certainly, but the thought of leaving so many dear friends behind. But with promises of visits to be given and received, that could not be gloomy, and they took great pleasure from the day. At a lovely hour they sat down in the Fabens mansion, and, after baths and tea, which cooled and refreshed them, they felt like conversing on the ways of Providence and life.

"A sad, sad night we had of it here, Clinton," said Squire Fabens, "after the Indian took you away. And those were nights, and days, and years of sadness, that followed. And then it was very hard to see how any good could come of it. But now I see differently, and the mystery of the evil is nearly all cleared up to my mind. We are none of us worse off now, at any rate, for it; but I can hardly see why you had to endure that cruel orphanage, when you had a good home in the world; and why so many were so unkind to you."

"I have had many sad heart-struggles to bear it," replied Clinton, "and sometimes I actually felt that God was unkind, and I ought to hate him for permitting it. Then a lofty sense of his goodness would come over me, and something would seem to rebuke my impiety, and say, 'Wait till summer, and see the fruits these April rains will bring!' Your old Mr. Lovelight set me thinking, and now I can see much good in the orphanage I endured.

Your fondness for an only son might have ruined me, while the lessons of that early adversity educated my will, (how the education of the will is neglected, father!) gave me a more robust constitution, and taught me self-reliance. And see here! what is better than all, I found Martha Sumner, and I am sure, if she *does* hear me, she is worth all the trouble I have seen."

Martha turned her face, in a flaming blush, to the door, and said: "You may tell a different story, by-and-by;" and the Squire continued— "Clinton, you are right. I wonder I did not think of that, when you have brought her to pay us for our troubles as well as yours. But there were those taunts and sneers about your origin, and the mortifications and griefs, the unkind laid upon your heart."

"They only weaned me from too much love of praise, and sent me within myself, and up to God for approbation; prompted me to indomitable efforts to know something, and be somebody; attached me to friends, taught me how to judge human nature, and know the ways of the world. O, I could think, if I had time, of a hundred things wherein it did me good, seasoned and locked the timbers of my life, rounded me off like a Pantheonic temple, and prepared me for this hour of honorable joy."

"But there was that cruel Popinjay conspiracy."

"That trial, too, refined my character, and made

my manhood stockier and stronger, while I can better appreciate a good name and friends, remember the trooping snow birds that twitter of love in the winter storm, and know the blessed sweets of forgiveness. Father, I *know* I am better off for that trial. And what money could buy the satisfaction I feel in returning, as I have, too poorly, the kindness Mrs. Tyler and Sydney gave me when I needed a home and sympathizing friends? And what a lesson it has given them of the power and beauty of kindness, and the sure return of every charitable gift! They shall never want for friends or assistance, while I can lend them aid."

"Yes, yes, you are right, Clinton. I was only sounding your mind a little. You see it in the true light, and, as Father Lovelight said—"God brought good out of evil, and made all things beautiful in his time."

"John Spiller prayed that he might die at the foot of a noble statue he was sculpturing, and so will I die at last, or wish to die, in the door of that temple of beauty I design to finish with my life. And the art I have acquired, is so much wealth and pleasure, is it not, Martha?"

"That indeed it is, and your life and labors call to mind a stanza in our favorite Beattie—

'Vigor from toil, from trouble patience grows,
The weakly blossom warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose,
But ah! it withers in the chilling hour.

Mark yonder oaks! superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.'"

"That describes Clinton exactly," said Mrs. Fabens, "and that is fine poetry. I have often thought of that figure of the oak. What a lesson of patience it teaches us too. How long it takes God to make and mature a tree that grows to any greatness! How he prepares the soil, and sows the seed, and brings up the plant; how he shakes it with winds, and beats it with storms. How he bends and bows it in the tempest; how patiently he waits for the plant from the seedling; for the sapling from the plant; for the oak from the sapling!"—

"The grand old oak," interrupted Clinton, "that blooms in the centuries, and holds up its arms and thanks him for his rain and sunshine, and bears for a thousand years the fruits of his care and love!"

"Where did you say you read the poetry, Martha?" asked the Squire. "Pope is about all the poet I have read much. I like the logic he clinches with his ringing rhymes. I like Burns and Goldsmith also, but I am ignorant of the others. I like that, though—whose is it?"

"Beattie's," interrupted Fanny. "I am sure I have read it to you, father, from the Minstrel, and it reminds me of the stanza opening the fourth canto of the 'Lady of the Lake,' which I

read to you on the Cayuga shore last week. But I cannot quote so promptly as Martha."

"Well, well, it is getting late," said the Squire, starting as if alarmed, "and we have not had a song to-night. Come, let us all step out on the green, and enjoy this harvest moonlight a few minutes; and you, Martha, give us one of your sweet songs, and Fanny shall sing her best; and then we will have a pleasant sleep, and continue our feast to-morrow on the lake-shore."

They formed a circle on the green, in view of the woods and lake, and enjoyed the moonlight that was flowing over the world; Martha and Fanny sang their songs, the family retired to welcome pillows, and the splendid dawn that succeeded, awoke them all to years of happiness, hope, and peace.

XXII.

THE END.

THE next day broke in beauty, the sun dried the dew, and the Fabenses went down to the lake-shore, and had a family pic-nic. William Fabens, a cousin of the Squire's, whom the reader of "Summerfield" may remember, had been long expected on another visit from the city, and he arrived soon after they left the house, and followed them down to the beach. Half a dozen neighbors also were there, and they had a pleasant time. Every one enjoyed every thing about it; the day, the scene, the boating and walking, refreshments, conversations, and songs.

Arthur was particularly pleased with his cousin William, and they conversed together much of the time. They conversed on architecture, and were glad to find each other so much at home in the theme. They directed each other's attention to the types of architecture. The vault of the arching sky, and the sphere of the green horizon, were adduced once more as types of its curves and circles.

The lake was a mirror of its surfaces, the trees typed its pillars, the leaves typed its windows, the shells typed its winding volutes; and there was not a pebble on the beach, but recalled the enrichments on the frieze of the Erechtheum, nor a row of silver poplars along the shelving bank above them, but hinted remotely the beautiful portico of the Caryatides.

William was warm in his praise of city architecture, and, before they left the beach, Arthur resolved in his mind to visit New York, and enlarge his studies, and make engagements there. Martha was delighted with the idea of his going, and his father and mother at last encouraged the step. The autumn passed very pleasantly amid home and field enjoyments, preparations for a house he designed to build in Summerfield, and arrangements for his visit to the city.

It was a settled fact that they would have their home on the Cayuga, although for a few years they would spend much time abroad; and the ground which had been set off to Arthur, was graded and set with trees, with the expectation of building, another season. It was the most romantic little nook on his father's farm, and Claude or Turner would have taken lofty inspiration from its scenes. It was the identical place, according to Troffater, where the Indian rested first with Clinton, and concealed him till he was certain he was not observed or followed.

It was a beautiful mound, in a pleasant valley, in full view of the lake.

There was already a magnificent grove of walnut trees, about two hundred yards in the rear, and one of the smaller tributaries of the lake dashed down in white foam from the hills, and formed the southern boundary. There were twenty acres of fertile land in the enclosure; and he now possessed it by a title deed, which the county clerk had recorded. A fine public road bounded it on the west, and there was a woodland on the north, and sloping pastures on the south, to beautify the landscape. Arthur and Martha, with a plenty of aid, spent the most of November setting out fruit and ornamental trees on the grounds, and breaking the soil for a fine spring garden.

He also reviewed all his studies in her company, and on the first of December he went to New York. It was the first long journey he ever performed, and it was never forgotten. A deep and early snow had fallen, and the stages which conveyed him, went on runners all the way to the city. And though he suffered some on the way, he enjoyed more than he anticipated. There was a music in the names of the villages and cities he passed; and Auburn, Elbridge, Chittenango, Utica, Oriskany, Schenectady, Albany, Poughkeepsie, were ever after the charms of pictorial memories in his mind.

He arrived in New York, and made immediate

engagements, through William's assistance, to work at the bench, for a month or more, on the finest parlor finishings, and also to take lessons of one of the first architects of the city. What he saw and enjoyed, what he learned and did, was very well described in his letters to Martha.

"Dearest Martha," (he wrote in his first letter,) "I shall never get used to the roar of these streets, nor see an end of all the city wonders. But do not imagine from this, that I am home-sick. Far from it. If you were all here, I could be contented with the city, summer and winter, for at least three years, and after that I should wish to spend only my summers in Summerfield. In fact, I like the excitement of all this roar, and all this sight-seeing, and hope I may not get *so* used to it as ever to meet it with indifference. I receive great encouragements from my master, and have no doubt but I can rely, henceforth, on my talent as an architect, without ever lifting a plane again. I cannot step into the street, without reading fine lessons in my art, and am quite astonished to find something on every corner, and at almost every step, to remind me of the country type from which its beautiful form was taken.

"I thought a few of my buildings in Hampden and Sydney were very good for me; but I am quite ashamed of them now, I have seen so many things, called common here, that surpass them.

But if we were satisfied with our past efforts, how would we ever excel them, or attain to that round and lofty stature we are promised at last to possess? I take courage in this dissatisfaction, and mean to apply myself, and continue to improve until no man's work in America shall cast reproach upon mine.

"And I think far more of the talent and art which may some day accomplish such works as I have seen here, than of the works themselves, or the pecuniary reward, however ample, which they may secure me; and I am glad you sympathize with me, and are yourself such an amateur in the science and beauty of architecture. The works I have seen in churches and other public edifices here, are beautiful—many of them sublime; but is not the genius that produced them, a more sublime ornament to this great city, than the proudest piece of art which it can boast?

"I long not for immortality on earth, but I do long for the satisfaction which the successful artist enjoys, and admire his genius far above his works. Pericles is immortal for causing Athens to be adorned with the splendors of art, and the age of Pericles is remembered for the statues he reared, the temples he built, and the beauty and grandeur in which he clothed her streets. But the genius and public spirit of Pericles were grander ornaments than the Parthenon, or Odeum, or sculptured Pallas with her

golden sandals. And the genius of Phidias and Callicrates made that age pictorial with intellectual grandeurs, of which their works were simple types. I confess myself ambitious of an artist's satisfaction, and of furnishing at least a fillet or modillion for the temple of our nation's fame."

"Since I came here," (he wrote in his second letter,) "I have formed a more definite idea of St. John's vision of New Jerusalem, and that vision has haunted me night and day. I hardly know why it is so. New York is not a New Jerusalem in morals or intelligence yet; no, nor in architecture either; but the sight of the great city has given me very strange ideas, and I have gone to the Bible, and read that vision over and over again.

"What a history of infinite progression does the Bible itself give from the darkness and strife of chaos, in Genesis, to that time described in Revelation, when the earth will be perfected, and peopled with men and women, who shall live in a holy city, and rejoice in one communion of wisdom, love and bliss!

"The highest name of society, the highest type of social perfection, I suppose, is a pure and enlightened city, and John took the city as a figure to describe the highest state of perfection and peace on earth. The vastness and sublimity of his vision strike me with so much awe, I tremble as I think of describing my new thoughts of it to you. How

can I describe them in colors you can see, after you have re-perused his account, and found the flaming gold of its buildings, and the sapphires and chrysolites, the jacinths and jaspers blazing on your sight? But I may help you fasten a few of its beauties on your mind. Consider its situation. It is eminent. It stands on a great high mountain, and overlooks the earth. It stands on the moral Mount Zion, and, to enter its gates, we have first to rise on our moral course, beset with obstacles often, and press through glooms and perils. But as we overcome obstacles, as we mount one after another summit of purity and knowledge, as I understand it, the city will grow on our sight, and we will hope soon to enter its gates.

"Next consider the structure of the city. St. John says it was pure gold, and he describes it, you know, as adorned with the most splendid and magnificent things. It stands on twelve foundations of twelve precious stones. It has a quadrangular wall, massive and high, enriched with blazing jewels. It has twelve splendid gates in its walls, three on every side; every gate is a pearl, and the light of the city is like jasper and crystal.

"And think, Martha! what must be the moral grandeur and intellectual glory of a city, whose real splendors, after all, can be no more than hinted by these bright material emblems? What must be the refinements represented by this pure gold?

What must be the liberties represented by all these rich and varied lights? What must be the justice of its laws, represented by the four square form, which you know was the symbol of perfection? The splendors of genius and excellence that shine from its citizens, when all these costly stones and pearls but faintly figure their brilliance! And what structure of glory could have been set before our eyes, to cheer our hopes, lift our endeavors, and attract our souls, with such resistless allurings, as this bridal city of the Lord?

"Then consider the size. The city was 12,000 furlongs long, and 12,000 furlongs wide and high; almost a world of itself! Then what scenery! The green, moral scenery of that city is pictured to us in the charms of country beauty. There are the mountains of myrrh, and the hills of frankincense, as some other sacred writer foretold. There are the tree of life, the river of salvation, the garden of the Lord.

"Then the society. 'The nations of the saved walk there,' says St. John; and others enlarge the vision, the meaning of whose words must be, that we shall be brought, by purity and faith, into intimate and felt relations with God, and Christ, and angels, for the wall of sense will be rent away, and the good and pure of all nations will be neighbors.

"And what a change there must be from what we see in the world in our day! There will be no

close communion there. We may expect to see varieties of mind among all who shine in the light of the Lord, as the mountains and vales, the woods, and fields, and flowers absorb and reflect varieties of color in the sun. But we shall hail the spirit of unity, and welcome and love all as they enter in purity there.

"I hope I am not fatiguing you, Martha, but this subject affects me so powerfully, I must take another half sheet, and give you a few more thoughts it has awakened in my mind. The advantage of living in a city, arises (I conclude from my short experience) from the more society, and the multiplied number of resources which that society affords for social and intellectual culture and delight. How happily selected, therefore, was the idea of predicting the most perfect Christian society, in the symbol of a city, whose inhabitants are all enlightened and pure, whose gates stand open night and day; whose airs are sweetened by fragrance sent in from woods and meadows of peace and liberty, whose proud domes effulge bright moral glories, and whose houses are warmed by the ardors of love!

"And has that state ever come on earth? Has that city been established? Not among any one people. No single church is pure or harmonious enough to fulfil the revelator's vision. But I think it has a real spiritual existence. It is the city of all mature disciples. At present it has not the full

dimensions that John describes. It is young, and not a quarter grown. It has scattered and unfinished buildings, and vacant squares and streets. There are wide marshes and deserts without the city at no great distance, and there the dragons still crawl; there unclean beasts still howl, and unclean birds still shriek and chatter. But deserts can be made fruitful, and marshes may be drained, and cleared, and changed to green gardens of the Lord. And so may not the sinful and evil without be converted, and love the Lord, and enter the city at last in the white robes of purity and peace?

"That city shines far in the future, in perfect completion and majestic light, as the hope of our world. The great human race is marching toward its gates. It will be a great while, I fear, before society, in the mass, will get there, for it meets many perils and reverses on the way. It has sloughs of sin to pass, and summits of evil to overcome. As I entered New York, I was impressed by the views I had of its domes and towers. Ascending a high hill, they would all stand in sight, and seem near at hand. Descending a valley, they would all recede and disappear, and hope at times almost forsook my heart. But the next hill always brought new encouragement, and the last one went behind me, and I entered the city with joy and triumph.

"So I think it will be with society marching

toward the shining city of the Lord. We shall pass hills of hope and valleys of gloom, but the march will be onward till the last hill and valley are behind us, and we enter with all our hosts, and taste its refreshing bliss.

"At that time, I trust, humanity will enjoy her perfections, conflict and crime will pass away, want and wo will cease; ignorance will vanish before its light; and then in full and rotund completion, flourishing more blooms than the artist painted on his beauty, to whose charms the fairest maidens of Crotona lent their loveliest forms and smiles, men and women will rejoice in autumnal ripeness, and continue their feasts of love, ascend new acclivities of light and perfection, expect new truths, discover new harmonies of art and science, and look for new joys, that will roll from the heavens for ever and ever."

It is time we brought our story to a close. Arthur Sumner found such encouragements in New York, he concluded to remain there a year, before he returned to Summerfield; and, by his earnest desire, Martha joined him in February, and remained till July. Then, to refresh her summer loves, and revive her rural pleasures, she returned to her dear old home on the Wallawanda, and spent four pleasant months. After that she went back to the city, and remained there another winter.

Arthur indulged his enthusiasm in that which

he had long pursued as a fine art, and employed his time in the study and practice of architecture. He procured new books on the subject, and enjoyed the instruction and society of the first architects in the western world. Most of his new friends, like himself, had gone from the country, with its foliated pictures and pillared memories in their minds, and they gloried in their origin and calling.

Martha also continued to study architecture for a pastime, becoming quite as enthusiastic as her husband, and expecting, as he suggested, that she might need its tastes, and a knowledge of its types and principles, to study and enjoy the splendid temples of heaven.

They found many excellent friends in the city, who enjoyed their society all the more for the rich country nature they possessed. They attended the best lectures. They procured access to public libraries. They visited halls of learning, and galleries of art. They met with a circle of friends every week to enjoy conversation, and read the last new book. They attended dancing-parties, and loved to see others enjoy that beautiful amusement; while, for themselves, they said, "We would rather read gracefully, than dance gracefully, if but one accomplishment could be ours; for a fine tone of the voice is far more beautiful than a shake or shuffle of the foot. Clowns may dance gracefully, but good and graceful readers we know are very few."

They were pleased with many phases of city life. They saw the contrasts of wealth and want, of joy and grief, as they never had seen them in the country. And if the bright side of the picture was pleasant, and the dark, repulsive, the contemplation of both ennobled them, by the lessons which it gave. Sights of want and suffering, in particular, made them wiser and better. They were painful to their inexperienced hearts, and they could not clear up the mystery which veiled the purpose of such evils. But they read instructive lessons from them. Many are hardened by familiarity with suffering. Persons who cannot refrain from indiscriminate charity on first entering the town, very soon grow indifferent, and seem to end with hearts of stone.

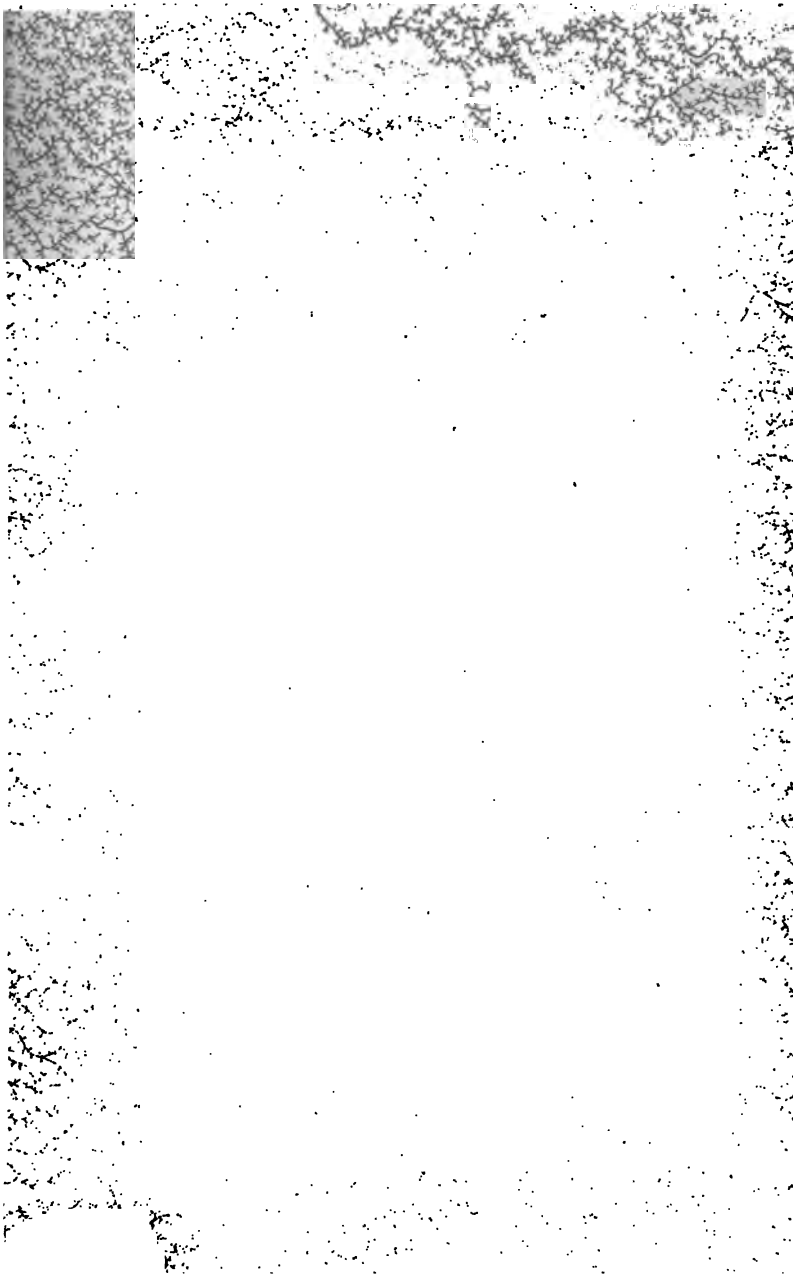
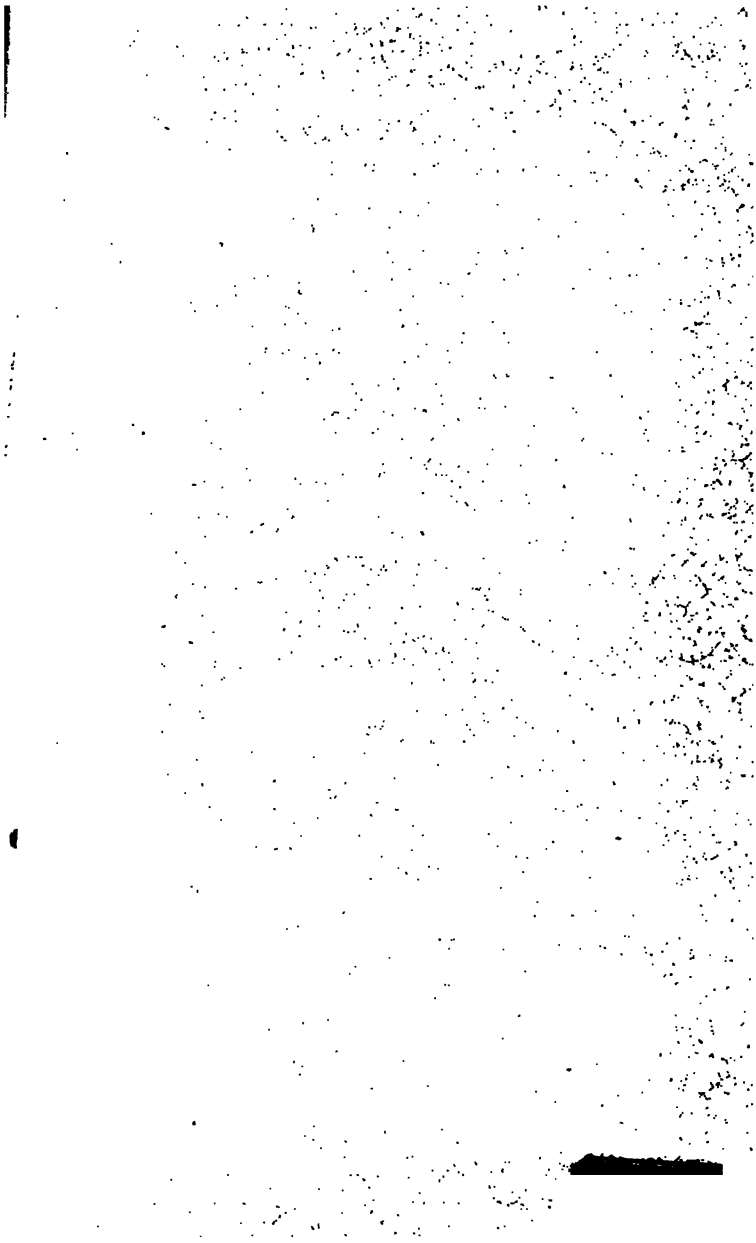
But on Arthur Fabens and his wife, the effect of such scenes was ennobling, for they remained true to their human instincts, and took the profit of the lessons. Familiarity, indeed, *tempted* them to indifference, but they resisted temptation, and the moral exercise, like that employed in resisting other evils, enlarged and enriched their souls in all the gallant sympathies that range on Pity's side; and they grew agile in walks of charity, and discerned grief, and considered duty with sharper-sighted eyes.

Moving shoulder to shoulder with mendicity, meeting face to face with wo, dwelling side by side with hollow show and splendid dissipation, broken

from their dreams, and dragged from their table, by frequent cries for shelter and bread, they were continually reminded, not only of the vices and needs of man, but of their brotherhood with all classes of the race, and their duties to them. They needed not to study Hogarth's pictures to learn the "progress" of vice; they needed no Shakspeare to give them the dramas of crime and tragedy, for the pictures and dramas were daily before them, "holding the mirror up to Nature; showing Virtue her own feature, Vice her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure."

Arthur was successful in his profession, and sent frequent assistance to the Tylers, and frequent joy to his friends. Two years after his first visit to the city, he returned with his wife, and built a beautiful cottage in their little rural nook on the Cayuga, furnished it well, and enriched it with a fine library, and resided there while he performed many engagements, for churches and other public edifices, in Western and Central New York. Occasionally, they repaired to the city, and remained a few months; then returned to Summerfield, and enjoyed their home.

Three years after their marriage, Mrs. Tyler died, and Jane and her family occupied the home on the Wallawanda, while Sydney became a welcome and permanent inmate of their home on the Cayuga, and gray old Ranger also found there a warm shel-

ter and comfortable bed, for the fleeting season he had to live.

Martha became a woman of rare and ripe development, lovely in person, pure in spirit, and graced with all that sweet coalescence of light and shade, which glows on the fairest pictures Correggio produced. And Arthur—who was so near being given to the Indians, before he could choose his friends, and becoming a Pontiac—was now a proud Palladio, and his checkered fortune, and persistent endeavors, had carried him up to majestic perfection, and blended all his gifts and graces into one, as a sculptor would a statue, an architect a temple, or melodist a tune.